# Memories of my Life

*by*

**EDWARD WESTERMARCK**

author of

**THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE**

$5.00

# MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

## by Edward Westermarck

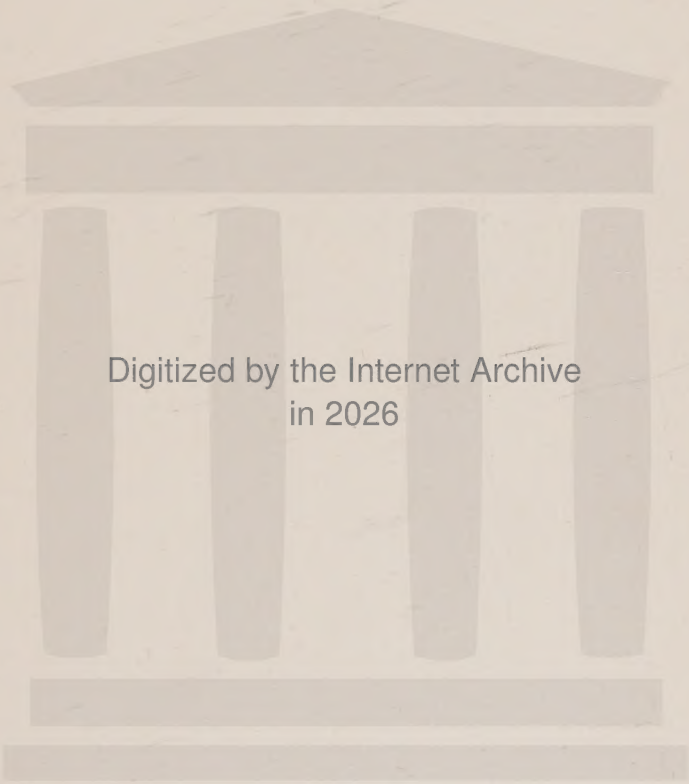
### Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell

●

IT GIVES us great pleasure to announce the publication of the autobiography of the great anthropologist whose brilliant and useful life has honored two generations. The famous Finnish scientist, Edward Westermarck is known throughout the world for his monumental works, "History of Human Marriage," "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas," "Ritual and Belief in Morocco." The investigations for these works led him into strange corners of the world, and into stranger adventures. Their publication brought him the admiration and friendship of many of the world's most interesting minds.

He has always, even in his scientific work, written with verve and charm. In his autobiography he is at his best. His adventures among primitive people are thrilling pieces of narration; his encounters with cultural leaders of our time are brilliant pieces of characterization.

When the German edition of these delightful memoirs appeared last year, the London Times Literary Supplement wrote: "The charm of the book consists quite as much in its candid and humorous expression of opinion on men and things as in the recorded facts of a busy and many-sided life. . . . One might be excused for regarding these reminiscences as the work of a young man, for they have all the freshness, enthusiasm and playful humor of youth."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EDWARD WESTERMARCK

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TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY

Anna Barwell

ILLUSTRATED

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THE MACAULAY COMPANY

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# FOREWORD

When the General Strike of May 1926 broke out in England I was staying at my country home in Surrey, and for the first time for many years I had nothing to do. My lectures at the School of Economics had come to an end, the proof-sheets of a book in process of printing had not arrived, and I was unable to go to London. With the idea of giving myself some sort of occupation I began to jot down recollections of my life. This proved a pleasant distraction, and I continued it later on until my memory had passed in review the sum-total of my life's experiences. I had no intention of publishing what I had written, and intended to bequeath my manuscript to my nearest relatives; but the encouragement of some of my friends and the willingness of my publisher to bring out the memoirs at the Christmas sales induced me to change my mind.

Memoirs in general may be of value as contemporary descriptions or as historical documents, but these notes of mine cannot lay claim to any great worth in either respect. They are for the most part of a purely personal nature, dealing with inner experiences or outward events at home or abroad, with work and recreation, and, to a considerable extent, with the history of my books. It will perhaps be held somewhat presumptuous to offer to the public memories of this kind; but I have myself always had a special predilection for autobiographical sketches—even when of but slight significance in themselves—and I cannot help thinking that there may be others who share this taste with me.

THE AUTHOR

Villa Balbina, near Tangier
*February* 1927

# CONTENTS


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| | FOREWORD | 7 |
| | LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS | 11 |
| CHAPTER | | |
| I. | 1862–1881<br>Childhood and school years. | 13 |
| II. | 1881–1886<br>Undergraduate years. | 27 |
| III. | 1886–1887<br>Mountain climbs—Scientific occupations—University celebrations in Upsala—Life in the skärgård. | 51 |
| IV. | 1887–1891<br>Visit to England—Tourist interests—Hjalmar Neiglick—Chairman of the Nyland Students' Union—Among the Aaland Islands—*The History of Human Marriage*—Visit to Shetland. | 72 |
| V. | 1891–1897<br>*The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*—Stay in Oxford—English conditions—Journeys to Italy, Paris, Holland, Scotland, Switzerland—Västankvarn Agricultural and Domestic School—Sailing-trips—The Psychological Congress in Munich. | 100 |
| VI. | 1897–1899<br>Stay in England—Journeys to Spain and Morocco. | 126 |
| VII. | 1899–1900<br>The International Address to the Tsar on behalf of Finland —The Oriental Congress in Rome—Lectures and travel. | 149 |
| VIII. | 1900–1902<br>Life and travels in Morocco. | 158 |
| IX. | 1903–1905<br>Lectures in England and Gothenburg—Journey to Switzerland—Lecturer in the University of London—English characteristics and customs—The Sociological Society—English acquaintances. | 196 |

CHAPTER PAGE

X. 1905–1907 213
Visit to Mazagan—The appointment of the Professor of Philosophy in Helsingfors—Part I of *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*—Professor of Practical Philosophy in Helsingfors—Proposal of extended bilingual teaching at Helsingfors University.

XI. 1907–1910 223
Journey through Spain—Reception of London University Representatives in Paris—Lectures in Stockholm—Stay in the Pyrenees—Professor of Sociology in London—Part II of *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*—Lecture at the Annual Meeting of the Swedish Literary Society—Visit to Fez and Sefru.

XII. 1910–1914 247
Invitations to America—Journeys to Italy—At Box Hill—Summers in Morocco—A home of my own in Helsingfors—My university work there—Lectures in Abo—Publications dealing with Morocco.

XIII. 1914–1918 263
The war years in England and in Finland.

XIV. 1918–1920 278
Rector of Abo Academy—Its opening and inauguration.

XV. 1920–1927 283
Representative of the *Folkting* of Swedish Finland in the Aaland question—Last stay at Box Hill—*The History of Human Marriage*, 5th edition rewritten—Different methods of research—*Ritual and Belief in Morocco*—My Moroccan *Tusculum*.

XVI. EPILOGUE 305

INDEX OF NAMES 309

# ILLUSTRATIONS


| PLATE | | FACING PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | THE WESTERMARCK HOUSE WITH ITS BIRCH-TREE | 16 |
| 2. | THE WESTERMARCK VILLA IN BRUNNS PARK | 17 |
| 3. | THE AUTHOR'S FATHER, NILS CHRISTIAN WESTERMARCK | 25 |
| | THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER, CONSTANCE WESTERMARCK | 25 |
| 4. | WILLIAM CHATTERTON COUPLAND | 72 |
| | GERTRUD COUPLAND | 72 |
| 5. | JAMES SULLY | 73 |
| | ALEXANDER SHAND | 73 |
| 6. | ÄPPELÖ IN HAMMARLAND (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY CURT SEGERSTRÅLE) | 89 |
| | ÄPPELÖ (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY CURT SEGERSTRÅLE) | 89 |
| 7. | WITH THE SHETLAND HERRING-FISHERS | 97 |
| 8. | SÎDI ABDSSLAM IN ANDJRA | 137 |
| 9. | AN ARAB VILLAGE | 169 |
| | A TENT-MOSQUE IN AN ARAB VILLAGE | 169 |
| 10. | MY CAMP IN AMZMIZ | 176 |
| | IN A BERBER VILLAGE | 176 |
| 11. | THE MARKET OUTSIDE AMZMIZ | 177 |
| 12. | MY HOME IN DAR-EL-HJAR | 192 |
| 13. | SITTING: SÎDI ABDSSLAM I, THE AUTHOR, SÎDI RAHHAL | 193 |
| | STANDING: TOUSI, ABDLKRIM, SÎDI ABDSSLAM II | 193 |
| 14. | MARTIN WHITE WITH THE AUTHOR ON THE VERANDAH OF THE LATTER'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE TANGIER, 1907 | 209 |
| 15. | TOLEDO (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MARTIN WHITE) | 225 |

PLATE FACING PAGE

16. THE FESTIVAL IN FEZ 232

17. THE PLACE OF PRAYER AT THE FEZ FESTIVAL 233

18. A SAINT'S TOMB NEAR FEZ 241

A SAINT'S TOMB NEAR FEZ 241

19. MY HOME AT BOX HILL (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY E. TORDAY) 248

20. THE AUTHOR AT HIS WRITING-TABLE IN THE "SACRED GROVE" 249

21. SÎDI ABDLLAH IN THE GARDEN OF MY MOROCCO VILLA (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MAGNUS DAHL) 296

22. MY VILLA IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF TANGIER (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MAGNUS DAHL) 297

23. A VINE-SHADED WALK IN MY GARDEN (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY CARL DAHL) 304

24. VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH OF MY VILLA (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MAGNUS DAHL) 305

MAP OF MOROCCO 312

# MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

## CHAPTER I

### 1862–1881

Childhood and school years.

On November 21, 1862, my aunts, the Misses Blomqvist, received a letter running as follows:

My Dear Aunts Lilli, Sanny, and Anna,

May I most humbly inform you of my safe arrival in this world last night at 11.50 p.m.; I hope soon to be able to make your personal acquaintance. My mama is particularly well, and I had a good and quick journey.

Your Nameless Nephew.

My father was the writer of this letter and I myself the nameless nephew.

I was but a few months old when something began to go wrong with me. A purulent condition in my left shin necessitated an operation, the success of which was a matter of considerable doubt; in any case, even if everything went well, it was said that all further growth of the leg would be stopped. But the prophecy proved false, and the only legacy left by the event was a great scar below the knee, which I christened after my doctor "the Wasastjerna coat of arms", an appellation that my elder brothers and sisters considered exceedingly witty.

In other ways, too, the good doctor played an important part in my childhood. I suffered from chronic catarrh complicated by bad asthma, which not only caused me pain in itself, but proved an insuperable barrier to many of the amusements that as a rule brighten a child's life. I had to abstain from all strenuous exercise or more active games, since such exertion, especially in the winter's cold, seldom failed to give me an

immediate attack of asthma. I required most careful protection from the chills that always lay in wait for me in spite of all attempts to make me less susceptible to them. I was compelled to sit indoors gasping for breath in an atmosphere impregnated with turpentine and aniseed whilst other children romped about in the open air. And all this lasted, not only through my childhood, but into adolescence as well, and robbed these years of much of that gaiety which results from a healthy open-air life with companions of one's own age. My mind was turned inwards, and existence often seemed to me but a tedious business.

Yet, even so, life was not without its days of sunshine. The summers that I spent between my fourth and ninth year on the beautiful Gullö in Ekenäs Skärgård[1] shed a brightness on my days which has not even now faded away. The journey to Ekenäs was made on the *Amiral von Platen*, a steamboat that arrived there very early in the morning. What a keen recollection I have of one of those morning hours when the rowing-boat that took us to Gullö threaded its way over the shallow waters of the reedy Snäcksund, lit up by the earliest rays of the rising sun! This was one of the first experiences of delight in nature that I can remember. I have not forgotten, either, my joy at seeing, as we walked up from the landing-stage, the meadow by the shore, bright with ranunculus and water avens (*geum rivale*); this was one of the first of the many joys that wild-flowers have given me. On our arrival at the house we children were put to bed; but instead of sleeping I would lie and think about the perch in the depths of the water, impatiently awaiting the hour when we could run down to the sea to fish. Our next excursion would be to the Vinbärs meadow, where we built little stone bridges and played with bark boats, or on the "reedy creeks"—open stretches of water between the reeds that grew along the

[1] Skärgård = group of islands or belt of rocks fringing the coast-line.—Translator's Note.

shores—where we rowed or paddled about in a punt, sometimes, too, putting up a towel as a sail. There was so much to do and to see. We used to climb the mountains on the other side of the fields; how high and wild they seemed to us! A little farther on lay a forest marsh full of mystery and wonder —but we did not go there very often. Inside the house there was the great kitchen in the lower story—where Herr and Fru Kopparström, the owners of the island, lived—an attraction that had much of interest to offer. There we could listen to old Eva's tales of *Necken*,[1] whom she had seen with her own eyes, or hear the half-witted Nanne's strange gibberish; outside the house we were always a little afraid of him. Sometimes we went in the company of our elders on excursions to the small islands in the bay, to the Liljekonvaljs mountain, to the Notberg, where we were regaled with herring soup boiled on a camp fire, or to Näseby[2] or Odensö[3], which were also owned by our hosts.

In a word, Gullö was a world of marvels, the paradise of my childhood. It is not often in my life that I have felt such emotion as when, after ten years' absence, I saw it again as a young student. Tears poured from my eyes, I threw my arms round the rocks and pressed my face against the ground. It was not only a greeting to my vanished childhood, but also a spontaneous expression of that love of nature which I had first felt in these surroundings. To this very day I cannot travel along the railway to Hangö without trying to catch a glimpse of Gullö's mansion on the opposite side of the bay.

And when summer was over it was also pleasant to see our home in Helsingfors once more. All my life I have preferred country to town, but my parents' house close by the Old Church, at the corner of André and Anne Streets, had some country charm about it, too (Plate 1). There in the middle of

[1] Cf. Scottish Kelpie.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.
[2] By = village.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.
[3] Ö = island.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

the grounds I found the tall balsam-poplar that had such a delicious scent in the spring, and near the gate opening on to Anne Street the mountain-ash that sometimes blossomed before we went off to the country and whose berries in autumn were a delight to one's eyes and an irresistible temptation to one's palate; close to the garden-fence stood the great weeping birch whose first touch of green every spring is amongst the most precious of my childhood's memories; its companions were a maple, a lime, lilacs, Siberian pea-trees, berberis bushes, snowberries, and some garden flowers. Here, too, we found good spots for our games and mysterious hiding-places in the framework of the old wooden houses that extended all along the Church Square and farther on—with an interval for the garden—along the André and Anne Streets and the narrow passage that separated my parents' property from our neighbour's. Just opposite, on the other side of André Street, we had the burial-ground of the Old Church, where we played amongst the graves and utilized the open spaces for our croquet games in summer and for ski-ing in winter. At that time it was not, as now, a thoroughfare for foot-passengers, but was shut off from the outer world by a green wooden fence.

In the Church Square, where Lönnrot's statue now stands, there was a neglected plantation, also surrounded by a fence and bordered, moreover, by bushes and trees which made it a favourite spot for lovers, a spot known in common parlance as "Wait a little". We children sometimes made use of it, too, for our games, and our nurse regularly celebrated Albertina Day at the end of April by entertaining her lady friends to a coffee-party there at a marvellously early hour in the morning.

Still more countrified was another house owned by my parents, No. 10 East Brunns Park (Plate 2). The large distinctive-looking building, designed by the architect G. T. Chiewitz, had, under my father's superintendence, been completely transformed: rooms had been repaired and provided

PLATE I.—THE WESTERMARCK HOUSE WITH ITS BIRCH-TREE

PLATE 2.—THE WESTERMARCK VILLA IN BRUNNS PARK

with poreclain stoves; verandahs—both with and without roofs—added; and the outside walls covered with shingles cut in the shape of fish-scales. When he bough tthe villa, scarcely any attempt had been made to cultivate the extensive plot of land belonging to it; but by degrees clefts were filled in, rocky foundations covered, terraces and steps built to lead down to the sea, and trees, bushes, and flowers planted with no niggard hand. On spring evenings we children used to accompany our mother when she went to the villa to see that the caretaker put it in order for the summer, and again in autumn, after the tenants had gone, similar expeditions took place. To walk over the Ulrikasborg mountain with its bare rocks and pools of water was in itself to be transported into another world, and the villa on the other side of the mountain offered endless occupation for childish eyes and hands. In A. O. Heikel's *The Story of the Brunns Park*, my sister Helena gives the following account of the impression it made upon our young minds: "To wander about on exploratory expeditions in the big villa with its many rooms, to run up and down the flights of stairs and out on to the verandahs, then down on the grounds over the mountain boulders and the smooth rock with its muffled echo of our footsteps, to dash on to the shore below with its stones and splashing waves, was a delight that never lost the charm of novelty, for there were such infinite numbers of new discoveries to be made with joy and rapture." One spring we lived for some time in the villa, and this gave us an opportunity to play at our leisure on the shore, to run about in the Brunns Park and gather wood anemones in its shady groves.

From my earliest years I had a constant playmate in Eskil Palmén, whose father, Professor, later Senator, J. Ph. Palmén, owned the house at No. 1 Church Square. Our families had long been closely connected, for Eskil's father had acted as guardian to my mother and her brothers and sisters. As far back as I can remember, scarcely a day passed when we were

staying in the town without our seeing each other either in my home or, more frequently, in his. Indoors our chief occupation was carrying on warfare between our tin soldiers by the aid of terrible missiles in the shape of penholders, which, when projected by a blow from a book, caused mighty devastation in the enemy's ranks. Out of doors we played at ball and other games, or amused ourselves in the large well-kept garden belonging to the Palméns, where the outstanding marvel consisted in two small almond-trees that sometimes fruited, and the chief attraction in a great dapple-grey rocking-horse in an arbour of Siberian pea-trees. On those days when we did not meet, my nurse generally had to go to and fro with our mutual letters. My letters began regularly with: "Dear Eskil,—How are you ? I am quite well"; and as a rule contained nothing else whatever. When we were a little older we wrote a joint newspaper and even owned a miniature printing-press.

We both began school on the same day, when Eskil was just eight years old and I nearly nine. Our respective mothers took us to Böök's Lyceum, situated at the end of Michael's Street and looking towards Kajsaniemi; here we were admitted into the second class of the preparatory school. After we had passed through the third class as well, Eskil and I were moved to the Swedish Normal Lyceum, where we were class-mates for the next eight years. During all this time we used regularly to walk together to and from school. On one and the same day we entered the University, and afterwards took our degrees of Bachelor and Master of Philosophy.[1] Afterwards our ways parted. Palmén soon moved to Wasa, and when he returned to Helsingfors in the capacity of District Judge in the Helsinge circuit, I had moved to Abo. Another playfellow and class-mate, who completed the triumvirate in our school career, was Carl Collin. For the greater part of our schooldays he lived on our property in a house rented by his parents, who

[1] Corresponding to the English B.A. and M.A.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

owned several estates in Hollola. It was there that, once during the summer holidays, I first became acquainted with the natural beauty of the Tavastland lake country.

I cannot say that I have very many happy memories of my schooldays. I did my best to be a good pupil, and on the whole succeeded, despite the many long interruptions in my attendance resulting from catarrhal trouble. I was even promoted as *primus* to the sixth and seventh classes. But my home lessons needed great effort on my part and often seemed a nuisance to me. I am not particularly receptive by nature. My memory, although by no means bad with regard to any experience I may have had or anything that has really interested me, is very unsatisfactory as regards ideas whose connection is merely arbitrary. I have always found it difficult to learn anything by heart. I would not even undertake to repeat from memory without stumbling the first verse of the National Anthem. After all, this is not any intellectual defect —Tegnér's idiot brother, Johannes, could repeat word for word the preacher's sermon, of which he had not understood a single syllable—but it is an inconvenient shortcoming.

The school subject that I liked best was essay-writing, and next to that, I think, botany. In the summer I collected the seeds of a considerable number of wild plants and sowed them later on in a large box to observe their germination. The first time that my name appeared in the newspapers was in connection with a small collection of seeds that I presented to the *Societas pro fauna et flora Fennica*, at the suggestion of Professor S. O. Lindberg, who, when visiting my father, had seen my little plantations. On my own account I read history, geography, and the history of literature to a far greater extent than was covered by the school course, and when I was kept in by illness as well as in the summer holidays, I extended my reading to light literature of the finer type. But I envied some of my contemporaries who read so much more quickly than I did.

During my *Konvent*[1] time I brought out a hectographed newspaper, entitled *Ynglingen*,[2] as a literary supplement to the official paper *Kamraten*,[3] and wrote verse. I even imagined that I had a certain turn for it as the result of the exaggerated encouragement which I had received from one of my teachers, and at the matriculation examination in Swedish the school Rector tried—fortunately without success—to persuade me to write my essay in verse. Some of my poor verses are printed in the *Konvent's Album*, and of one I may even say that it achieved a certain amount of popular success. It is to the present day quite frequently quoted by the less educated people in their announcements of a death. One of my friends called my attention to this, and when I had reached the age of sixty he sent me as proof from Albania, where he chanced to be on a mission on behalf of the League of Nations, a cutting of the notice of a fisherman's death in one of our newspapers, adding that it was now high time for the poem to be included in the Church service book.

For reasons that I have already mentioned I was practically cut off from all the more cheerful school activities in the open air, and this doubtless is the principal cause of the sense of heaviness that overshadows my schoolday memories. Not that I had to suffer any direct annoyance from the fact that I did not take part in my schoolfellows' games and sports. On the contrary, they showed me a consideration for which I have never ceased to be grateful—and the more so, since all my life I have perhaps been too keenly sensitive as to the treatment meted out to me by my fellow-men. In the sixth class I was elected to the vice-chairmanship of the *Konvent*, and in the seventh chosen as chairman. My pleasantest school memories are connected with the activities of the *Konvent* life.

My happiest times were at home. I had the blessing of

[1] *Konvent* is the name for an association of the pupils in the three upper classes of the school.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

[2] *Ynglingen* = *The Youth*.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

[3] *Kamraten* = *The Comrade*.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

good parents, brothers and sisters, and a home free alike from poverty or riches. My father was the University Bursar, Nils Christian Westermarck, born at Lovisa in 1826. His family originally came from the parish of Lövånger in Västerbotten in Sweden and moved to Finland during the first half of the eighteenth century. In my earliest years he was Latin master in the Helsingfors Lyceum, and as such was held in honoured memory by his former pupils. One of them, Reinh. Hausen, writes to me: "Your father was a strict ruler who inspired respect in us youngsters, but he was also an excellent teacher, certainly the best possible for boys who were to be grounded in the splendid language of the Romans." Later on he was a director of banks and assurance companies, and his services were requisitioned for many kinds of municipal activity. As an instance of the public confidence that he enjoyed, it may be mentioned that at the election of the first City Council in Helsingfors he was one of those who polled the most votes for membership. The Nyland Students' Union made him an honorary member and appointed him as one of the "Council of Seniors". He possessed exceptional capacity for work, and displayed in all his activity an order and method that enabled him to accomplish so much without ever giving any sign of undue haste. By temperament he was reserved and serious, and there was a lack of brightness in his outlook on life which was possibly due to the cramped conditions of his own youth. In my childhood I never got very close to him, and I remember how it worried me that the relations between him and us children should show such reserve in comparison to the intimate confidence that marked our attitude to our mother. But this altered in course of time. During my student years I noticed that he took an interest in my aspirations and that much warmth lay hidden under a cool exterior. I believe he really had a scientific mind, although circumstances had forced him into an official career. He was very fond of drawing general conclusions from individual

data, and his judgment was always both keen and clear. I have reason to thank him for the fact that, although he was a practical man himself, he never, even by a look, betrayed any special wish with regard to my future calling in life; but when I had, with absolute freedom, chosen my career, he showed his satisfaction at my choice and gave me his encouragement. Once with a good-humoured smile he remarked: "You can write books, but you can't manage money" (Plate 3).

My mother was the daughter of Alexander Blomqvist, Professor of "the History of Learning", and university librarian. It is not easy for a son to give a description of his mother, when his memory of her is entirely dominated by a feeling of infinite devotion and affection. But for her unceasing care I should scarcely have survived my childhood. I caused her much worry and anxieties, partly, indeed, from causes beyond my control and partly—in later years—by my travels into foreign lands. When I was away from home she was always in my thoughts, and I believe I scarcely ever let a week pass without writing to her (Plate 3). Yet I often felt that I did not sufficiently repay her for her love. In contrast to my father she had a sunny nature, which my youngest sister, Anna, has inherited; and when I had left my earlier youth behind me it became apparent that I, too, had some little share in the same inheritance. My feelings towards my home circle are best expressed by the fact that for a time I always ended my evening prayer with the petition that God would let me die before father, mother, or any of the others.

Amongst my home occupations music played an important part. I think I learnt my notes about the same time as my letters, and at fourteen years of age I had attained a certain dexterity in playing the piano. Unfortunately a slight misplacement of my right shoulder, the result of excessive croquet playing, in accordance with the doctor's advice, stopped for a time my music practice, and when I took it up again later on I did not have the same good teacher as before. As an

undergraduate I continued my studies under the excellent guidance of Fröken Lilli Pipping, and in the course of them I went through, amongst other works, several of Beethoven's violin sonatas with our first violinist. Nor did I neglect the opportunities offered at that time to hear many contemporary celebrities—Sarasate, Ysaye, Wilhelmj, Sophie Menter-Popper, d'Albert, Davidoff, Pachmann, Vera Timanoff, Madame Artôt, and others. It has been impossible for me to keep up anything like the proficiency—modest though it was—that I once attained; but even now it gives me pleasure sometimes in leisure hours to sit down at my piano. For a time my favourite composer was Chopin and afterwards Schubert, who in later days has given me many enjoyable hours. I found quite as much difficulty in learning to play a piece without my notes as in committing poetry to memory, and I was never able to play by ear. It seems to me that the so-called talent for music really covers two different gifts often, but not always, united in the same individual: the one is what goes by the name of "a good ear", and the other is the power to put the right feeling into one's performance. A good touch is often a criterion of this.

For a long time after my tenth year we spent the summers on the Träskända estate in the parish of Tusby, which belonged to the Ehrström family. The idyllic beauty of the sea-coast was replaced by the prose of highways, punts and sailing-boats by carts and four-wheelers. Our chief amusements were croquet, catching crawfish, and excursions on horseback. But the kindly owners of the estate made life pleasant in many ways, both at the time and in the future. Träskända became a place where I always felt sure of a welcome at any time of the year; and after my brother Walter, who married Alfhild, the eldest daughter of the house, took over the property, it became something very like a second home for me. I have always had a longing to be able to live in the country at other seasons besides summer, and visits to Träs-

kända gave me a certain compensation for the otherwise rare fulfilment of this desire.

As my health showed no signs of improvement, it was considered advisable for me to go for a time where I could get the air of the pine forests. This I did in the summer of 1880, which I spent at Evois in the home of my uncle, Anton Blomqvist. It was a delightful spot embedded in green and encircled by pine woods and three small lakes connected with each other. It made a great impression on me—I had then just reached the sentimental age—and so did the natural beauties of Päijänne, which I got to know on a fishing expedition to Luhango with my uncle and his son Hannes. But the summer brought me other good things as well. My uncle was a man of importance and of many-sided culture; he was not only a pioneer in our forestry system and the author of books dealing with the science of forestry, which brought him an Honorary Doctor's degree, but he was also well-versed in philosophy and literature. His wife, a daughter of Immanuel Ilmoni, was an intelligent woman with wide interests; and husband and wife alike were among the most lovable people I have ever met. My summer at Evois laid the foundation of a friendship which was strengthened by several later visits. I passed an autumn there, when I was reading for my Bachelor's degree, and a part of the winter of 1889, during which I finished the first draft of my book *The History of Human Marriage*. Some of the last things my uncle read were the proof-sheets of my *Moral Ideas*, which, in compliance with his wish, I had sent him from England; but he died before he had got on very far with his reading. During his last illness he made the following characteristic remark: "From my youth up I have always considered that the greatest privilege any human being can have is to be able to think and act freely. If I could wish for anything after death it would be for continued liberty to think and act as I will."

Whatever other benefits the summer in Evois may have

The Author's Father,
Nils Christian Westermarck

Plate 3

The Author's Mother,
Constance Westermarck

given me, it was soon evident that it had failed in the main object of my visit. In the autumn I contracted another of my usual attacks of asthmatic catarrh, which this time was of a serious character. I had to give up attendance at school—I was then in the highest class. But I passed my matriculation examination successfully with permission to leave the *viva voce* as soon as I had been questioned, and on May 23rd I had the right to wear my undergraduate's cap.

I cannot say that it filled me with any feeling of jubilation; I could not even take part in the feast with which my comrades celebrated their newly won liberty. I was relieved to think that the ten years of school restraint had come to an end at last; but even then I had a presentiment that the time of learning fixed tasks was not over, though it would assume other forms than before.

I think that at this period of my life most of my relatives feared that I had not much longer to live. There was a tendency to tuberculosis in the family. One of my mother's brothers had died when young of this disease, her eldest sister, Elisabeth Blomqvist, had, so it was thought, but narrowly escaped a similar fate, and my father was suspected of having suffered from consumption in his youth. But there were at least two people who did not share these apprehensions with regard to me, and these two were my doctor and I myself. I remember the former once calming my mother by saying that asthma did not point to incipient consumption, although it might lead to emphysema; and as for myself, I cannot remember having had at this time any serious thoughts of death, although when younger I had written a poem that is used for death notices. My doctor advised that I should live for the summer in mountain air; and consequently my parents and I, after my matriculation, started that same year for the Gausdal sanatorium in Norway.

To see Stockholm, Christiania, and the Norwegian mountain ranges was, of course, very exhilarating for the young

student. The mountain air did me good. My lung capacity increased, the walks up Skeikampen extended to a greater height day by day, and soon the summit itself became their usual goal, and, moreover, expeditions were undertaken to other and more lofty peaks in the less immediate neighbourhood. Nor did I lack a companion of more or less my own age. Axel Wallensköld,[1] a year and a half my junior, stayed at the sanatorium in company with his mother and sister; and a friendship was formed between us that was to prove one of the most precious things of my life.

[1] Now Professor of Romanic Philology at the University of Helsingfors.

# CHAPTER II

## 1881–1886

### Undergraduate years.

In the autumn I returned to Helsingfors with renewed strength, and now my university studies began. What were they to be?

The subject that interested me most at first was aesthetics and modern literature. I diligently attended C. G. Estlander's lectures and later those of Valfrid Vasenius as well, regularly took part in the meetings of the Aesthetic Society, and acted as its secretary for a time. It was an active Society, carefully fostered by Estlander; once it even appealed to the general public by arranging a Tegnér festival in the assembly hall of the Students' House with a lecture by Vasenius, singing, and music. When Fredrik Cygnaeus's library was put up to auction I bought Vischer's *Aesthetics* in many volumes, some of which at least I afterwards read. Side by side with my examination course I studied Hettner's great work on the literature of the eighteenth century, which made a deep and lasting impression on me. Hettner treats of literature in connection with general culture and attaches special importance to philosophical ideas; and the freethinkers attracted me exceedingly. I soon discovered that I was more interested in the thinkers than in the poets; but it was still some time before I began to study philosophy.

I worked assiduously at Greek, attended lectures as well as joining classes in this subject, and on my own account covered a considerable part of the work that remained for the Honours course. As the result of this, I took my Bachelor of Philosophy degree nearly a year later than I should otherwise have done. In England great stress is laid upon the study of Greek as being of special importance for a general liberal education, but I think that its importance is overrated.

The reading of Greek authors, especially the less difficult ones, such as Homer, Herodotus, and Anacreon, often gave me great pleasure, but I doubt if the labour I bestowed on Thucydides, Pindar, and the tragedians brought me commensurate profit.

Another subject that soon occupied me was general history. Much of what I read interested me but little, and I considered it somewhat absurd to burden my memory with a mass of facts which—if I should ever require them—I could look up again with the greatest ease in the books on my shelves. But from other sides of this study I derived great benefit, not least so from the writings of Buckle and Macaulay, which I read in Swedish translation. Taine's *L'Ancien Régime* suggested to me the subject for my Honours thesis on "The Third Estate under Louis XIV". The composition of this thesis, which occupied me for six months, forms one of the brightest spots in my student days. For the first time in my life I was now able to devote myself to something that might be called creative scientific work of however humble a kind. I had to collect—in great measure from original sources—facts bearing on the subject for the definite purpose of drawing conclusions from them. Facts in themselves leave me as a rule rather cold; but they become a different matter, component parts, indeed, of a person's mentality, as soon as he thinks that he can extract from them something which they do not directly express. In this side of my nature I recognize an inheritance from my father. The work on my thesis gave me an opportunity to think and construct, to give out and not, as in the earlier examination work, only to take in and remember.

I gratefully remember the warm encouragement that my teacher, Professor Danielson, gave me in my work and the appreciation he showed of the thesis when it was finished. In my history finals, as a result of want of time for proper revision, I showed lamentable weakness in my memory work

and could not even remember the date of the July Revolution; but he allowed my thesis to weigh down the scale in favour of the highest mark, although I had myself anticipated nothing more than a *cum laude*. It gained prizes both from the Senate and from the Nyland Students' Union, and I felt not a little proud when the Union's expert, Professor Frosterus, designated it as "of undoubted scientific worth".

I have dwelt on this episode, which in itself is a mere trifle, because it played no unimportant part in my life. From a scientific point of view my little thesis is, of course, utterly insignificant. It lies hidden in the Union's archives, and even if I had carried out the idea that once flashed across my mind of further study in Paris and of then working it up into a thesis for my Doctor's degree, it is most uncertain if it would have turned out a work of any importance. But it acted as a great encouragement for me. I had already from an early date felt a keen desire to devote myself to science, but doubted as to whether I possessed the necessary capacity. Indeed, my lack of self-confidence went much farther than that. When I had reached the higher school classes one of my masters, who—I may say in passing—required his pupils to repeat verbatim his own translations from Greek or Latin, had remarked at a Teachers' Meeting that I was stupid; the remark reached my ears and worried me extremely during my earlier undergraduate years. There was very likely some reason for this verdict—although at matriculation I achieved honours in his subject—but after the encouragement I got from my thesis I came to the conclusion that in any case the adjective was somewhat exaggerative.

Last among my actual examination studies came philosophy. As early as the summer of 1884 I had read Swedish translations of Spencer and Mill, and in the following autumn I made a first attempt to read Ueberweg's voluminous work on the history of philosophy. But it gave me a feeling of repulsion, not only by its tedious style, but by much of its

subject-matter as well. A great deal that went under the name of philosophy seemed to me entirely without actual or even possible proof, fantastic and meaningless. Some cynics have defined philosophy as "a systematic misuse of a terminology which was invented expressly for this purpose", and a philosopher as "a blind man in a pitch-dark room looking for a black hat that is not there at all". These definitions rather squared with my own idea of German metaphysics. Not even the study of Kant's philosophy aroused any deeper feeling of admiration in my mind. In his *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*[1] I thought even then that I could detect attempts to solve impossible problems, inconsistencies, arguments in a circle, formalistic constructions, an astonishing disposition to employ the same terms in different senses and other obscurities. His moral philosophy gave the impression of an exalted character, but contained strange and even incomprehensible propositions, unfounded postulates, and a moral law which was almost empty. His manner of presentment was often repulsive; I was glad to hear our Professor of Philosophy say once that Kant in his books had shown how *not* to write. I soon began to suspect that much in philosophy that was accounted deep had only gained this reputation because it was obscure, in conformity with Tegnér's dictum that "the dimly said is the dimly thought". German metaphysics came to my mind once in Morocco when I had to ride straight across a small river. It seemed to me so deep that I hesitated. But I determined at any rate to attempt it and—found that the water was scarcely above the horse's hoofs. It gave the impression of depth simply because it was so muddy.

On the other hand I felt much attracted by the empiricism of the English school of philosophy. There I found clearness and a sense of reality; and if its hypotheses were not unfailingly true, in every case it seemed possible that they could be corrected by a deeper search into the facts of experience.

[1] *Critique of Pure Reason.*—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

The study of psychology also interested me. But what gave me most pleasure of all was unquestionably the work at my Honours thesis, which bore the not altogether unpretentious title of "Does Civilization increase the Happiness of Mankind?" I wrote it in one month during the last half of my preparation year, but then I worked at it sometimes fourteen hours a day. The question was answered in the affirmative by the author, whereas the philosophy professor, who acted as adjudicator, was not equally positive. He raised a good many objections, but his criticism was kindly throughout. It was, of course, at his instance that the Senate awarded the thesis their highest prize.

A circumstance that would nowadays appear very strange was that I had to introduce myself to the professor when I brought him my thesis, since I had not met him before. I had once or twice looked in at his lectures, but the lecture-room was packed so full and the air was so bad that afterwards I kept away. During the greater part of my undergraduate days I was generally very slack in my attendance at lectures, and a little post at the University library gave me, too, a certain right to some freedom in this respect. Some of the lectures to which I listened made me think that I could get the same information more comfortably and with less waste of time by reading, and also that the eloquence from the professor's desk was often more profitable for the lecturer, who earned his living by it, than for the students; the lectures are really a survival from the time when books were difficult to get. But I except such lectures as do not only present the hearer with facts that can be easily obtained elsewhere, but also give him ideas and fresh points of view and may guide him in his private studies. Lectures dealing with the different branches of philosophy are well adapted to such an object, and I will not plead innocence of reprehensible negligence when I absented myself from those to which I could have gone on these subjects.

Later, however, I had an opportunity to profit in another way from the sound knowledge and clear thought of Thiodolf Rein, the Professor of Philosophy. There were no seminars at that time, but the meetings of the Philosophical Society formed a good substitute, and after taking my degree I attended these meetings with great regularity and much profit. To value Rein's power as a teacher at its true worth it was essential to have heard him at the Philosophical Society. This was the darling of his heart. He had founded the Society a few years after his appointment as professor, remained faithful to it both as Rector and Vice-Chancellor, and still read papers there nearly fifty years after its foundation. The discussion often assumed the form of a duel, in which the contending parties were the chairman on the one hand and perhaps some young graduate on the other. Rank and age were forgotten; it was not the learned professor speaking, but an older comrade—so it seemed—who was trying to tempt others out to a tussle. It was evident that Rein enjoyed the dispute; *in verba magistri jurare* was a demand that he never dreamt of making. He did not spare facetious remarks at his opponent's expense, but he was never either bitter or crushing in his jokes. When it was all over the disciple might perhaps feel some self-reproach lest he should have treated his honoured master with less than due respect, but there was never any indication that the professor felt his dignity had been wounded in any way. He himself writes about his Society with lovable modesty: "I venture to believe that the interchange of thought over many important questions that has taken place at these meetings, which have been attended by both teachers and students, sometimes, too, by non-members of the University, has not been entirely unsuccessful in arousing reflection and clearing up ideas in those who have taken part in them, especially in the younger members of the University." Arousing reflection indeed! The writer of these lines, during one of the discussions, was aroused to a work

on the origin and development of the moral ideas which was to occupy his thoughts for wellnigh twenty years.

In the Philosophical Society, Rein's open-minded and humble search for truth was seen in its brightest light. He had changed his philosophical views more than once during his lifetime. He began as a follower of Hegel, which was but natural for a devoted disciple of Snellman, his predecessor; but by degrees doubt had arisen in his mind: the aim of philosophy is the knowledge of reality, and how can that goal be reached without careful consultation of experience? He was now impressed above all by Lotze, who united regard for the facts of experience with an idealistic conception of existence as a whole. On the other hand, he could not agree with the view of pure positivism that philosophy should be content to find out only what lies within the limits of our experience. It must endeavour to explain the facts, and therefore, also, to form ideas of what cannot be directly experienced, but which may be imagined as the cause and explanation of what is empirically known. And so it comes at last to the question of the coherence of existence as a whole, of the first cause that lies behind this coherence and accounts for the fact that there is order and not chaos in the world, and goes on to the question of the meaning and object of existence. But Rein would not maintain that philosophy could find a final answer to these questions. He rested satisfied with the idea that even more or less probable hypotheses have weight with the seeker of truth, since they can form a basis for his view and conduct of life.

How could such a conception of the aim of philosophy lead to definite results? The idealist put questions which the honest seeker after truth could not answer. Rein's philosophy continued to be a search without hope of finding certainty; but it possessed the virtue of not fettering thought by certain philosophical dogmas. At one of the Society's meetings he threw out the astounding proposition: "All philosophical

systems are right"; but he immediately broke the point of his paradox by adding: "that is, partly right". He could most energetically vindicate a certain view of a fundamental philosophical problem and just as violently attack another. But he expected opposition, and if it did not come he might speak again and show how the matter could be viewed from another side as well.

A question that for some time regularly turned up at our meetings, whatever the actual subject of discussion happened to be, was the relation between body and soul. And we fought valiantly. Rein was a dualist and I a monist. But it happened that after a long stay abroad I was again present at a meeting where the old bone of contention was once more produced. Meantime I had found monism untenable on account of the arbitrary way in which it handled the concept of causality and my view had become a kind of empirical dualism; so I now thought we could arrive at some sort of agreement. But Rein seemed also to have changed his standpoint and was beginning to incline to monism; hence the contest began again, although the opponents had changed sides.

It seemed to me, however, as if the many disputes between me and my old teacher, instead of disturbing our mutual good relations, only brought us nearer to each other. I got many proofs of the good will and friendship with which he regarded me. What I especially valued was the interest he took in my researches and his endeavours to secure me opportunity to carry them on in the best way possible. I heard it asserted that it was in deference to his express wish that I was granted in the spring term of 1910, when he was Vice-Chancellor, continued leave of absence to allow me to finish my research work in Fez, which proved of the greatest moment to my Moroccan studies. In this connection I should also like to mention with gratitude the support given me by the three other professors with whom I had most to do—Estlander,

Danielson, and Gustafsson. I have an idea that it was Estlander, at that time Dean of the Faculty, whom I have to thank for my nomination to the lucrative Antell scholarship when it was awarded for the first time.

In close connection with my leanings to philosophy was the interest with which I took up religious questions. These questions came to the front from 1880 onwards.

Spencer's *First Principles* and Stuart Mill's essays on religion were published in a Swedish translation. Religious questions began to make their appearance in light literature as well, and in the spring of 1884 Helsingfors was visited by the well-known Swedish lecturer, Carl von Bergen, who had been invited there by some interested in the subject to speak on the "Christianity of the Future". Personally I was disappointed in the lectures, which seemed to me rambling and superficial. I remember before the fourth of them saying to one of my friends that I hoped the lecturer would come to the gist of the matter at last, but in my opinion he never did so.

Yet the lectures had the merit of stirring up the educated public, who divided into opposite camps for and against Orthodoxy. The first opposition came from the side of the University: the lectures were not allowed in the Assembly Hall, but they filled instead another large hall to overflowing.

Later, three professors and a *docent* brought out a pamphlet in which von Bergen was denounced as a humbug who juggled with the results of science in order to throw dust in the eyes of a credulous public; but they got their answer from the student Hjalmar Neiglick, who in some brilliant articles—afterwards published in pamphlet form—sounded a counterblast against what he called "conscious hypocrisy combined with scientific arrogance". Moreover, even before this, Viktor Rydberg's *The Teaching of the Bible concerning Christ* had caused much discontent in certain circles. Now, just as in the period of the Deists, the first step was an implicit belief in the Bible as an expression of revealed truth and a

repudiation of dogmas that were at variance with its teaching. The next was the question, What reason have we to believe in a revealed truth? And when the answer came that there was no valid reason, the conclusion was evident: the Christian faith is built upon shifting sand.

I personally went through both these stages and certainly without any spiritual disturbance. Religion did not occupy any special place in my home-life. My mother sometimes went to church, but very rarely took any of us children with her. I remember from my earliest childhood that on Sundays and Church festivals she used to read a short sermon out of a book of homilies, whilst we sat and listened or not as we liked. Otherwise I cannot recollect that religious questions were ever mentioned. But I used to say my evening prayer, and as a young undergraduate went to communion. As regards the former exercise, it almost partook of the character of magic; for I had the idea that if the "Our Father" was to be of any value it must necessarily be followed by "Lord, give us Thy blessing". But sleep sometimes asserted her authority before I managed to finish my devotional exercises.

As an undergraduate I not only lost my Christian faith, but also became an agnostic, which I have remained ever since. Neither Kant nor anyone else could supply me with an acceptable proof of the existence of a personal God, and without proof I could not believe in one. It is often considered a great virtue to be the possessor of a strong religious belief, but for my part I cannot find any special merit in it. A faith which rests on rational deductions I value, like any other opinion, according to the reasons by which it is supported, and to embrace a faith without any reasons seems to me unworthy of a thinking human being. When educated people stick to the naïve faith of their childhood all through life, it is generally due to sluggishness in thought, indifference, love of ease, or an unwillingness to allow themselves to be disturbed in a belief which, for one reason or another, gives

them satisfaction. The will to believe is, in particular, one of the strongest grounds of faith; but such a will can, of course, not be accepted as a proof of the truth of one's belief. The relation between science and faith seems to me to be a very simple problem. The first object of science is to search for truth, that of religion to give happiness; but I cannot find happiness in a faith that is founded only on the deceptive will to believe. It is not in illusive self-suggestions that I seek refuge from the disagreeable things in life, but in the conscious endeavour not to think of them unnecessarily.

During the greater part of my life I have had a strong feeling of a great unfathomable mystery and of the extraordinary limitation of human knowledge. This feeling can find beautiful expression in music—I often begin my day by playing to the best of my ability a pianoforte transcription of Bach's *Pfingstaria* or Beethoven's Mass in C major—but to try to express the emotion in words is to spoil it. I feel this so strongly that I consider it insolence, almost blasphemy, to form out of our imaginations a divine being with a spiritual nature after a human pattern, with intelligence, feeling, and will; a satrap of the universe who guides everything according to a fixed plan towards a fixed goal; a providence that controls human destinies in accordance with his own will; an almighty, all-wise, and all-good being—in other words, a being with human qualities even though in superhuman degree. It has been aptly said that if triangles or circles could think, they would imagine their god like a triangle or circle; and human beings are not a bit better. Three of my women students in London came to me once and asked if I could give them any answer to the question as to why we are here. I said to them that such a question should not be asked. Here we are and cannot alter it, and to talk of the object of life is senseless. We should not arrogantly seek solutions to questions that no human being can answer.

A sentence in Mill's essays on religion that impressed me

was that belief in a god who is both almighty and all-good is an impossibility; how could such a belief be consistent with all the suffering and injustice to be found in the world? Another sentence that engraved itself in my memory was that we should think about death as little as possible. Why, even Spinoza said: *Homo liber de nulla re minus quam de morte cogitat*— a free man thinks of nothing less than of death.

I believe in the truth of the old Roman's statement that religion is fostered by fear—fear of misfortunes and especially fear of death. Man has by nature a *horror vacui* and wishes to live; but a wish obviously involves no guarantee of its fulfilment. Neither has man succeeded in putting forward any rational proof of the immortality of the soul, although, on the other hand, it cannot be proved an impossibility. Let us therefore humbly submit to the unknowable and yield to the inevitable. We have, after all, experienced no inconvenience from not having existed before our birth; why should we be disturbed at not continuing to exist after our death?

The 'eighties have been much decried for their naturalism and prosaic reasonableness. But even though the rose-garden of poetry was at that time to a great extent withered amongst us, many seeds were sown in the grey field of science that afterwards yielded by no means despicable harvests. And whatever else may be said about this decade, there was certainly among its young men a strong desire for truth and a deep contempt for humbug and hypocrisy. It was this desire for truth that lay at the root of a sensational voting as to belief in the dogma of the Trinity that was arranged by some of us students. At the Church Convocation in 1886 it had been said that the number of citizens who did not assent to the doctrine of the Trinity as formulated in the *symbolum apostolicum* was too small to require a Bill which should include them as well as other Nonconformists. As Hugo Pipping observes in an article on "The Students and Religious Liberty", in the Swedish-speaking students' paper *Studentbladet*

for 1922, it was natural that a generation which had read Rydberg's book on the teaching of the Bible concerning Christ should think it outrageous that full civic rights should be dependent on confirmation, which implied assent to the doctrine of the Trinity. A meeting of students in the autumn of 1886 appointed a committee whose work it was to collect statistics as the only means of confuting the Church assembly's argument. Pipping was chosen as its chairman, but as he went abroad in the New Year the office passed into other hands. The result of our work was that two hundred and twenty-one university students and twenty-three students at the polytechnics gave their signatures to a declaration that they did not accept with conviction the *symbolum apostolicum*.

This ballot aroused widespread disapproval. The newspaper *Finland* raged against it and its promoters, dubbed it "a frivolous proceeding" and "young rascals' blasphemous politics", asking further what our country had to expect if such action was not firmly suppressed. A professor, who on the whole was known for his liberal tendencies in religious questions, publicly denounced our action as an impertinence. And yet we may be said to have been pioneers in our method of procedure. At the moment when I am writing these lines two ballots of a like nature are being instigated in England by the *Nation and the Athenæum* and the *Daily News*, both of which invite their readers to answer certain questions regarding their religious beliefs—e.g. if they believe in the divinity of Christ or in any form of Christianity; statistics of the answers will be published later. In this case, of course, there is no need for the ballot such as induced our students of the 'eighties to strike a blow for religious freedom by their votes.

Gradually, however, other tendencies began to make their appearance among the younger members of the University. As early as the 'nineties I, as Chairman of the Nyland Students' Union, was able to notice the first signs of the new era. The question was beginning to be asked as to whether it was

always desirable to proclaim the truth. May it not, on the contrary, sometimes be for the public welfare to give teaching that is at variance with the conclusions of science? And if this is the case, shall not the good of society take precedence of the desire for truth? If it is an advantage for the public to believe in the dogmas of the Church, then they fulfil a praiseworthy function whether they are true or not and they should receive our support. In a discussion of this subject at a meeting of the Union, views were expressed that were greatly influenced by Benjamin Kidd's book *Social Evolution*, which had just appeared in a Swedish translation with an appreciative foreword by Viktor Rydberg. This was a book that in its time aroused much attention both in the land of its origin and elsewhere. It was closely allied to the tendency of a time that wished to be religious and could not help being Darwinian. The main factor in social development, which in common with all other development follows the law of natural selection, was said to be found in religion. The nation that is most religious succeeds best in the struggle for existence; the Anglo-Saxon race is the most religious and consequently the most successful. This was, of course, a theory which was worth its weight in gold. I once met Kidd at dinner in King's College, and as we were both invited to go on from there to spend the evening at Sidney Webb's, we went together, and I heard from his own lips that one hundred thousand copies of his book had been sold. But otherwise he was somewhat reserved, and I wondered if he could have heard of my long and anything but flattering article on his book in the *Finsk Tidskrift*; afterwards, however, it occurred to me that I had also expressed my views concerning it in an interview which had been published in *The Literary Guide* and presumably come to the author's knowledge.

As regards the Nyland Students' Union, with which I was later to be so closely connected, I must confess that it meant but little to me during my undergraduate days. In common

with one or two of my closest friends I did not feel quite at home in the life of the Union as it then was. We had little taste for its more boisterous side, which at that time came very much to the fore, and the spiritual nourishment it offered seemed to us, rightly or wrongly, to be too rich in big words and too empty of contents. During my undergraduate days I did not have many intimate friends. As a freshman I belonged to a literary society that called itself A B C and met regularly in Nyberg's café in Alexander's Street, opposite the Senate House. Some of the members recited poems of their own composition whilst others listened and criticized. Chief amongst the former was Karl August Tavaststjerna, whose poems—afterwards printed in *För Morgonbris*—delighted us and convinced us that we had a real poet in our midst. As far as I myself was concerned, I took a very modest place in the Society and gradually gave up my attendance at its meetings. My most intimate comrades were—besides Eskil Palmén—Hugo Pipping,[1] Axel Wallensköld, and my cousin Hannes Sederholm,[2] with whom I often discussed religious, philosophical, and other questions. I used also to have long conversations with my eldest brother Rudolf, seven years my senior, whom I held in great esteem and who in many respects influenced my opinions.

He occupied a prominent place in the Students' Union when it was first formed and took part in the work of its organization. He was one of the few members of the Union who belonged to the so-called Liberal Party. In spite of the fact that his opinions in this way formed somewhat of a barrier between him and the more influential members of the Nyland Students' Union, he took a great interest in it and acted for a time as its secretary. The high esteem in which he was held by the Union is evident from the manner in which Reinhold von Willebrand after his death honoured his

[1] Now Professor of Scandinavian Philology at the University of Helsingfors.
[2] Now Director of the Geological Commission of Finland.

memory at one of its yearly commemoration festivals. The speaker thought that all those present would agree when he said that "no warmer, nobler heart, nor one more susceptible to exalted ideas than Rudolf Westermarck's, had ever beaten amongst the ranks of Nyland's students". My brother was liberal in his attitude to religion as well as in other questions. I remember what a deep impression it made on me once, when in the midst of the beauties of nature he burst out into an indictment of the theologians' dogmas as a transgression against the divine majesty revealed in the infinite universe. He had a good head as well as a good heart, and an exceptionally strong sense of justice. From what I had heard him say, it was evident that he had decided to take up law as a profession from more ideal reasons than the one consideration of making his living. But he had not got beyond his Bachelor of Laws degree when his career was cut short by the consumption to which there was a predisposition in our family. When he returned from Görbersdorf in the autumn of 1884 it was plainly evident that his days were numbered. But his enthusiasm for work endured to the last, and up to a very short time before his death he was still responsible for the articles on foreign affairs in the *Helsingfors Dagblad*. On January 11, 1885, he breathed his last.

I remember my brother's death as if it had happened yesterday. He foresaw it on the day when he died and asked the doctor for his opinion, but the latter replied that his art was not able to answer the question. My brother said goodbye to all members of his family, addressing a few kind words to each individually; to me he gave the advice: "Don't work too hard." He added that he had not thought it would be so easy to die. Afterwards he began to wonder whether his hour had possibly not yet come and said: "Perhaps I was in a hurry again, as usual." But he had not been wrong. His death-agony began and he was heard to say: "I joked with Death, but he is not to be played with." I think these were his last

intelligible words. After a morphia injection a peaceful expression, almost a smile, passed over his face, and life fled. On his deathbed my brother gave not the slightest sign of any mental anxiety. He said: "I know that I am going to a merciful judge." I doubt if he had ever been guilty of any action for which his conscience could justly reproach him.

The periods of my undergraduate days that stand out from my memories in boldest relief are the summers. I looked forward to them with an indescribable longing and every summer became a memorable event in my life. In June 1882 I made my first independent journey into the wide world. It was taken with my knapsack on my back in the company of a former schoolfellow, Hugo Nicklin. The starting-point for our walking-tour was Tavastehus, whence we took our way to Tammerfors and from there up to Korpilaks. Hugo Pipping joined us on the way, but later on stopped at his relatives at Jyväskylä Parsonage, whilst we two continued our tour through Saarijärvi and Karstula. In Alajärvi our ways parted, my companion going to Jakobstad and I driving southwards through Virdois to Ruovesi. Numbers of schoolboys from Swedish homes used to stay there during the summer; one of them was Eliel Vest, who later became well known as a writer, and my meeting with him led to a lasting friendship between us. When, at the end of a month's expedition, I passed a night at Helsingfors, and was awakened in the morning by the clatter outside in the streets, I felt a sudden despair that forced me to dash out of bed; and when I caught sight of the books on my shelves my heart filled with literal hatred of them all. It was a moment when my love of nature and a life in the open reacted like a flash of lightning against city and indoor studies.

The coming of the next spring and summer filled me with delight. During my walking-tour I had been especially struck by the wild and solitary beauty of Saarijärvi and determined to return to its woods and lakes. But at the same time I also

wished to acquaint myself with the Finnish peasant and improve my knowledge of the Finnish language, which was very defective and almost entirely theoretical. I betook myself to Saarijärvi to pass my summer there amongst peasants. From the chief village of the parish I went on by boat to find some place in which to live, and happened to fall in with a company of peasants, who persuaded me to go with them to a great marriage-feast in Mahlu. A hundred or more guests were assembled, and they ate and drank and danced. As long as the pastor was there, everything went on in quite seemly fashion, but after his departure there was no limit to the brandy, and the scuffling and rowdiness baffles all description. The veil of modesty was discarded and the wedding-company literally wallowed in sensual enjoyment. The cares of the host were not confined to offers of meat and drink only, and when his hospitality towards me became of such a nature that it could not be accepted, his earlier friendliness changed into a rage. I began to feel uncomfortable amongst this bacchanalian crew, where I no longer met a single kindly look, but was, instead, the object of open scorn as a high and mighty young gent who felt above doing at Rome as the Romans do. I only just escaped being struck in the face by a discarded boot hurled by a drunken fellow. The next morning two of the wedding-guests volunteered to row me back to the village. As we walked down to the shore, I going first and the two men following behind me, I heard one say in an undertone: "When we're out on the lake we'll take his purse from him, and if he resists we'll swamp the boat." I listened without interrupting them, but when we were down on the shore I told them I had sharp ears and understood Finnish better than they fancied. So good-bye! I tried to push on through the forest to the highroad and came to a cottage where I asked if I could be driven on my way, but the drunken crofter, who had plainly been to the wedding, got furious and I made my escape as fast as I could. At last I reached the parsonage,

where I spent a delightful evening with the educated, lovable family, and thoroughly enjoyed the blessings of civilization. They had a piano, and the overture to "The Hebrides" floated out into the silence of the summer evening.

My peasant ideals had undoubtedly received a shock, but not their death-blow. The peasant must not be judged by his behaviour during a wedding carouse, and, moreover, better-class men are also guilty of excesses even if in less grotesque forms. I took up my abode on a farm near the main village, and neither then nor ever after did I have the slightest cause to complain of any unfriendliness on the part of Finnish peasants. Nor can I ever remember seeing any of them intoxicated.

One day my friend Axel Wallensköld made his appearance. We had arranged to spend the greater part of the summer together and settled down at Kolari farm in Viitasaari, close to the border of Saarijärvi, where we had a splendid time. Sometimes we paid visits to the gentry in the villages of Saarijärvi or Viitasaari and were welcomed with a cordiality which has left us with many pleasant memories. We also made other longer expeditions, wandering, sometimes with the help of guides, to Pielavesi, going on from there to beautiful Tuovilanlaks and then returning to Kolari by way of Kuopio, Rautalampi, and Keitele. Once we stayed the night in a so-called *pirtti*—a primitive cabin with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke—in company with the master and his wife and a terrible swarm of cockroaches, who in a couple of hours ate up all the surface of my companion's black leather bag. The letters I wrote during our travels are filled with delight at the friendliness and hospitality of the people and the beauty of the scenery. I once lay two hours by the waterfall near Tuovilanlaks reading Runeberg, and felt I was "the happiest man on earth".

Wallensköld and I spent the next summer in each other's company again. This time we betook ourselves to Sotkamo,

where we found a comfortable home in a peasant's house on the stream connecting Nuasjärvi and Pirttijärvi. On the way there I visited the Löytis estate in the parish of Kristina, and this I mention for two reasons. First, this visit enabled me to prove that my memory went back to a time when I was about two and three-quarter years old. At that age I had stayed with my parents at Löytis, and I believed I had still some recollection of it. Now it is, of course, a fact that memories which we think we have of our earliest days are not always to be relied on. We hear parents or elder brothers and sisters speak of our childhood's experiences, and because of the liveliness of imagination at that age we easily get the idea later on that we really remember what is only hearsay. But my earlier memories of Löytis cannot all have been of this kind. I had ideas of such things as the position of the buildings and the direction of the roads, which at my later visit all proved to be perfectly correct. Secondly, the week that I now passed at Löytis gave me an intellectual treat of an unexpected nature. I then had long conversations with Victor Tuderus, the son of the proprietress of the place and a distant relative of mine. He was at that time in command of a reserve company stationed in the vicinity, but was more interested in philosophy, particularly its newest development, than in military affairs. I, with books by Spencer and Mill in my knapsack, listened eagerly to his comments and received guidance as to reading which stood me in good stead later on. I felt that I had found a kindred spirit with much more insight than I possessed, who had thought over questions which already promised to become the chief mental interest of my life. Tuderus was a man of many-sided culture. In later years he devoted himself to painting both with zeal and success. For a long time he lived in Nize, where he recently ended his days.

During my stay in Sotkamo I, of course, climbed its highest hill, Vuokatti, and once with my holiday companion passed

a night on its summit. The air up there was absolutely clear, although we looked down upon an unending sea of mist, which gradually disappeared in the early morning hours when we began our descent. The wonderful light-effects, the walk through the dewy forest, the freshness of the morning —all this combined to give me an experience of the beauty of nature which stands out in my memory as unique in its way. At the beginning of August we made a three weeks' excursion to Suomussalmi and Kuusamo, driving, to begin with, as long as the road lasted, and then going on by a rowing-boat or on foot with birch-bark knapsacks on our backs. My chief recollection of this interesting journey is the extraordinary barrenness and poverty of Suomussalmi, the enormous forests, the crossing on logs over the great bog lands, and the deathly appearance of millions of snow-white cloudberries[1] that had been caught by the frost; Paanajärvi with its high banks and astonishingly luxuriant vegetation so close to the polar circle; our visit to Valtiolampi on the other side of the Russian frontier; the ascents of Kivakka in Russia—where we saw recent bear-tracks—as well as Nuorunen; and, finally, the friendly folk who shared with us their often very scanty store of food. The homeward journey from Sotkamo went across Ule lake, down the river, with its enormous rapids, to Muhos, and thence along the highroad to Uleåborg. On its voyage southwards the steamer was held up by a storm in Kalajoki, and we continued our journey by cart to the nearest railway. It was pleasant in this way to be able for two days to see the coast country of East Bothnia.

I have always felt glad that during these three summers I managed to become acquainted with the interior of Finland and its inhabitants, and that I did so for the most part on foot. Walking is a splendid mode of travelling. There is nothing like it for giving a sense of intimacy with the ground over which one travels. It leads the pedestrian into Nature's

[1] Mountain raspberries.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

secret hiding-places, far away from the general thoroughfares, and evokes a feeling of independence that fills the mind with bliss. How delightful is the start in the early morning, and how delightful the moment when, at the close of the day's walk, the wayfarer puts aside his knapsack and rests his weary limbs! I hope the young folk of to-day do not neglect this method of seeing their own country and making the acquaintance of their own people. Poor creatures those whose chief summer pleasure consists in tearing along dusty highroads in their motor-cars! True enjoyment of nature does not consist in seeing as much as possible, but in quietly absorbing what one sees.

The following summer Wallensköld and I travelled to Norway; took up our quarters at Kongsvold on the Dovrefjeld, where we found excellent society amongst a number of Norwegian and Swedish summer visitors; climbed the Snehaatta, and afterwards started on a walking expedition with Stavanger as its goal. We had not gone many kilometres when my companion was taken ill and we were forced to break off our journey at Jerkin. It was a tiresome beginning, especially as the interruption threatened to be, if not final, at any rate lengthy, which fortunately, however, did not happen. Moreover, it proved to be one of those occurrences when misfortune brings good luck with it. During our short stay at Jerkin an Englishman, called James Sully, came there. I remembered that the same name had been mentioned in Höffding's psychology, which I had with me as summer reading, and the Englishman really proved to be the celebrated psychologist. I felt special interest in him as the author of a work on pessimism, a subject closely connected with what I myself was turning over in my mind for my Honours thesis in philosophy. He was accessible and amiable, and as he spoke German I could talk with him. I was already thinking of going over to England for study after I had taken my degree, and when we parted, Sully gave me his address in London.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance to which I have owed much in my life.

From Jerkin, Wallensköld and I steered our course to the Jotunheim and from there across the Sognefjord, up the Naerodal and through Hardanger to Stavanger. There we had good old friends—a well-to-do merchant with his wife and young daughter, who a year before had come in their own steamboat to Helsingfors, where they made a stay of a couple of weeks. There was a younger daughter as well, so that none of us was left without a partner. We had a delightful week, were invited to a large family banquet at Jaederen, and at a dinner party made the acquaintance of Alexander Kielland, who amongst us young men of the 'eighties was perhaps the most popular of the Norwegian writers. He was very well groomed, looked as though he did himself well, and spoke with appreciation of the flesh-pots of the Baltic. After dinner I had to play the piano and was not a little proud when Kielland begged for one of Chopin's mazurkas over again. We left Stavanger with regret and went by sea to Molde.

At the latter end of the following May I got my Bachelor degree, as did also Wallensköld, Hugo Pipping, and Eskil Palmén, and immediately after we were all promoted to "Masters of Philosophy". We were all in the best of spirits. Now I had for ever escaped the bondage of learning to order, which had more or less tormented me for fifteen years. I had managed it so that I did not need to submit to anything more of the kind for my future Doctor's degree. Now I could freely devote myself to the problems on which I was bent. But I did not neglect the summer's recreation and delights. After the academic festivities my sister Anna, who had made Palmén's laurel wreath—one of the insignia of a Master of Philosophy—and I were invited to beautiful Ängholm, in the Ekenäs skärgård, which belonged to three aunts of Pipping and his sister Aline, my own wreath-maker. There we had

two weeks of sailing and rowing expeditions in the most splendid summer weather. Little Cupid also joined us in the boat; some time afterwards Pipping was accepted by my sister as her future husband, and our old friendship was sealed in a way that proved a source of the greatest happiness in my own life as well. After the sunny days at Ängholm I betook myself once more to the Norwegian mountains, but this time alone.

# CHAPTER III

## 1886–1887

Mountain climbs—Scientific occupations—University celebrations in Upsala—Life in the skärgård.

The summer of 1886 was a test of my strength. My health during the last few years had improved enormously, but I was still troubled at times with asthma, and proposed now to get the better of it entirely. My method was not a cure in the ordinary sense of the word, but took the form of physical hardships of such a nature that no one would imagine I was in any way a patient. Indeed, I myself forgot it, too. I became a high-mountain climber.

The first month I spent at Jerkin, where I met with many summer visitors, mostly Norwegians, although there were some from Sweden as well. Amongst the latter was Dr. Ernst Meyer, the well-known students' play-writer from Upsala, who greatly contributed to our merriment. He and I once arranged a little practical joke. The young women of our party were unutterably anxious for letters, but the post, which only came once a week, often left them unsatisfied. So we conceived the idea of arranging that each of them should get a letter written by ourselves under fictitious names. We let one of them into the secret, however, so that she might provide us with the necessary particulars, sat down to write, and handed over the letters, properly stamped, to the postman for delivery. There was great general delight. The letters were opened and read out of doors, and the two writers then witnessed remarkable scenes. One of the girls received a letter from her brother in Christiania to announce his engagement with a certain young woman who his family had earnestly hoped would prove the object of his choice. Beside herself with joy, the recipient rushed off to her mother,

who afterwards went round smiling to tell the great news to all and sundry. Another of our young women also had a letter from her brother, who wrote of his engagement to a widow aged forty, with six children and humpbacked as well, but for all that a charming woman. The reader grew mad with rage, tore up the letter, and stamped on the bits. A third received an offer of marriage from a Norwegian gentleman who had just left Jerkin. She sank down on a bench with the letter in her hand and, pale as death, stared at the written words. The remarkable point of it all was that not one of the recipients seemed to have the slightest suspicion of anything wrong, although the letters were written in bad Norwegian and in a hand that also ought to have betrayed us. But one young woman proved more critical than the rest. She thoughtfully studied her letter, that came from her sister about some article of dress, and at last announced that it could not possibly be a genuine document. Then the whole company began to see daylight. Meyer and I beat a hasty retreat and did not show our faces again that night.

He and I agreed to take a walking-tour together through the Jotunheim. I went on by myself and Meyer met me at Roiseim, from which place we meant to climb the Galdhopig. But we did not get beyond Knut Vole's stone hut at the snow-line, where a tremendous snowstorm kept us prisoners for two nights. On the third day famine was knocking at the door and we had a horrible presentiment that we should be buried alive. We fled back to Roiseim through the sleet and rain, and the expedition ended in our both having, in spite of the noontide brightness, to creep into bed without a stitch on us, whilst Knut went to fetch our knapsacks and dry clothes from Spiterstulen, where we had sent them in advance so as to have them on the spot when we came down from our climb into the Visdal. We then went on to Randsvaerk, Gjendesheim, and Gjendeboden, and from there walked towards Eidsbugaren. We started

early one afternoon, assuming that we should arrive about five hours later. But again Fate was against us. We lost ourselves on the mountain and had to struggle on in pitch darkness with heavy knapsacks over stones and bogs, so that it was half-past three in the morning before we reached Eidsbugaren after twelve hours' exertions.

A day later we were rocking on the waves of Lake Tyin. My companion was going down to Valdres and then home, whilst I intended to come back again. It was pure chance that brought me into the boat at all. A party of tourists were in Tvindehaugen waiting to be rowed across the lake, but there was a strong head-wind blowing and only one boatman to be found. When he protested against rowing by himself, I decided to take the post of rower in the service of the Norwegian Tourist Society with the promise of being "very easy to satisfy". On the southern shore of the lake I parted from Meyer. He had been an excellent comrade, not exactly cut out for mountain expeditions, sometimes a little pessimistic in adversity, but always witty and friendly, ready to make fun at himself, but indulgent to others. A kind heart is evidenced by trifles. He was an inveterate smoker, whilst I was but a novice in the art. Nevertheless, he insisted on my taking some of his last precious cigars without paying any heed to my protests. It was an act of self-sacrificing generosity, which I could better estimate at its full value in later years than at the moment.

In a half-melancholy frame of mind I was again rocking on the waves of Lake Tyin. The sadness, however, was but momentary, and disappeared with the mist. As by magic Uranostind lifted its snow-clad summit out of the clouds. I sat at first staring as if petrified, but then I felt a twitching in my limbs and my whole body was overcome by an infinite longing—the first symptoms of *rabies alpina*, Alpine madness. When I was back in Tvindehaugen I went straightway to Gudbrand Skattebo. "You'll come to-morrow up to the top

of Uranostind with me, won't you?" I said. "I'm almost too old for such a climb," answered Gudbrand, "but maybe you can get Ole from Eidsbugaren to go with you." I took my knapsack on my back, splashed for an hour through the bogs, and got in the pitch dark to Eidsbugaren.

"Is Ole at home?" "Yes, yes, it is me." "To-morrow we'll climb Uranostind together, won't we?" "We'll see about that later, I've never been there." The next morning I looked for Ole in vain, in the living-room, in the kitchen, in the shed amongst the cattlemen; he had evidently run away from me. After half an hour's search I saw him creeping very dejectedly round the house corner. "Well, now we'll go up the peak, Ole." "Can't you go alone?" "Are you mad, man, to propose my going alone over a great glacier full of big cracks?" "But the weather is so uncertain." "Haven't you got any eyes, Ole; when did you ever see a more beautiful sunny day?" Ole now saw that his lame excuses were of no avail, so he made a clean breast of it to me. "I've never been up any peak and don't mean either to go up one. I'm not going to risk my life on such-like, that I won't." Then I assumed an air that would have befitted one of the heroes of Norway's snowy peaks—a Slingsby, Hall, or Heftye—and declared with a somewhat superior manner that in my company he had nothing to fear; he could be quite at ease as regards both glaciers and ridges, and I would not in any case demand the impossible. This made an impression on Ole. He went into the room, took down a bit of rope hanging on a nail and went with me without a word.

On our way we met a reindeer-hunter and Ole asked him to go with us at least over the glacier. He came for a bit but soon parted from us, and our spirits fell lower again. Neither of us knew exactly where Uranostind was. A snowy peak with a cairn on the top appeared from behind the range of mountains, but that proved to be the Langeskavl. We clambered up there to view the land, but saw nothing what-

ever; clouds surrounded us on every side. Ole felt a ray of hope. "We cannot go through the clouds", he remarked. "No, but we can wait", I replied. And wait we did. All at once the mist dispersed and before us stood Uranostind in all his might and majesty, dazzling white, and below our feet stretched the glacier covered with newly-fallen snow, sparkling in the sunshine. We hastily climbed down along the north-western side of the Langeskavl. The rope must go round our waists, even though it is but a scrap! And then we tramped for an hour up the glacier, which gradually grew steeper. To go straight up to the top was quite impossible; it rose before us as sharp as a needle. But we passed by it and found on the other side a ridge that led up to the summit. This ridge was very high and steep and covered with snow, so deep that we more than once disappeared in it right up to our stomachs. Then the snow ceased and was replaced by stones and gravel. At the same time the ridge kept on getting narrower and made us feel a little uncomfortable. "It's not broad here", Ole remarked. "I think we had better lie down and creep", I said. So we stretched our arms down to the ground and slowly advanced on all fours. On our left we had a chasm nearly a thousand feet deep, on our right a precipice of about three thousand feet. A few stones were loosened as we crept on. They dashed over the edge with a crash, carrying other stones and earth with them; boulders were torn along in the rush and the din of it all made us shudder. Imagine if the narrow strip of rock along which we were creeping should follow the stones' example and dash headlong into the depths!

But stop, now we're on the highest point—Victory! Victory! Uranostind lies like a defeated hero beneath our feet. Slopes and summits are glittering in the sun. "Like white waves on the tossing ocean"—as the books say—peak rises after peak as far as the eye can reach. I feel as though we ourselves were sitting on the top of one of these waves, rocking on

our way over this boundless ocean. And there we sit for the space of an hour on the yard-wide ridge, talking and laughing, and then rush down like two wild reindeer over the snow-fields, scramble in delight up the Langeskavl—where, as a result of the many toasts in honour of gallant Uranostind, our eyelids close for a few moments—hurry on again and are back in Eidsbugaren before the sun has set.

"Now I feel a whole head taller since I have been to the top of Uranostind", said Ole. And I was no less pleased with myself. I remember so well, too, what gave me most pleasure. Even at this age I harboured an earnest wish to be able some day to travel to distant lands to study primitive tribes, and now for the first time I had a presentiment that I should be equal to such an undertaking and able to endure the hardships it entailed. Perhaps it was a childish thought, but I had never before dared to rely on my strength and my power to hold my own in situations needing certain physical qualifications. And the weeks that followed were destined to confirm in a considerable degree my confidence in this respect.

From Eidsbugaren I took my way through the Svartdal to Gjendeboden, and went on from there the next day to Roiseim—a stiff day's march of fourteen or fifteen hours, as the guide-book said. Now, at any rate, I mean to climb the Galdhopig; but again it proves refractory. I start from Knut Vole's stone hut accompanied by his two boys, Big Ole and Little Ole—who are to act as substitute guides in their father's temporary absence—and two other climbers, an English business man and a Swiss watchmaker. It is terribly cold. The snow on the mountain is frozen to ice, it is blowing up for a storm and we have no ice-axe with us. When we have gone half-way over the steep Piggebrae—slippery and hard as stone as it is—Little Ole begins to cry and protests against going any farther. Just as I am whispering a few words of comfort into his ear, a great gust of wind comes along and in an unwary moment tears my alpenstock out of my hand;

we see how it dances down the slopes until it is swallowed up by a fissure in the glacier. To go on now is an impossibility for me, and the others are not keen on it either. Right about face, then, back to the stone hut!

He who lives amidst nothing but glaciers and alps gradually descends to a lower stage of civilization. He begins to personify nature and to look upon the peaks as his opponents and feels nothing else than an uncontrollable desire to fight them. I now considered the Galdhøpig as my personal enemy. Twice he had made me retreat, had carried off as his booty my splendid alpenstock and half the heel of one of my boots, and compelled me to spend four nights in Knut Vole's hut. But on the morning after the retreat he had to capitulate. The slopes had thawed and the journey to the top seemed like a fairly easy promenade. Then the international triumvirate was dissolved, the Swiss and the Englishman going to Roiseim with Big Ole and I with Knut Vole to Spiterstulen. And now I meant to take my revenge for my humiliating defeats. When we came to the Keilhau's top I said to Knut, "What do you think about climbing up Glittertind this very evening?" To conquer the Galdhøpig had been no more than child's play in passing, the main attack of the day I meant to direct against his mighty rival, but a few yards lower than himself. Knut was electrified by the thought of climbing Norway's two highest mountains—one 8,402 feet, the other 8,380—on the same day. "Not impossible if only we look sharp about it", he said.

By one o'clock we had reached Spiterstulen, where Lars Sulheim lived with his two sisters Marit and Liva. "Now you must be quick with dinner, Marit, for in an hour's time we are going to climb Glittertind." Marit looked first at me and then at Liva, burst out at last into a ringing peal of laughter, and said I shouldn't make fun of them. But she found I was quite in earnest, and then things went at full speed. The girls were quite as enthusiastic as Knut and I, the wood was rattled

at a great rate into the stove, and it wasn't long before I was sitting gnawing at a boiled shoulder of goat.

At two o'clock we start. "We are fools", says Knut, his face beaming with delight. For Liva to join our expedition only lends it a certain poetic touch without in any way lessening our speed, as she is such a nimble girl that she can put many a man to shame. We first go at a good speed for an hour up towards Glittertind, which lies hidden behind a mountain wall, then go down again for a little, jump on the stones over the little River Skauta, and finish by clambering up a long and steep ridge, which seems as though it will never come to an end. After we have leapt from stone to stone for two hours almost without drawing breath, we sit down on the mountain-side to give our lungs a little rest. It is a wonderful evening, absolutely cloudless and calm. The sun is low in the west, the peaks cast long solemn shadows across the snowfields, and we can see as far as eye can reach. In the background rise supreme the stately Horunger, reminding one of some medieval castle, and a little to the left the sunlit slopes of the Jostedalsbrae glitters like a field of gold. But most striking of all is the summit of Glittertind itself rising in front of us, a mighty crest of ice, sharply cut off diagonally, almost blue in its whiteness, sparkling in the reflected rays of the sun and thoughtfully leaning over an abyss several hundred yards in depth, giving the impression of the nose of some Greek marble turned upside down.

But forward, time is precious! The slope grows harder and steeper the higher we go. The ice-axe whistles through the air and we scramble on slowly, paying careful heed to every step we take. To the right of us we have a pleasant little precipice, and Knut confides to me that it is customary not to pass here but to stop without attempting the ascent. Quite at the top the slope becomes less steep again. I am just about to jump on the highest point when I hear Knut call out from behind: "For God's sake, don't go there, it

won't bear you!" At eleven o'clock we had stood on the Galdhopig, and at a quarter to seven we were on Glittertind.

And then we hurry down again. Only for one moment does Knut slacken speed. "Look you," he says, "that sharp top away there is called Veotind and has never yet been climbed. Hall thought of trying it this year, but hadn't time, and he means to come back next summer." Our eyes meet; we understand each other. We mean to forestall Hall and climb up Veotind. And on the top we'll put a fine cairn to scoff at him when he comes back.

It was quite dark already when we reached Spiterstulen. Knut threw himself full length on a bed, but I sat another one and a half hours chatting to two Norwegian students who were going to stay the night. I really believe I have never before or after, in all my life, felt so proud as I did that evening. To climb the Galdhopig one day and Glittertind the next was considered a fairly severe trial of strength, but "to get to the top of both in the same day"—so said the Spiterstulen folk—"is a thing nobody has done before, and no one is likely to do it again in a hurry".

The next day I meant to climb Veotind accompanied by Knut, but to my inexpressible regret he was unexpectedly summoned to Røiseim to guide a climber, who was waiting for him there, up Galdhopig. I then cast my eyes on Lars Sulheim, who in the log-book was recommended as a good guide and looked as strong as a bear. "I say, Lars, will you come with me up the Memurutinder?" "Well, I might have a try." As regards height, the Memurutinder stand third in order amongst the Norwegian snow-mountains. The highest of them form an exceedingly sharp ridge about 2,000 feet long, rising to a height of very nearly 8,000 feet. These peaks had been climbed five years before by Johannes Heftye with Knut Vole as guide, and there was a legend that he had left an alpenstock carrying the Norwegian flag up there. The weather is windy, hazy, and cold. But we are not going up

for the view, you may be sure; such nonsense ill beseems a proper mountaineer. For a good while we walk over moss and stones, then cross the mighty Heilstugubrae and come at last to a steep mountain wall. Great boulders with smooth sloping sides lie heaped on one another in chaotic confusion. The rope that Lars has already hung over his shoulder is again put to use, and we see to it that one of us always has a firm foothold while the other climbs up. Now we catch a first glimpse of the Memurutinder. I count seven peaks forming together a great semicircle. Lars and I display all our eloquence to convince each other that the nearest of them is the highest, but when we have climbed it we find nothing but a small cairn at the top. The "great" peak with Heftye's alpenstock evidently lies far away on the other side of the glacier.

Anything but pleased, we come down and struggle forward over the long mountain ridge that leads to the highest summits. On one slope of the ridge the snow has clung fast and forms great drifts over the stones. Well, we say, it's easier walking over snow than clambering up and down among stones. But the snow is soft and slippery. In a second my foot slips, I lose my balance and slide down at a rate that makes my ears sing. Ugh, what a pace! I struggle with hands and feet to put an end to my downward career, but the pace is too quick to be stopped, and all that can be done is to try to prevent myself from going head foremost. With the help of my alpenstock I manage to twist myself round, so that, as far as one can judge, I shall bump against the stones below with that excellent part of my body which providence in its unfathomable wisdom has provided for such contingencies. Bang! I am evidently down now among the stones. Good heavens, what a mighty smack! After I have recovered a little, I inspect arms and legs and find everything as it should be. "No harm done", I call out to Lars, who is standing at the top, white with terror. And so I limp up over the stones

by the side of the snow; and in an hour's time we are on the top of the nearest of the three peaks that rise in a row on the north side of the eastern Memurubrae. Hurrah! There we've got Heftye's alpenstock! With half its length stuck down amongst the stones, it has stood there exposed to the Jotunheim's storms for five long years. Its upper part has been deeply scored by the wind, but it still stands in its place as firm and straight as if it had been put up yesterday. The Norwegian flag—or as others say an old pocket-handkerchief—which it is reported to have carried, has, however, found the waiting too long and gone to meet an unknown fate.

A warrior often comes unscathed out of the fiercest battle only to be wounded in an insignificant after-skirmish. On our return journey I stumble in the dusk against a sharp stone and get up with a badly battered knee, a split nail, and a cut lip. The campaign had lasted nearly ten hours with fifteen minutes' rest included. In the log-book at Spiterstulen the Memurutinder received the following certificate: "Somewhat troublesome to climb, but, if a little care is exercised, not dangerous."

This cursed knee! It has swelled in the night and grown so stiff that I can scarcely move my leg. Fortunately the weather is very bad as well and I can spend my day talking to Lars and the girls. But the next morning prospects are brighter. It is disagreeable outside, but not raining, and though I am lame I can move about. We mean to attack Heilstuguhø, the fourth highest mountain in Norway (7,914 feet). Its loftiest peak has never yet been trodden by the foot of man, so it is still a "virgin"—or an "Amazon" shall we say?

A few years before the Englishman Slingsby had attacked Heilstuguhø, apparently from the Uladal, but according to Lars's report he had not been up on the very top. We adopt other tactics. With Lars at my side I limp up to the Heilstugubrae, but then a mighty snowstorm comes on and beats in our faces so that we can scarcely keep our eyes open. After

walking for four hours without a break we at last have the glacier behind us and stand at the foot of the peak itself. The storm is raging more fiercely than ever. Heilstuguho is enveloped in black clouds and the stones are covered with a slippery coating of ice. All things considered there is nothing for it but to retreat. To conquer or die is a very foolish motto.

But the contest is renewed on the next day. The air is clear, as it usually is after a violent storm. How delightful it is to see the blue sky once again, the glistening snowfields and the cloudless peaks. "Don't you think we had better tie the rope round us, Lars?" "Oh, that's not necessary, we shall just be treading in our old footprints." Perhaps he is right, for haven't we already twice gone over exactly the same road? But all at once I hear him call out, and there he lies, sure enough, floundering about in a great crack in the glacier. Most fortunately he has got firm hold of the edge of the ice, so that he has not crashed down but remained hanging, and managed to get up again. The Heilstuguho peaks rise steeply from the glacier below; no snow has succeeded in clinging to the precipitous sides and the stones are bare all the way up. We climb the highest peak and on its sharp point we build a great cairn that shall proclaim our victory over hill and dale, and in the cairn we hide a bottle containing a piece of paper inscribed with our names.

Our next attempt was to conquer the "maiden" Veotind. Incautiously we allowed ourselves in passing to yield to the temptation offered by Leirho's summit, only a trifle lower than the Memurutinder—its height is given by Baedeker as 7,884 feet. We made the ascent without any difficulty, but afterwards we had to go down again on the other side, walked over the Veobrae, and at last were brought up short by a steep wall of mountain with a ledge that was fairly wide to begin with, but gradually grew so narrow that we ended with no foothold at all. It was too late in the day to try to get up from the other side, so we had to return to Spiterstulen,

where we arrived just as night was falling. We had then been on our feet for twelve consecutive hours with a ten minutes' rest at midday.

The day after we started out on a fresh crusade, this time against Styggeho, which also, untrodden by foot of man, still lay buried in savage, heathen darkness. We had to begin by riding over the foaming Visa on the sharp bones of a horse's back. The bed of the river was a regular Jotunheim in miniature, with sharp peaks and deep valleys in chaotic confusion, where the poor miserable beast had to climb up and down at random in the dull grey glacier water. At last he took a flying leap, so that I and the boy, who was sitting behind me, sprang high up in the air, but when we came down again we were all three safe and sound on terra firma once more. Lars didn't get off so well; the steed had the happy idea of picking up his feet and swimming with the rider on his back. Lars's legs disappeared into the water and one icy wave after the other washed over his stomach.

The lower portion of Styggehø is nothing but an ordinary grass-grown hill-side, but higher up we came upon a long tiresome stretch of *ur*, consisting in great measure of loose stones, which only needed a little push to set them rolling. A great boulder thought well to move at the very moment when I was going to scramble on to it; but my foot managed to retreat in time, so that I did not need to accompany the fine fellow on his wild and noisy journey down the precipice.

After a journey of four and a half hours we were up on the highest and most distant of Styggeho's three peaks. I started back involuntarily at the sight that here lay revealed before our eyes. The clouds rushed in wild flight over peaks and glaciers. Now they seized hold of each other, now they tore themselves free. Snowy summits appeared and vanished, chasms opened and were filled again. A jet-black thunder-cloud that had settled on the Skagastølstinder suddenly burst asunder and flung dark ragged wisps over the mountains.

A sunbeam half broke through the masses of mists, shedding a dazzling, fiery light along its path, but was swallowed up in less than a moment and disappeared. A veil of dark yellow mist enveloped the whole landscape; it was impossible to distinguish mountains from clouds, earth and heaven mingled in one endless confusion, and one waited expectantly to hear a "Let there be light" re-echo far and wide.

The evening's report in the log-book at Spiterstulen after a short discussion ran as follows: "Styggehø climbed for the first time; *ur* of the worst kind; with gross imprudence might even be dangerous." The height of Styggehø is given as 7,282 feet.

My summer holidays are drawing to an end and I have made my preparations for departure. But whom do I see? There's Knut Vole coming along, to be sure, swinging his hat in his hand. "It's a good thing I've got here in time", he calls out. "I come from Roiseim and now I'm free." He screws up his grey eyes contentedly and I understand what he means. In the morning we have to climb Veotind, even though all the powers of heaven conspire against us. We are to be a party of three. Knut, who has the prior right to the mountain, thinks it looks too hard for only two and proposes that Lars shall make a third in our expedition.

What a splendid September morning! Not a breath of wind and the mountains stand out clearly in the fresh autumn air, so wonderfully blue and transparent. Nature is clad in its most beauteous garb. The red and brown dwarf birches in every shade from crimson to dark brown, the green mosses, the pale yellow lichens, the grey stretches of *ur*, the snow-white peaks—what a play of colour, what a delight for the eyes! The frozen dew is just thawing and hanging in great drops on the blades of grass. A fresh fragrance meets us from hill and dale. A ptarmigan is fluttering in the juniper thicket; half a dozen reindeer are playing at the far-away foot of Glittertind.

We walk on up hill and down dale, follow the Skauta's western bank at a little distance from the river, and cross near the source at a spot where it is still as wide as a small pond. We make a bridge by throwing out stones here and there, and reach the other side without the water even reaching our knees. (Dry feet are a luxury not to be found in the Jotunheim, and my advice is to make a big enough hole in your boot soles to let the water run out more easily.) By and by we come to the Veobrae and find the same calm as before, the same peaceful morning atmosphere.

But Knut no longer seems pleased, he looks up uneasily from time to time. "Do you see how the clouds have begun flying up there? We shall have some wind in no time!" We tie the rope round our waists and advance up the glacier. In a second we hear a distant crack; it hisses from the mountain recesses and the snow comes whirling and whizzing along the glacier. We fight against it with all our might, the wind almost takes away our breath. Now comes a gust stronger than all the others, seizes us and carries us with it over the slippery hard-frozen glacier. I fancy all our hearts beat somewhat quicker, for a little farther down some fine chasms are lying in wait. The Veobrae is no doubt one of the worst glaciers in the Jotunheim; abyss follows abyss like the deep billows of the ocean. Knut throws himself down on his knees and drives his axe into the ice, Lars and I support ourselves with all our might against our alpenstocks. Halt! Here we stand and get no farther. With the help of the ice-axe we are for the moment masters of the storm, but Heaven only knows how we are going to manage Veotind in this awful weather.

After an hour's struggle we have the glacier behind us and stand at the foot of the long, narrow, and very steep ridge that separates the Veobrae from the Styggebrae. The highest of the peaks rises quite perpendicularly on three sides, so there is nothing to be done but to find out what it looks

like on the fourth. But to get there we have to cross the steep ridge, which is covered with enormous boulders, several of which are lying quite loosely one upon the other. The storm roars amongst the rocks, so that we cannot hear each other's voices within a distance of a few feet. We hide ourselves behind some large boulder at every fresh blast and wait until the worst is over. When we get near the edge of the ridge, we tie the rope round our waists, so that we may not be carried off by the wind, and then we wend our way down again on the other side and over a corner of the Styggebrae, which is frozen as hard as stone and very steep. A great chasm yawns some few yards below us. Knut hacks deep steps in the ice. Lars, who has not had such good opportunities as Knut to prove what marvels can be accomplished by means of an ice-axe, raises a protest against going any farther. This is no joke, forsooth. If any one of us should lose his footing it is improbable that we could pull up before we all three lay at the bottom of the chasm. A great blast comes; we crouch down and fix our alpenstocks firmly into the ice. Perhaps Lars is right and it would be better for us to seek another way. But no! Why should anyone's foot slip? Knut hacks deeper steps into the ice and we keep a sharp look-out for every blast that comes.

Safe and sound over the glacier! The last decisive attack lies immediately before us. But how astonished we are to find that Veotind has now entirely changed its shape! Viewed from this side it is no longer perpendicular and forbidding. The ridge that leads up is certainly very steep, but to make up for this it is quite wide. And there's the very top, isn't it? "Oh, no," says Knut, "that lies, for certain, much higher up." Sheltered from the wind now, we climb up over the stones. It grows lighter in front of us. Upon my word, if that wasn't the highest point after all! Our jubilation passes all bounds. A colossal cairn is put up on the summit in memory of our victory. And then we scramble down again,

slide over the Styggebrae, climb for a second time over the steep ridge, make our way over the Veobrae, and are back in Spiterstulen before sunset. I cannot say what is the exact height of the peak that we ascended, but I presume that it exceeds 7,000 feet. And still less can I say anything about the view, for we saw nothing but clouds.

The hour of my departure struck on the day after the climb up Veotind. I had now spent four weeks in the Jotunheim and had been active every day but four. I say good-bye to Lars Sulheim and his sisters and walk with Knut Vole to Roiseim, where I leave this faithful brother-in-arms as well and take my seat in a comfortable little carriage to drive to Vaage. It is a clear and sunny afternoon, still summer here and green and warm in the valley. The crows are hopping about the fences and small birds chirping on the wooded slopes. The peasant folk are out in their fields harvesting the yellow corn and give me a friendly nod from under their red caps and kerchiefs. But I have no eyes for all this. I sit with my head turned to watch the Jotunheim disappear behind me. Now all I can see is the Galdhœer's snowfields, lying golden in the evening sunlight. Then they, too, are gone. I feel a tightening of my heart-strings, and in an instant I understand why old Peter Tronhus, away over there in the Bessaeter, has not set foot in the valley for fifteen long years.

Now, indeed, my studies were to be really serious. They were, of course, to be pursued on evolutionary lines. I read such books as Haeckel's *Natural History of Creation*, parts of Spencer's *System of Synthetic Philosophy* in a German translation, and above all Darwin's book on the *Descent of Man*, which proved of the greatest importance for my future work. A question which awakened my special interest was the following: How are we to explain the veil of modesty and discretion that is drawn over the sexual life, in contrast to other manifestations of human nature? Long afterwards I found that

the same question had occupied the great father of the Church, St. Augustine, who answered it in his own way. I began to investigate, and in doing so was led into a much more comprehensive problem, viz. the relations between the sexes in general and their historical development. From Darwin's book I discovered that several scientists held the view that primitive man lived in a state of promiscuity—in other words, that in the earliest ages of our race individual marriage relations did not exist and all men had access to all women without distinction. He himself thought that in those times the men's jealousy would prevent such a condition, but took for granted —on the ground of Morgan's, McLennan's, and Lubbock's investigations—that promiscuity or something similar had, at a later date, been general amongst the human race. I went to the authorities he quoted, and thus at last—at twenty-five years of age—found it necessary to learn to read an English book. In the material I collected concerning the manners and customs of different peoples, I also thought I could trace remnants of earlier promiscuity; thus I began by supporting a theory which I was to dispute later on. But I had not got far before I found that I was on the wrong track. I perceived that marriage must primarily be studied in its connection with biological conditions, and that the tendency to interpret all sorts of customs as social survivals, without a careful investigation into their existing environment, is apt to lead to the most arbitrary conclusions. This was the first principle I established in my method of work, and one to which I have remained faithful to this very day. I continually find it needful to emphasize it; for not only older but more modern sociologists have sinned against this principle and thus been led to formulate hypotheses which I cannot help but consider completely untenable.

Thus passed the academic year 1886–87. I began to feel that something might come out of my studies. I saw clearly that I should have to write a book on the history of marriage.

I had been led to this decision, not by any special inclination, and least of all by any personal interest in the subject, but by a pure accident. The question of the origin of sexual modesty, that I had at first pondered over, was answered in my book by a suggestion a few lines long, which did not attract the least attention. I think it contained a truth that had not been put forward before, but it was very incomplete. When I rewrote the work, my treatment of the question developed into a whole chapter.

In the spring my investigations suffered a short interruption. The Students' Union had accepted an invitation to send three representatives to the inauguration of the new university building in Upsala. To my astonishment the Finnish members of the Union named me as one of their candidates, a number of the Swedes supported the candidature, and I was elected by a large majority. The inauguration, as may easily be imagined, was a brilliant affair in every way. In one respect I think it exercised considerable influence upon my future. It had been arranged that on the excursion to Skokloster I was to be the speaker to respond on our behalf. Feelings grew excited, I was carried down to the steamer to the strains of the *Björneborgarenas marsch* [1]—an honour, of course, not done to me personally, but only as a representative of Finland—and my speech was reported at length in the Stockholm Press. It aroused, however, great dissatisfaction in some Finnish newspapers, all the more so as I had been sent to Upsala by the Finnish students; and it was even stated that disciplinary measures against me were contemplated by the authorities. I had compared the sure confidence with which free Sweden could view what time might hold for her with the uncertainty that overshadowed the future of Finland. The speech was thought to be derogatory to our country, and also to give a wrong impression of our position—the Russification measures

[1] The most popular march in Finland, with words by its greatest poet, Runeberg.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

did not begin till some years later. At any rate, it attracted a certain amount of attention to my insignificant person, and I have reason to think that it was the chief cause why I was chosen some time after as Chairman of the Nyland Students' Union.

The summer was spent in a crofter's holding at Björkskär, near Hangö. If I had before this learnt to give my affection to forests and mountains, I now opened my heart to a new love—the sea, to which I was to pay my devotions for many summers to come. Now for the first time I came into close contact with our Swedish peasantry, and this was an acquaintance which I would on no account have missed. It gave a fresh impetus to my feeling for my Swedish nationality, which until then had been mainly cultural in character. It inspired me with personal affection and respect for that section of our country-people to whom I naturally was most closely related. It reinvigorated my mind, just as the fresh salt sea air gave vigour to my lungs. When I spent my summers alone amongst the skärgård folk I did not do so with any idea of studying them; on the contrary, I let excellent opportunities for folk-lore research entirely slip through my fingers. Nor had I the least intention of enlightening them—I am almost ashamed to remember how niggardly I was in sharing my knowledge with them. I simply went to live among them in ordinary human fellowship for the pleasure it gave me.

Sometimes I shared their labours on field and meadow, and joined in many a fishing expedition in the light summer or the dark autumn nights, when it was no unusual happening for a sudden storm to blow up and force us to scud home before the wind with all possible speed. Once when a fisherman at Björkskär wanted to sail to Abo to sell his sprats but could not find a boatman, I offered to go with him. Whilst he went up the town on some short errand, I stopped in his boat to carry on the business. No sooner was he gone

than up stepped an old gentleman who, as chance would have it, was one of my few acquaintances in Abo, and asked the price of the fish. After I had answered his inquiry, I added: "But isn't this Uncle E.?"—which led to merry recognition and a subsequent dinner. And above all I joined in all the amusements of the people—visits to their friends, dances, weddings, or boating excursions to church, which are considered by the young folk in the light of a diversion. I never made any attempt to be "popular", although naturally our subjects of conversation had to be adapted to circumstances; and this, no doubt, was the chief reason why I got on such intimate terms with them. They are very sensitive to anything that might be construed as condescension or suspected of being some kind of joke at their expense; that immediately forms a gulf which cannot easily be crossed. But they find it no impediment to their confidence for anyone to be different from themselves, if they see that he is their friend in all sincerity and does not try to appear anything but what he really is. In one respect, however, my stay amongst the peasants may have helped me in my researches. It freed me of that want of ease—awkwardness it might almost be called—which is the natural inheritance of gentry in all more familiar intercourse with those of lower social rank. And that proved of great advantage to me in later years, when my work brought me into close touch with simple people of another race in another part of the world, whose confidence I had to win before I could use them for my scientific studies.

# CHAPTER IV

## 1887–1891

Visit to England—Tourist interests—Hjalmar Neiglick—Chairman of the Nyland Students' Union—Among the Aaland Islands —*The History of Human Marriage*—Visit to Shetland.

In September 1887 I set out for England. My admiration for the English school of philosophy had made that country the object of my desire, and the studies with which I was now occupied did but increase my longing to go there. I had, moreover, a definite aim in my visit—namely, to continue collecting material for my book in the Library of the British Museum, the best in the world. The expense of the visit gave me no anxiety, since an old lady, Fröken Hedvig Tamelin, a very intimate friend of our family, had been so very kind as to leave to us children her property, which after her death had been sold.

I decided to go to London by the steamer from Gothenburg. When I went on board I was informed that all the cabins, both in the first and second class, were occupied—mostly by members of the Salvation Army—and to avoid any loss of time I therefore remained on the boat as an ordinary deck passenger. The question of food promised to be a slight difficulty, as it was served on deck in unappetizing bowls, but when we reached the open sea such a terrible tossing began and lasted the whole voyage through that, thanks to it, I got a seat at the almost empty table in the second-class dining-room. At night I was given a hammock in the hold, where I had a number of cattle as fellow-travellers. I slept excellently, and during the daytime enjoyed the sight of the storm-tossed North Sea. The ticket cost me just one pound.

The first thing that struck me on my arrival in London was the overwhelming traffic. It had a stimulating effect, whereas

PLATE 4

WILLIAM CHATTERTON COUPLAND

GERTRUD COUPLAND

JAMES SULLY

PLATE 5

ALEXANDER SHAND

the grey atmosphere and ugly houses were distinctly depressing; it has been said that London needs its fog to cover its dismal architecture. Of course it has many beautiful and impressive buildings as well; Westminster Abbey made a strong impression on me when I saw it for the first time in full moonlight. It was in the group of buildings belonging to it that I now found my home in London. I took up my quarters in the house of one of the clergy connected with the Abbey, who did not take "boarders", but had no objection to a "paying guest" now and again. My host and hostess were pleasant people—the latter a trifle stiff, as befitted her position—and looked after me well as far as eating and drinking went, although the food was a little heavy sometimes. In the evenings we played whist, when the master of the house, who liked his joke, would hurry up his wife when she pondered too long by a friendly poke in the ribs. One Sunday I heard the piano going in the drawing-room; this I took as a sign of unusual broad-mindedness, so I went up afterwards and continued the music. When I came down to dinner I saw a storm was brewing. I guessed what was the matter and went straight to the point. I had certainly heard—I remarked—that it was not customary to play on Sunday, but evidently I had been misinformed. "Only *sacred* music is allowed", was the answer. I excused myself in a way by the truthful statement that what I had myself played was music of such a nature, the "Crusaders' March", out of Liszt's oratorio *Saint Elizabeth*, but was told in reply that in any case it was too noisy to be played on a Sunday.

It was a pleasant change for me when my friend Axel Wallensköld came to spend a couple of weeks in the same clergyman's household. The lady of the house had great difficulty in learning his name. In my innocence I tried to lighten her labour by begging her to think of Wallenstein, but she looked at me in amazement—what was that but learning two hard names instead of one? I had, of course, not omitted

to gladden my hosts by informing them that my friend belonged to a noble family, and it was with evident satisfaction that the good lady always gave him the title of "Sir Axel".

In spite of the kindness with which I was treated, my stay in Westminster could only be of a temporary nature. It was most interesting to get immediately on my arrival an insight into real English home-life, but I had come to England to meet people of a different kind. I looked up Mr. Sully, whose acquaintance I had made in Norway, and thanks to his kind help I secured an excellent home with his friends, the Couplands, who, like himself, lived in Hampstead, at that time the favourite quarter for many families with intellectual tastes and for the most part of limited means. (Plate 4.)

Mr. Coupland was a man keenly interested in philosophical and literary questions. He had at an earlier period worked as a Unitarian preacher, but at this time was making his living by private teaching and literary work. He had translated into English Eduard von Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unknown*, and had won recognition as a student of Goethe by his work *The Spirit of Goethe's Faust*, in which, in contradistinction to the opinion generally held at that time in English literary circles, he vindicated the importance of the second part of the masterpiece. At the time of my residence in his house he was secretary for the newly founded Goethe Society, whose first president was Max Müller. His wife was of German extraction and belonged to a highly cultured and respected family, the Passows. Mrs. Coupland was an intelligent, warm-hearted woman, of high ideals, who considered it her special mission in England to spread a knowledge of German literature and particularly of Goethe's works; she became the centre of a number of pupils, with whose help she used to give performances of German plays, for the most part under the aegis of the Goethe Society. Later on I shall show what gratitude my country owes to this remarkable woman. She died on April 7, 1902.

At the Couplands I was soon like a son of the house. I went with them to visit their relations and friends, and I was invited to dinner on Christmas Day with one of the latter, Mrs. King, an intellectual and wealthy lady with a strong leaning to rationalism. She had heard beforehand that I came from Finland, which she, in common with so many other educated people in the England of that time, believed to be populated by dumpy Lapps or Eskimos; and I suspect that she had even gone so far as to have a higher chair put at the dinner-table for the little Lapp, who, however, to her surprise, proved the tallest of all her guests. In the Couplands' house I made the acquaintance of several persons who either were at that time, or became later on, men of distinction, such as Alfred Sidgwick, the well-known logician; F. Y. Edgeworth, whom I often met afterwards when he was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford; and Ernest Weiss, who studied biology under Ray Lankester and enticed me to the latter's lectures on Darwinism—later on he became Professor of Botany in the Manchester University.

I was a constant guest in Sully's home, and it was there more than anywhere else that I came into personal contact with the intellectual movements in England at that period. He himself was one of its leading psychologists and numbered amongst his friends many of the most important thinkers, scientists, and modern literary writers. (Plate 5.) In his memoirs, entitled *My Life and Friends*, he devotes special chapters, founded on his own experiences, to George Eliot and Lewes, Cotter Morison, Henry Sidgwick, Herbert Spencer, Leslie Stephen, William James, and George Meredith. In addition, he relates many memories of his friendship or acquaintance with such men as Darwin, Huxley, Addington Symonds, Morley, R. L. Stevenson, and many others. In his earlier years he had studied at Göttingen—where Lotze proposed he should become *Privatdozent*—in Dubois-Reymond's physiological laboratory, and under Helmholtz. His sociable and lively temperament,

his kindly, witty conversation, and his ringing laugh gained him friends wherever he went; and his many journeys in different countries had given him a Continental outlook on the little peculiarities of his own countrymen. He seldom appeared in public life, but measures on the part of the authorities which savoured of revenge or *odium theologicum* would bring him out into the arena; and in the winter of 1899–1900 he organized a public protest against the Boer War, which was signed by a considerable number of distinguished Englishmen. A few years after my first stay in England he was appointed professor in University College, London.

In spite of the difference in age—Sully was twenty years older than I—our acquaintance shortly became a friendship that grew in intimacy with the passage of years. He was one of the very few Englishmen who called me by my Christian name, a sign of familiarity that is seldom found among the educated classes in England, except between relatives or friends from childhood's days. Whenever I came to London and he happened to be there, he was one of the first to whom I turned my steps; and when he settled, in his old age, in a seaside town on the English Channel, I used to go there to visit him. In the summer of 1899, which I spent with my parents in the Ulricehamn Sanatorium in Sweden, he joined us there for a considerable time, and a few years later, when I was staying in Vevey with my mother and my sister Helena, he and his wife came to us for some days. Between these occasions we wrote to one another almost up to his death, which took place in 1923. In his *Memoirs* Sully speaks of our first meeting in Norway, and says that the friendship to which this led became for him one of the good things of life. With much greater reason I can bear the same testimony as regards its value to me.

Through Sully's good offices I became acquainted with the biologist Romanes, whom I once visited, and with Croom Robertson, Sully's predecessor in the professorship and

editor of the philosophical periodical *Mind*, who welcomed me with great cordiality. I attended his lectures and sometimes passed my Sunday evenings in his home. He was particularly fond of pointing out what an important part his fellow-Scots had played in British philosophy, and had no liking for German metaphysics, which at that time, to my great astonishment, held the field at most English universities; Hegelianism was just then enjoying its Indian summer. I remember the day when the newspapers announced Spencer's death. The real item of news on that date was a boxing-match, and amongst the obituary notices on Spencer I recall to mind one which dwelt principally on the interesting fact that in summer he used to go trout-fishing in Scotland. The Chamber of Deputies in Rome sent a message of sincere condolence; but the English Parliament's attitude was so cool that Italy's Government newspaper was constrained to remark that Spencer had been "*the* great philosopher of the nineteenth century for every country but his own".

Amongst other stimulating influences in London I cannot omit to mention the effect made on my mind by a newly published book that came under my notice, viz. *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*. This book was a lesson both in humility and in strict scientific method. Darwin stated that he had always devoted special attention to those facts that seemed at variance with his general results, in consequence of which such objections as were afterwards raised against his conclusions had for the most part already been considered by him; by this method he often found that his first hypotheses stood in need of correction. But he also pointed out that the greatest danger in science is not to be found in wrong theories but in wrong facts. I had before this made myself conversant with the main teachings of Darwinism and had found the theory of natural selection, especially in its application to instinct, to be of enormous importance for the solution of many of the problems with which I was occupied; whereas his

doctrine of sexual selection seemed to me unsatisfactory, not least so because it struck me as being opposed to the general theory of selection. I was, of course, quite certain that natural selection was only a negative method of development; it eliminates that which cannot survive in the struggle for existence, but gives absolutely no answer to the question concerning the origin of such variations as enable some organisms to survive better than others. Darwin held the view that these variations were to some extent due to the inheritance of qualities which individuals of earlier generations had acquired through direct adaptation; but this remnant of Lamarckianism, with its belief in "the inheritance of acquired characters", had at the time of my stay in London suffered a severe check from Weismann, whose denial of the inheritance of such characters had an ardent champion in Ray Lankester. It was through him and his assistant, Ernest Weiss, that I first became acquainted with the new doctrine, which impressed me greatly, as the earlier inheritance theory seemed to be without any confirmation in proven facts. But this is of no moment to the selection theory as such. Darwin himself had emphasized the prime importance of such "spontaneous variations" as were not due to earlier adaptation, and the heredity of these had never yet been denied. He states that he has no knowledge of their origin; natural selection only presupposes their existence, which is an undoubted fact. Nor does the theory of natural selection stand at variance with the later mutation theory, which assumes a sudden appearance of considerable organic changes; on the contrary, such mutations might simplify the selection and shorten the process of evolution. It is not unusual for present-day biologists to shrug their shoulders at Darwin; he did not, of course, solve the evolution problem, but who can assert that the subsequent investigations into the question of inheritance, in spite of all their gains, have succeeded in doing so? At any rate, Darwin discovered *one* factor which must have influenced evolution in a greater

or less degree; and his discovery was undeniably of such a nature that it surpassed all later biological discoveries in its effect upon our general view of life. He gave an explanation of the appearance of purpose in organic life without calling in the aid of the hypothesis of a providence that has created the world according to a certain plan drawn up after a human pattern.

Ever since I had come to London my principal occupation was my work in the Reading-Room of the British Museum. Someone has called it "the happy island in Bloomsbury". But for me it proved not only an island of bliss, where I could read undisturbed and make my notes from morn to eve, but a very temple as well. I have visited many cathedrals in different lands, but never have I experienced such a feeling of devotion as under the reading-room's great cupola, greater than that of St. Peter's in Rome. This is the dwelling of the goddess of thought. This is the storehouse of all the knowledge garnered through the centuries, and by the stroke of a pen one can share in any of its treasures. The reader, however, not only feels himself the humble recipient of a means of grace, but is filled with creative pride; he has a sense of being a part of the whole, and enjoys something of the bliss of the god-inspired pantheist.

As I studied at the British Museum new questions forced their way to the front, new conclusions were formed in my mind, and theories started that kept my brain in a state of ferment. I remember so well how one day, when going home, I was overcome with worry lest anything should occur to prevent the completion of my book; the world would certainly not have come to an end if it had never got on to paper, but for me it had become the supreme interest of my life. By Christmas I had advanced far enough to be able to begin my first sketch of the book, but the collection of material continued all through that winter and the following spring. And in addition to making extracts from books, I sent

written inquiries to about 125 people—for the most part English missionaries—living amongst savages in different parts of the world, to try to get from them information on certain points. And in the answers that arrived from about a fifth of those questioned, I received now and again valuable data.

I had not yet decided whether I should write my book in English or in German. The former alternative appealed to me incomparably more than the latter, but I was afraid that I should not manage such an undertaking; writing idiomatic English is considerably more difficult than many foreigners who have not tried it can imagine. By degrees, however, I came to the decision to embark upon the adventure, and things went better than I had dared to hope. By making an infinite number of excerpts from English books, I had, without special effort, acquired a familiarity with written English that could scarcely have been gained by ordinary reading or practice in translation. This method is one that might be recommended to anyone if it were not in most cases so slow and tedious.

Sometimes on Sundays I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Coupland to South Place, a meeting-place in Finsbury for those who wish for other Sunday fare than is offered them in the churches. There I heard addresses by Charles Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, and other freethinkers. There was, in addition, some kind of hymn-singing with "Humanity" substituted for "God". I do not feel much attracted by such relics of ritual, and the last thing I should dream of worshipping is humanity —although I am glad if I can be useful in its service. There is in London another institution as well with the same excellent object of spiritual liberation—namely, the Ethical Church in Bayswater, under the leadership of Dr. Stanton Coit. He once persuaded me—much later in my life—to preach there on a Sunday afternoon, and I took as my text the magical origin of some of the Ten Commandments. But here, too, I was disturbed by the peculiar psalm-singing (of the choir boys).

Whilst I was still in the pulpit two minutes' silence, intended for meditation, was announced; these minutes seemed an eternity to me.

Occasionally I came into contact with the strictly orthodox. I was, on one occasion, invited to dinner by an old lady of ninety summers, and the guests included a clergyman who, after dinner, held a service. We gathered in the drawing-room, the seven or eight household servants were called in, and we all fell on our knees, except the old lady, who showed her devotion by throwing herself on her face in the chair. The parson asked me what church I attended. When my answer proved unsatisfactory, he wished to know if the family with whom I was living attended church regularly. I said the mistress of the house went sometimes, but not her husband. To this he retorted: "The husband may send his wife as his substitute to church, but does he really think that by so doing she can prepare a place for him in the kingdom of heaven?" As a rule in England it is not considered good form to intrude, by means of impertinent questions, in other people's private affairs, but this fine feeling, which helps to make life amongst English people so pleasant, is sometimes wanting in its clergy. I was lately introduced to an English country parson, whose first question was: "To what Church do you belong?" Further discussion was cut short by the truthful reply: "To none."

I was once present at a session of the House of Commons, when the Irish question was the subject of an introductory debate. Gladstone took part in it with a short statement delivered in a weak voice; amongst other speakers I remember Morley, Harcourt, Chamberlain, and Balfour. This was the only time in my life when I listened to a debate in the English Parliament. My interest in the political machinery has not been sufficiently keen to induce me to lose time in order to catch a glimpse of the revolving wheels, and after all the speeches and final decisions can be read in the newspapers.

Nor can I be accused of any excessive desire to see and hear distinguished politicians, whose fame is often enough due to their capacity for routine and mere cleverness rather than to those deeper mental qualities which I find it more possible to admire.

As time went on I sometimes, for one reason or another, came into personal contact with English politicians. At the request of the Sociological Society I was one of a deputation that waited upon Campbell-Bannerman in Downing Street to beg for a small grant for the promotion of anthropological research in England. There was a long delay before he appeared with his Minister (of finance), and then several speeches were made; but I was extremely annoyed that a dozen men should waste their morning on a trifle that it ought to have been possible to arrange with one or two strokes of the pen. Once I was invited to dinner by Bonar Law, who took an interest in Morocco, but this was before he became Prime Minister. During the Bobrikov period, when the Russian Government's attacks on our constitution grew very serious, I had a fairly long conversation with John Morley concerning Finland, and at the same time made the acquaintance of James Bryce, whom I was to meet again on several future occasions. In this connection I will pass over political stars of lesser magnitude.

In July 1888 I was again at Björkskär, to join in the skärgård life and to continue working at my book. During this and the following summer I had a pleasant change in the society of a few summer visitors staying in the neighbourhood; amongst them were the State archivist, Reinhold Hausen, and his wife, with whom I had many delightful sailing-trips and who, from this time on, belonged to my innermost circle of friends. During the terms I was an active member of the Geographical Society—at first called the Geographical Club—which at this period was formed on the initiative of the energetic Ragnar Hult. It was an unusually pleasant and also, in social respects,

a very lively society. The meetings were regularly followed by cheerful gatherings, and occasionally joint excursions were arranged, in early summer by little steamboats and in winter by ice-yachts. I here for the first time put together some of the results of my investigations into marriage relations in the form of papers on "The Origin of the Human Races", "The Mingling of Human Races", and "The Prohibition of Marriage between Relatives".

In the year 1888–89 work on my book suffered a serious interruption through activity of another nature. A proposal was made that the newly founded Tourists' Society, "Turistföreningen", should arrange a collection at the coming World Exhibition in Paris; but the proposal met with opposition, chiefly from the executive committee of the Society itself, and instead a special "Tourists' Delegation" was formed to take the matter in hand. The chairman of the delegation was General Frith-Neovius, and I became its secretary. I was interested in the matter because I had a great wish to make our own land better known in other countries, even though the tourist arrangements at that time were only good enough to satisfy visitors whose requirements were of the simplest. But the work that fell to my share was distinctly heavy. It meant collecting from different parts of the country objects of a varied nature—articles made of birch-bark, spears for hunting, fishing-tackle, elk horns, stuffed fish, birds and mammals; to make a collection of typical photographs; to produce a book on Finland for foreigners, etc. Our chairman worked indefatigably; Theodor Homén[1] was very active, too, and the book was written by O. M. Reuter.[2] When all was ready the whole collection was exhibited in the "Atheneum", with a more successful result, I think, than had been generally expected. In Paris "Turistföreningen", in whose name our collection was exhibited, was the only exhibitor in the Finland

[1] Afterwards Professor of Physics at Helsingfors.
[2] Professor of Zoology at Helsingfors.

Pavilion to which the Exhibition's highest prize, *le grand prix*, was awarded. In this connection I may add that I was secretary for a couple of years to the above-mentioned society, whose sphere of action still remained very limited.

During the winter I finished the first manuscript—still very incomplete, it is true—of my book, and the following autumn, 1889, I published its early chapters under the title of *The Origin of Human Marriage* as my Doctor's thesis. Hjalmar Neiglick had been appointed as ex-officio opponent; but he had scarcely got the corrected copy of the first proof-sheets when he fell ill of the fever which was to put a speedy end to his young life.

Among the deaths that have occurred in our country there are very few indeed that have caused such deep and general consternation as this. It was felt that our intellectual life had received in Neiglick's premature death one of the heaviest blows that it could have suffered. Our science had lost an investigator who promised to rise to the very front ranks, our literature and dramatic art a critic whose genius had already produced masterpieces of analysis and criticism, and the powers of truth and humanity a champion who in fearless courage and enthusiasm stood without a peer. His character was distinguished by such chivalry and integrity that his opponents joined scarcely less warmly than his friends in the general chorus of regret and appreciation after his untimely death. He had studied at Wundt's laboratory in Leipzig and written an important treatise on the sensations of light, and the next object of his ambition was to produce a great work on the feeling of sympathy; but the psychology of the moral consciousness also greatly occupied his thoughts.

The Nyland Students' Union, too, felt Neiglick's death as a crushing blow; for he was its most brilliant intellect, its most eloquent speaker and best-loved comrade, its most inspiring member and its chairman. There was no one who could even approximately take his place; but the vacant chairmanship had

in any case to be filled. Now there were signs of an approaching storm. The dissensions in the Union, which had been kept in check by Neiglick's superior ability and attractive personality, burst out in full force at the election of a new chairman. The ruling party nominated their candidate, and the opposition, consisting of country students and many others who felt they were browbeaten or were dissatisfied with the general tone of the Union, nominated theirs. The election-spirit ran high and the contest was fierce. The rebels were victorious. And *I* was their chosen candidate.

The result came upon me as a great surprise. I had taken scarcely any part in the life of the Union, and had comparatively few acquaintances amongst its members. It also made me anxious. Not only Neiglick, but the two preceding chairmen, Axel Lille and Axel Olof Freudenthal as well, had given this office in the Nyland Students' Union a reputation which made unusual demands upon anyone who might be chosen to fill it. Besides, I was by no means *persona grata* with a great number of the Union's keenest members. An undercurrent of diffidence has always been natural to me—although many people may have believed the contrary—and this made itself particularly noticeable on this occasion. Still, even if my period of office was not to be remarkable for brilliance, it might, at any rate, show evidence of useful activity. That same winter I put forward the proposal that our Union should include in its programme an endeavour to establish people's high-schools for the Swedish-speaking peasantry in Nyland. The work of popular education had indeed for a considerable time interested the Union: it had during many years arranged Swedish lectures in country districts and in certain towns, and Neiglick in his term of office had introduced instruction for the working-classes in Helsingfors. My own share in this work had been of the most unpretentious character; I had given a lecture in Borgå and another in a country parish which, if my memory does not deceive me, was attended by two maidservants and

one farm-hand. But my stay in the skärgård had filled me with warm interest in the peasant, and the idea of the people's high-schools was in the air. The one at Borgå had already been working for a term, and Swedish-speaking students from East Bothnia had begun collecting funds for a people's high-school at Kronoby. Amongst the Nyland students these schools had a devoted friend in Axel von Christierson, and he it was who gave me the idea for my proposal. It was keenly taken up, at any rate by the more democratic members of the Union who had chosen me as chairman; and our efforts soon led to the foundation of the Central Nyland High-School, with which the Union afterwards kept in close touch by means, amongst other things, of mutual visits, sometimes at the school and sometimes in the Union's own house.[1]

The people's high-school had its opponents as well; some thought it meant nothing but a smattering of education and others were of opinion that what should be aimed at first was a public elementary school in every village. But I am convinced that it did not come before its time, and that it has accomplished a great deal of good. The people's high-schools and the young people's associations, closely connected with them, strengthened our power of political resistance, and they moreover brought about an awakening amongst the Swedish peasantry which has proved of great importance to the preservation and progress of the Swedish nationality in Finland.

The position of chairman was a source of great pleasure to me. It brought me into intimate contact with a large circle of young men kept together by common interests and an invigorating *esprit de corps*. It gave me a great number of new friends, many of whom remained my friends for life, and also provided me with a sphere of work which I felt might have a certain value. But at the same time it did, of course, have a

[1] The students of Helsingfors University are divided for social purposes into "nations", which are associations of persons born or educated in the same province and speaking the same mother-tongue.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

prejudicial effect on my scientific work, which was dearer to me than all else. It made demands upon my time even during the vacations. In July 1890 I was present at the feast which the West Finland Students' Union arranged in Abo on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the University; and in the same month the Nyland Students' Union celebrated a great summer festival, which lasted a whole week and proved a veritable orgy of entertainment. First the steamer took us to Borgå, where the townspeople gave a banquet in our honour; then came invitations to dinner with Colonel Kasten Antell at Tjusterby and with Baron V. M. von Born at Sarflax; a people's feast at Åkerö, with a lecture by Petrus Nordmann; a students' feast—the actual summer festival—at Abborfors; and a ball to end up with in Lovisa. The oration which I delivered at Abborfors by torchlight caused a little trouble to the newspapers that reported it: they were prohibited by the Press authorities from appearing until they had suppressed some anti-Russian pronouncements in the speech.

The festival meant a couple of weeks' interruption in my summer stay at Aaland, where I had taken up my residence on the beautiful Äppelö in Hammarland's skärgård outside Geta. (Plate 6.) The Aaland folk were really acquaintances worth making. Their cheerful and lively temperament, their friendly, sociable nature, their refined manners and euphonious Swedish made it a joy to stay amongst them. They have been accused of a certain inclination to look after themselves at strangers' expense, but I can authoritatively state that I did not see a single trace of this during the four summers that I spent in their company. Once when I had stayed a few days at the Degerby Inn, the landlady's bill was no more than about half the price mentioned in the tariff, and when I called her attention to it, she answered: "We don't charge according to the tariff, but according to our conscience." At Kökar I was a guest at a wedding, and when, after a short stay in the cottage,

I bade farewell to my host, he would not hear of any payment except for the eggs he had bought specially for me; but, fortunately, I had an opportunity later of returning his hospitality on his marketing trips to Helsingfors. In Äppelö sailing and rowing, seine net fishing, and other diversions alternated with the work at my book, which, I am ashamed to say, was often relegated to quite a secondary place. Before my departure I arranged a great ball, and for several days beforehand I rowed about from one little island to another to invite the guests. When I went away, I was escorted to Geta by a boatload of friends, men and women alike. Our parting was sad, for it meant the end of all the fun, and I was soon to find myself in very different surroundings.

At the end of October I went to England to finish my book and see about its publication. The first thing to be done was to find or, to speak more correctly, to decide upon a publisher. My Doctor's thesis had attracted a certain amount of attention, and as it only consisted of the beginning of a larger book and the subject might interest the general public, two or three London publishers had asked for permission to publish the complete work. When, however, I visited Tylor in Oxford he proposed my offering it to Macmillan & Co., and gave me a letter of recommendation for this purpose. Mr. George Macmillan, one of the principals of the firm, gave me a cordial welcome, and my offer was accepted. He thought it desirable that the book should have a preface to introduce the unknown author to the public, and when I showed him a letter which I had received from Alfred Russel Wallace with regard to my Doctor's thesis, his choice was made. Amongst all of whom we might have thought, there was no one whom I more admired than this great veteran of Darwinism, its second father, who put forward the theory of natural selection simultaneously with, but quite independently of, Darwin, although, with a modesty that is possibly without parallel in the annals of science, he gave to his older friend

Äppelö in Hammarland
(*From a photograph taken by Curt Segerstråle*)

Äppelö
(*From a photograph taken by Curt Segerstråle*)

and fellow-scientist all the honour for what he called "Mr. Darwin's great discovery". Moreover, he was not only a naturalist, but had also stayed for long periods amongst savage races in the Malay Archipelago and South America, and had written descriptions of their manners and customs. To my great joy, he accepted the task—an encouragement for which I scarcely ventured to hope.

And now I began a work that, during the next half year, did not permit much more recreation than a short walk in the evening after dinner. There were great gaps in the manuscript to be filled by further study, several sections needed thorough revision, and, worst of all, the many quotations from a thousand sources required verification—a torture both for me and for the assistants in the British Museum, who for a couple of months had to fill my desk every day with mighty stacks of books. That taught me a lesson I never forgot. All the excerpts that I have made since then I have at once verified before I put aside the book, with a care that as a rule has made any further verification superfluous. The alphabetical index, too, gave me a great deal of trouble; it is a matter upon which English publishers lay great stress—in contrast to ours, who, from reasons of economy, often treat this important part of a book with inexcusable indifference—and a scientific work in English that had no proper index would certainly receive rough treatment at the hands of reviewers. But to make an exhaustive index is a difficult piece of work, which can seldom be done by any other than the author himself, and not always even by him. The indexes to the majority of my books have cost me many weeks, two or three months even, of continuous work.

In spite of this, however, it was a very happy time that I now spent in London. As soon as I had finished a chapter I took it to Macmillan's offices to be submitted to the reviser of my English. His name was James Sime, a name that was favourably known in the English literary world. Amongst

other things, he had written a well-known work on Lessing, but he had also comprehensive knowledge in various departments other than literature, and was at this time sub-editor of *Nature*. My visits to his editorial office and sometimes to his home at Chiswick belong to the most cherished of my London memories. He said the English corrections did not give him much trouble—no doubt because I had not translated my book from Swedish, but had thought it out and written it in English—but for a time I could not discover his opinion of its contents. By degrees he grew more communicative, and when I had come to the chapter on exogamy and its origin, he said that he thought I had solved the problem, and then he added some words on the book in general which I cannot repeat. I had not expected an appreciation of that magnitude, but in spite of its exaggeration it was evidently quite sincere, and it was with a jubilant feeling that I returned that day to my work in the British Museum. Sime was a delightful man. York Powell wrote of him after his death, four years later, in a letter to Edward Clodd, published in the latter's *Memories*: "I haven't had such a loss as Sime since Vigfusson died. A fine, delicate, sympathetic man. A man both pleasant and comforting to his friends and full of charity to all. I never heard him speak ill to any man. . . . He drew the best out of one, saw the best possibilities in one, and heartened one up." The first time I met York Powell was one day when I went with Sime to Chiswick. He made some appreciative remarks on my Doctor's thesis, and when my book came out he reviewed it in the *Manchester Guardian* in a way that made me beside myself with joy.

In this connection it is worthy of mention that it was through Sime and York Powell that I came into correspondence with Edward Freeman, who at that time was Regius Professor of History at Oxford University. I sent him a copy of the English translation of Professor Danielson's book on *Finland's Union with the Russian Empire*, at the same time

asking him if he would do our country the favour of writing an article on its autonomy. He expressed his very deep interest in the question, and in the voluminous correspondence that followed he interrogated me on many points. He offered the article to the *Contemporary Review*. But he wrote to me that the editor declined his offer on the ground that no one cared about Finland. He told him that was just the reason why he had written the article, which was intended to arouse interest in the subject; but the editor would not have it, consequently it was being put into *Macmillan's Magazine*. The article attracted great attention and gave much pleasure in Finland; long extracts were translated and published in our newspapers and periodicals. It was one of the last products of Freeman's pen. My letter of thanks was answered by his son-in-law, Arthur Evans, who informed me that Freeman had died in March 1892 at Alicante of smallpox.

The proofs of my book were sent to Wallace immediately they were ready, and often brought forth longer or shorter expressions of opinion on his part. With regard to my theory as to the origin of exogamy, he shared Sime's views, and in other questions, too, he declared that he agreed with me; but he took exception to my opinion as to the connection of clothing and the sense of modesty with the desire for adornment. I submitted the chapter on sexual selection in manuscript for his consideration. In it I not only criticized Darwin's theory on the subject, but also in a few points Wallace's own views, which differed from Darwin's; but in my letter to him I pointed out that I was exceedingly uncertain if I should publish the chapter at all, as I was not a zoologist. My criticisms led to explanations on Wallace's part which considerably modified the real or supposed differences of opinion between us. He emphatically advised me to include the chapter in question in the book, and afterwards, in his introduction, drew the reader's attention to the author's "valuable suggestions on the general question of sexual selection, in which he

furnishes an original argument against Darwin's views on the point, differing somewhat from my own though in general harmony with it". As Wallace lived in the country, our intercourse was carried on exclusively by correspondence. But one afternoon on my return from my work the servant announced that an old gentleman was sitting waiting for me. He introduced himself as Wallace, and as I stood there face to face with the great naturalist, I was overcome by such deep reverence that at first I could scarcely utter a single word.

I had done with the proofs towards the middle of June. As a matter of habit I again turned my steps to my desk in the British Museum, but there experienced a strange sense of emptiness. I took out a map and looked for the most out-of-the-way spot in the British Isles. My eyes fell on a little point in the Atlantic Ocean to the west of the larger of the Shetland Islands. That was where I would spend my holidays! I had had enough of city life, and was longing to get back to nature.

I took my way first of all to Coniston, in the idyllic lake district of the North of England, accepting an invitation from an elderly lady of my acquaintance who, with her husband, owned a property in that district. As their nearest neighbour and friend they had Ruskin; but his state of health even then was such that there could be no question of my visiting him. My journey was continued to Edinburgh, whence I made a little circular tour to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. In comparison with the English lake country, the scenery of the Scottish lochs is of a more sombre beauty; but a hurried trip by steamboat or coach in company with a crowd of tourists is not exactly calculated to put one in the right mood for the enjoyment of nature. From Edinburgh I went all the way by sea via Orkney to Lerwick, the tiny capital of the Shetland Isles, situated on the eastern side of the chief island. As travelling companion I had a sea captain, an old, infirm Scotchman, who entertained me with the glad tidings that he was going to his death full of calm confidence because all

his life he had remembered the sabbath day to keep it holy. When I inquired in Lerwick how I could get to Foula I was told that I was in luck's way, for that very evening the post-cart was driving across the island, and next morning a fishing-smack would take the post on to Foula, an event that only happened twice a month. It was an impressive drive in the clear light of the summer night across the treeless, hilly island, its solitude only broken by some low cottage here and there surrounded by a potato patch or a little field of barley or oats.

After four hours' quick sailing the smack cast anchor outside Foula. On the beach there stood a crowd of people who received me with curious glances; it was, indeed, the rarest of happenings for a strange gentleman to come to their island. I got a lodging in a snug little house, inhabited by a man called Peterson, the merchant and postmaster of the island, with his wife and five grown-up daughters. It was the only dwelling that was in any way possible; the other cottages were little grey stone huts containing but two rooms, one of which, the living-room, had in most cases a mud floor, with a few flat stones laid in the middle to serve as a cooking-hearth, and two holes in the roof to let out the smoke. The general opinion was that I would go back with the smack; what was there for me to do on Foula? But I stayed there for nearly two months.

The island is three and a half miles long and not quite so wide. Its eastern half, bounded by a rocky shore, is comparatively flat, but the western part is hilly, with five upstanding peaks, the highest, Sneug, reaching a height of more than 1,200 feet. The steep mountain wall, in places descending almost perpendicularly into the ocean, swarms with birds of different kinds, each species occupying its own definite zone, and presents with its wealth of colour a splendid sight from the sea. If a stone is thrown down from the top a strange spectacle may be seen: the enormous host suddenly

begins to move and forms a gigantic cloud beneath one's feet. Foula, indeed, justifies its name, "Birds' Island". On the summit of Sneug we meet with the *Lestris cataractes*, the king of all sea-gulls, which in Great Britain only breeds on Foula and on one other of the Shetland Islands; these birds, owing to their scarcity, are protected by law, and this has made them incredibly daring. Anyone who enters the region where they have laid their eggs or have their young will hear a sudden whizzing sound behind him and, quick as lightning, the great bird flies over his head, sometimes giving him with its wing such a violent blow on his ear as to make it bleed. So I used to protect myself by brandishing a stick in the air. But if bird-life is abundant, vegetation is correspondingly scanty. Yet there are small patches of corn and potatoes; and the ground gives peat for fuel.

The population consisted of about 250 people, whose principal means of livelihood was sea-fishing. The larger fish —ling, torsk, and cod—are split in half down the back, boned, washed, salted, brushed, and spread out on the cliffs to dry. The last process, which diffuses an unpleasant odour over the island, requires as much care as the drying of the hay with us in Finland; when a shower is blowing up, the pieces of fish must all be hastily collected to protect them from the wet. Rain, however, does not come very frequently, but mist, on the other hand, nearly every day, at any rate for some hours. But so much more welcome the sun—every face beams with joy on a sunny day. At other seasons of the year, great gales belong to the natural order of things. In winter it has even happened that all communication between Foula and the other Shetland islands has been impossible for five consecutive months on account of gales and high seas. Such a period of isolation, although of shorter duration, occurred during the winter following my visit to the island. Bottles with messages of famine on Foula were washed ashore on some of the other islands. A steamer with provisions was

dispatched from Edinburgh, but could do nothing on account of the rough sea. A subsequent expedition was more successful, and it then turned out that the famine consisted mainly of a want of tobacco. How well I could understand that, for I had heard the Foula folk's heart-rending description of what they suffered when the supply of tobacco gave out and they were forced to smoke tea, cotton, or sawdust.

Nature had thus made Foula into a little world by itself. The natives even thought that it was quite a large one. There were two village communities on the island, and my friends in the northern village, where I lived, assured me that the people in the southern one were quite different from them; they spoke differently, and their women walked like ducks. There were also three congregations, each with its own preacher. The head of the largest of these, which was "congregational" in the restricted sense of the term, was the only member of the gentry class to be found in Foula, quite a cultured man with philosophical and other literary interests, cheerful and genial as well, although scurvily endowed by nature with a very decrepit body—he had only one lung, one eye, and one leg. He used to preach in a little stone building, that looked more like a cow-house than a church, to which the harmonium that belonged to my host was sometimes dragged on Sundays for me to play. On other occasions it was needed at home, where the young folk sang to my accompaniment and danced in the evenings to its strains, now and again relieved by a fiddle's plaintive notes. The dance always lasted till midnight at least, but I was told that on winter nights they used to dance till far into the morning hours. Mr. Peterson's four unmarried daughters exercised their powers of attraction on the young men of the island; and as far as I was concerned they looked after me in a most conscientious and kindly fashion.

The inhabitants soon ceased to regard me as a stranger. At first I did not dare to say that I came from Finland, for a

Shetland gentleman, whom I met on the steamer coming over from Scotland, had warned me not to betray my extraction, as the Shetlanders thought that Finns were experts in the magic art. They also had a popular tradition of great sea-monsters, called finns, that were very dangerous; these finns used to chase boats out at sea, and came every ninth night in the form of seals to dance on the shore, but there they would throw off their skins and behave exactly like mortal men. On the other hand, my Scandinavian birth was a key to unlock their hearts. The Shetland Isles once belonged to Norway, their inhabitants are in great measure of Scandinavian blood and call themselves Norsemen; on Foula a Scandinavian dialect was spoken as late as the eighteenth century, and the names of places are mostly of Scandinavian origin. I was able to explain their meaning to the people, and came to be looked upon as a kind of ancestor. The Shetlanders are very proud of their Scandinavian descent; to call them Scots would be looked upon as a gross insult. It is peculiar that a northerly people so often has a feeling of contempt for its more southerly neighbours. The Shetlanders look down on the Scots, the Scots on the English, the English on the French, the French on the Spaniards, the Spaniards on the Moors, and the Moors on the negroes. How matters are when we come to the other side of the Equator I cannot say.

The time passed quickly. I read some ethics, wandered about the bare island, climbed its mountains, and in fine weather went out with a line to catch coal-fish. Every line was equipped with seven or nine feather-tufted hooks, and once when I felt a bite and drew up the line I got fish on no less than eight of the hooks at a time. Off Lerwick extensive herring-fishing was carried on, and in that, too, I took part. I went in one of the two or three hundred fishing smacks that sailed out on the North Sea one afternoon, and then during the night tossed about drifting, fastened to the row of nets, forty in number. The six men forming the crew had made special preparations

PLATE 7.—WITH THE SHETLAND HERRING FISHERS

to regale their guest in the best way possible, but the unendurable stench of rotten herring rising from the bottom of the boat, combined with the violent rocking, made it difficult for him to do full justice to the repast. On our return to Lerwick we all went to a photographer, and I was amused that at first he took me for a Shetland fisher as well. (Plate 7.)

When I had been at Foula five weeks, my first mail arrived. With impatient eyes I watched the post-boat slowly approach the island, for I knew what it was bringing me—the first reviews of my book. There were quite a number of them, and they were satisfactory, too. My publishers sent me cuttings from *The Times*, *Scotsman*, *Manchester Guardian*, and other English papers, and later the bundle of the reviews swelled to very considerable dimensions. In the *Academy* Tylor wrote a long article that greatly pleased me, and so did the reviews in the *Athenæum* and *Spectator*; amongst the non-English verdicts I call to mind with special satisfaction those of Lujo Brentano, Winternitz, and Enrico Ferri. My friend Sime had told me that the most important factor for the success of any book is that it should be noticed in the Press, whereas it is a minor matter whether it receives praise or blame. My book got both, although as far as I know the former predominated. I had taken up arms against several theories which had already won general approval, and was, of course, prepared for counter-strokes. One came from the celebrated Cambridge professor, Robertson Smith, who wrote a long review in *Nature*. He was a keen follower of McLennan, whom I had attacked, and in his criticism of my views on the origin of exogamy he accused me of a wrong application of the theory of natural selection; this drew from Wallace the remark that it was the critic himself who had misunderstood it. A French sociological journal supposed that my condemnation of the hypothesis of promiscuity was a subconscious survival of my childhood's belief in the Bible story of the creation, whereas another French periodical—with Roman Catholic tendencies—

expressed its horror that the Russians, the friends of France, should have amongst their teachers a person with such blasphemous views as mine. Again, the *Westminster Review* —evidently impressed by the numerous references—declared that my book was "the earnest labour of the chief part of a lifetime". Later on, also, I came upon the belief that its author was a kind of patriarch, and twice I was taken for my own son.

My book had undoubtedly many failings, which I recognized more and more as time went on and which, nearly thirty years later, I tried to reduce by rewriting it from beginning to end. It was a child of its age, although a somewhat rebellious one. But without undue self-praise I can, at any rate, say that it attracted attention. Translations of it were published in French, German, Swedish, Italian, Japanese, and Spanish, besides a pirated edition of the earlier chapters that was brought out in Russia without my knowledge or permission; and the English original passed through several editions. I became a favourite with the advanced women, principally on account of the last sentence in the book, which, if the truth be told, was not written by me, but by Mr. Sime, as he considered the work needed a fine, well-rounded period to finish it off; later on I deleted this sentence when further research led me to reject my earlier assertion that improvement in the status of women has kept pace with the advance in civilization.

I was chosen vice-president of two rival feminist societies and invited to dinner by the leading women in both of them, who did not speak very kindly of each other. This, however, must on no account be looked upon as a joke at the expense of the Woman's Movement. Few things have annoyed me more than the organized opposition to it from the side of English society women. They were evidently afraid that any extension of woman's legal rights might bring with it some limitation of those social privileges upon which they themselves set a much greater value.

Every human being is probably born with a certain amount

of ambition, and I may say that the portion which has fallen to my lot was for the present amply satisfied by the scientific success of my book, great or small though it may have been. It gave my life a sense of satisfaction which from the very first saved me from the feeling of being one of the unappreciated. It was to bring me, later on, many other advantages as well; it was beyond all doubt the most momentous happening in my life. It has been said that marriage has many thorns, but celibacy no roses. For my own part I would say that marriage has brought me many roses—and bachelorhood no thorns.

# CHAPTER V

## 1891–1897

*The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*—Stay in Oxford—English conditions—Journeys to Italy, Paris, Holland, Scotland, Switzerland—Västankvarn Agricultural and Domestic School—Sailing-trips—The Psychological Congress in Munich.

Even before my book on marriage was finished I had conceived the idea of writing another work dealing with the origin and development of the moral consciousness. The idea of this had come into my mind, as I have already mentioned, at a meeting of our Philosophical Society. The discussion chanced to deal with the question as to how far a bad man should be treated with kindness. Opinions differed, and in spite of much deliberation they could not be reconciled. Whence this want of agreement? Was it due to defective knowledge or had it a merely sentimental origin? And by degrees the problem grew wider. Why do the moral ideas in general vary so greatly in different individuals and among different peoples? And, on the other hand, why is there in many cases such a wide agreement? Indeed, how is it that there are any so-called moral ideas at all?

Evidently they were great questions that I had resolved to try to answer to the best of my power, and not only great but difficult as well. It meant nothing less than investigating man's moral consciousness in the forms which it has assumed among different peoples and at different periods, and discovering the factors that have produced and influenced it. Such an investigation had not been made before, at least not on so wide a scale as I purposed. It is true there had long been in existence books dealing with problems of moral psychology, but their treatment was almost exclusively founded on experience derived from peoples with a higher culture and especially from the

moral consciousness of the author himself and those around him. There was also an enormous number of ethical works which, starting from a certain general principle, laid down rules for human conduct in the different circumstances of life. For these I had little respect. The objective validity to which the first principle laid claim was not only unproved but even impossible of proof. I was soon convinced that moral judgments are ultimately based, not on the intellect, but on emotions, and that they, therefore, under no conditions could achieve that consensus of opinion which would be required of them, at least as a theoretical possibility, if they were to be regarded as objectively valid. There can be no moral truths because the contents of an emotion fall entirely outside the category of truth. Consequently the object of scientific ethics cannot be to fix rules for human conduct, the aim of all science being the discovery of some truth; if the term "ethics" is to be used as the name for a science, its task can be none other than to investigate the moral consciousness as a fact. A system of normative ethics may perhaps have an edifying effect upon those who feel attracted by its first principle, whatever that may be; but edification is not science. And, besides, how often would it occur to anyone in perplexity of conscience to open a book on ethics in order to find out how he ought to act, or to consult a moral philosopher as if he were a medical adviser for sick souls?

In collecting my material I started out from the point of view that the moral ideas of peoples are most plainly expressed in their customs and laws. I made use of the same method as I had employed in my book on marriage. I made my excerpts on slips of paper, which I numbered according to subject-matter, so that afterwards I should be able so much the more easily to group together all data bearing upon the same question: homicide, theft, love of truth and falsehood, adultery, cannibalism, and so on—the numbers went up to fifty. Experience had taught me that it is better to make too many

notes than too few, as it is impossible to know exactly what may be needed afterwards; I believe about half the number of my slips were never used. But I soon saw that the work which I had now undertaken was incomparably more difficult than its predecessor. Human marriage was a well-defined subject, whereas morality extends into infinity. I had to rack my brains, too, over the syntheses. It took a full five years before my ideas of the nature of the moral emotions had become more or less settled, and in some other important questions my views did not clear up until much later. The disposition of the great subject took ten years before it was finally complete. I have always found that it takes much less time to collect the material for a book than to write it, although the general public seem to be most impressed by the multitude of facts. The task of the writer is not only to draw conclusions and give them adequate expression, but to construct a building where every stick and stone shall have its right position, where the different parts shall form an organized whole with no unnecessary excrescences nor deficiencies either, where there shall be due proportion and symmetry on every hand. A book must be an architectural creation, an author at once its architect and builder. In the book on marriage the architecture was simple and developed almost of itself, but in the book on morals it was complicated and gave me much trouble. All this I perceived when I began the work; but I certainly could never dream that nearly eighteen years must pass before I should be able to hoist my flag on the roof.

At first the time that I could devote to working at my book was very limited. In the summer of 1890 I had been appointed *docent* at the University, and after my return from my journey abroad I began to lecture. A part of my day was taken up by my duties as assistant librarian in the University library; the chairmanship of the Nyland Students' Union gave me less regular, but often enough very disturbing, work; and in the summer of 1892 I began to translate my book on

marriage into Swedish, a wearisome task. But I was soon favoured with quite different possibilities of work. The Senate granted me a travelling bursary, which entailed the pleasant duty of residence abroad for a year. So the bird could fly out of its cage once more; in the beginning of 1893 he spread his wings.

At first I took up my old seat at the British Museum, but at the beginning of February I went to Oxford, since I could get on just as well with some of my work in the libraries there. It was extremely interesting to be able to stay for a month in this ancient seat of learning, with its beautiful old buildings, its colleges, its academic life so different from our own, and its many important personalities. It seemed to me that I had nothing to learn from its philosophers *ex professo*—they were Hegelians. But from intercourse with Tylor, who had already shown me so much kindness and encouragement, I rightly expected to profit greatly; and in R. R. Marett I won a new friend who was about my own age and a kindred spirit as well. Shortly before he had written a prize essay dealing with the earlier development of morals, and I understood that he thought of elaborating it into a book, the subject of which thus to a certain degree would coincide with that of my own. He never did it—instead, he won his spurs chiefly on the field of the science of religion—but without giving the least hint of disappointment at being in a way forestalled, he showed a magnanimous interest in my work, which later took the form of an exceedingly hearty welcome in *Mind* and elsewhere.

The hospitality in Oxford was extraordinary both in private life and at the common college dinner, where I made many interesting and valuable acquaintances; I might receive as many as four dinner invitations on the same day. To be sure, the social life is not neglected in favour of intellectual pursuits; and amongst the undergraduates sport and politics seem to play a more important part than do their studies. Many Englishmen of high position or great wealth send their sons

to Oxford, not so much to drink from the springs of learning as to give them, rather, the opportunity of inhaling an atmosphere that will strengthen their lungs for a future climb to the topmost peaks of society. The training in Oxford and the acquaintances made there are an invaluable equipment for many a young man's career at home or in the colonies.

Oxford is a corner-stone in the foundations of that stately aristocratic erection, the Commonwealth of England. Englishmen often speak with pride of their democratic institutions, but in certain respects they are the least democratic nation I know. In making this statement I am thinking less of their House of Lords than of the extraordinary place taken in their political and social life by birth and wealth. Lords with talent will find the doors that lead to the highest offices in the State wide open, whilst lords without any talent at all can always be sure of the halo that surrounds their high rank. Once I happened to have as travelling-companion the heir to a certain peerage, and one of the first things he asked me was: "Have you ever seen a lord?" "Why do you ask me?" "Because there are so few of them." "If there are so few, how is it that the newspapers so often have strange stories to tell about them?" (A couple of lords had shortly before figured in some public scandal.) "Oh, that's because everybody's eye is fixed on them." And this heir to a peerage was right. One only has to open an English newspaper, no matter whether Conservative or Liberal, to discover immediately the deep interest England takes in its lords. The principal London evening paper announced a little time since, in large capitals on the first page, as the most striking event of the day, that Lady X had lost her brooch at a society ball; the assumption was that it had been stolen, and the public were kept on tenterhooks for some days, until it was discovered that the brooch had been hidden in the hem of her ladyship's gown. Should a lord or lady apply for divorce, many minds are filled with keen expectations; for English newspapers report in greatest detail sensational

divorce cases, which seem to interest a large number of their readers more than anything else, except, perhaps, murders or events in the world of sport. Societies of varying nature like to secure the privilege of having a lord as their president or chairman; and how highly this privilege is estimated can be seen from an occurrence that happened quite recently. The R.S.P.C.A. had been offered a legacy of ten thousand pounds on condition that its chairman and committees should be opponents of vivisection and cruel sport. The Society's executive committee refused the gift, but at the Annual Meeting a vote of regret at their action was proposed, pointing out that the condition made in the offer was in full accord with the Society's principles. The proposal was rejected, however, when the meeting had been informed that Lord X, who was the chairman of the Society, was accustomed to hunt foxes and other wild creatures, and that the same held good of its president. Englishmen, as a rule, seem to think there is nothing cruel in chasing foxes to death with hounds as an amusement for a number of gentlemen and ladies on horseback; why, the riders belong to the upper classes of society, and as regards the fox I have heard people consoling themselves with the fact that he has a chance of escape—an excellent argument if we share the idea held by the North American Indians that an animal can never be put to death without its own consent. For all that I have no wish to deny that in other cases Englishmen show great tenderness for dumb animals. I read in the papers of a man being condemned to a month's hard labour because he had killed a dog with a poker for having bitten his little child, and of a gentleman who was fined because he had neglected to part two fighting dogs.

Science also feels honoured to have members of the aristocracy amongst its patrons. It would certainly be beneath a lord's dignity to become a university professor—I heard that expressly stated by the aforementioned heir to a peerage—yet there have been one or two exceptions to this rule. On the

other hand a lord may be permitted to follow science as a private hobby; in sport, also, great emphasis is laid on the difference between amateurs and professionals. But it cannot be said that intellectual work is at a premium amongst the upper ten. One of my friends, who belongs to an old family with many connections amongst the aristocracy, has told me how strongly his grand relations disapprove of his scientific occupations, although he has never filled any post nor earned the smallest sum by his writings—to make money by working is not really *comme il faut* either. But a lack of intellectual interests cannot be considered as a special sign of the nobility; it is common in all classes of society and is closely connected with that mania for sport and dislike of mental effort that distinguishes, I believe, the majority of Englishmen. Even amongst the ranks of the learned science does not always secure the first place in their esteem. An Oxford friend confided to me that even there greater value was attached to a drop of blue blood than to a reputation for scholarship.

Side by side with inequalities of birth, the great differences in private means are the cause of sharp class-distinctions that accord but ill with democratic principles. As a matter of fact the barriers between gentle and lowly birth are anything but insurmountable for the wealthy. Many a man, by spending a large sum of money in a manner calculated to achieve his purpose, has been raised to a peerage; and even if a newly-created lord does not enjoy the same social standing as an heir to an old title, the difference is soon more or less overlooked—after all a lord is a lord and his children are of noble birth. But for children of the lower classes it is no easy matter to rise into the ranks of the real gentry. Education of a higher kind is—and more especially was—so costly that a poor man's child could but seldom benefit by it, and even those who have had opportunity to pass through one of the less expensive higher schools are not really qualified to compete on equal terms with the sons of wealthy parents who have been trained

in one of the expensive and well-known public boarding-schools. Class-distinctions are so deeply rooted in the English people that right up to recent years even those who were worst off have looked upon them as quite natural, have, indeed, proudly sunned themselves in the splendour of their titled classes and admired the luxury of the wealthy; are they not all Englishmen, with a share in the glory of their country, even if for them personally life is gloomy and their dwelling lowly? And, in spite of the class-warfare now beginning, such sentiments are quite common to this very day. The domestic staff in upper-class families prefer their employers to hold themselves aloof as superior beings, for the respect the servants enjoy in their own class is in direct ratio to their employers' prestige and aristocratic airs. Thus class-distinctions penetrate all ranks, and the majority can console themselves by finding others who are lower in the social scale than they are themselves. English social life still lives on the scattered fragments of the old feudal system, which has gradually fallen into ruin but has not been utterly annihilated.

With the coming of spring I began to make plans for the summer, and my thoughts turned towards Iceland; even the holder of a university scholarship must be looked upon as entitled to a couple of months' holiday. When I mentioned the matter to my friend, James Sime, he expressed his astonishment that I had never turned southwards; why did I not go to Italy? Yes, why not? Holidays could just as well be taken in the spring; moreover, in Italy I could get on with some of my work, and it might be of service to me to come into closer touch with the Italian school of criminology and its new ideas that were attracting so much attention at this period. In the middle of March I took the shortest route to Milan, and from there continued my journey next day to Florence. Of my journey through Switzerland I especially remember one moment when the train, travelling beside the Lake of Lucerne,

came out of a tunnel and the snowy summits of the Alps, glittering in the sunshine, met my gaze in all their majesty on the other side of the bay. Tears poured down my cheeks; nor were they only due to the excessive light: ever since I saw the Jotunheim I have been more deeply moved by high, snow-clad mountains than by any other natural phenomenon. Perhaps this is because they emphasize so strongly the infinity of space and arouse the devotion one feels in the presence of the great unknown.

It has been said that a great joy in life is in store for anyone who has never seen Italy but is on the way to do so. Everyone with a feeling for the beauties of nature and art, for the memorials of the past and the quick pulsing life of the present, finds gathered there such manifold and impressive sources of enjoyment as he might elsewhere seek in vain all the world over. I shall not attempt to describe what so many have seen and described before: Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Sorrento, and Capri. In Florence I went to call on William James, but unfortunately he was out.

In Naples I again experienced one of those sudden intensive sensations that can never afterwards be effaced from the memory; it happened on the first morning when I opened my room window and saw the Mediterranean and the marvellous blue of its waters. On Capri I settled for a couple of weeks in Anacapri, a village that attracted me by its high and isolated position and its beautiful views. I spent my time on the Swedish translation of my book on marriage and in rambles about the island and social pleasures—I had excellent companions in my fellow-boarders, Hjalmar Pettersen, later librarian at the University library in Christiania, and Nils Collett Vogt, who had already made his mark as a literary writer. I had also a little adventure which might have ended badly for a more timid person. On the summit of Monte Solaro I met a young American woman-artist accompanied by an elderly German lady. She was living in the town of Capri;

but a couple of days afterwards I saw her walking about Anacapri, and on a later occasion she persuaded me to go for a row with her and a German professor. Then she invited me to dinner at her hotel, where she was staying with her mother and sister. After the meal she took me out on the open verandah of the hotel, and after some slight demonstrations of affection she asked me to marry her. This caused me some perplexity; my studies of marriage had led me to assume that it was the man who wooed and not the woman. To say no to a lady is, of course, always unpleasant; but fortune favoured me. My sister had just sent me a photograph of her two small boys. I drew it out of my pocket, showed it to the young lady, and said: "Aren't they dear children? They are mine." The great Kant would certainly not have forgiven me this breach of the categorical imperative's insistence on truth, but I have never been a Kantian.

From Capri I went on to Sicily. No visitor to Italy should, unless for good reasons, fail to see this island, with its remains of various civilizations; its wonderful natural beauty, here splendid in its luxuriance, here marked by a wild grandeur; its picturesque people with their mingling of many races, still in great measure untamed, practising their old vendetta and addicted to highway robbery (unless the new Government has got them in hand). In Palermo I turned into an unpretending Italian hotel and was prepared to eat my dinner in solitude—which always seems to me the chief drawback to travelling alone—but fate willed otherwise. I found the small dining-room filled by about twenty young fellows, who made such a commotion with their shouts and gesticulations that I thought they were going to have a fight. They turned out to be a party of regular diners, consisting of students and also a few older members of the University, who were all delighted to meet a stranger of their own kind. We soon became great friends. One or other of them acted as my cicerone in the town or went with me on my excursions to Monte Pellegrino, Monreale,

or other places in the neighbourhood. If we chanced to be out in the evening they never omitted to go with me up to the very door of the hotel. They said that strangers had no idea how dangerous it was to walk down a back-street after dark: a man with a dagger in his hand might at any moment rush out of a doorway. And when, after my two weeks' stay in Palermo, I went on to the interior of the island, one of them accompanied me to Caltanissetta, where his lady-love lived.

I was introduced to the local titled men's club, which was of the simplest character; all those counts and marquises seemed to me to be anything but well off. Together with some of my new friends I visited the great sulphur-mines outside the town. We went in a dirty workmen's lift down into the bowels of the earth, where we found passages filled with almost naked men and children; so high is the percentage of sulphur that when a lighted match was put to the wall it at once caused a harmless little conflagration. I was also invited to one of the chief houses of the town, belonging to my travelling-companion's relatives, where his cousin, Vincenzo, showed me the family collection of pictures. He proudly drew my attention to a little painting which was, so he said, a piece of Raphael's work; and to prove the truth of this statement he turned it over and pointed to the price marked on the back—no less than 150 lire! One evening I was taken by my fellow-traveller and his cousin to the opera-house, where a special performance was to be given to celebrate the unveiling of a bust of Victor Emanuel. The tickets only cost a lira, and I was therefore much astonished when we took our places in the front row on the floor of the hall. A moment later, however, three other spectators came and claimed our seats. Then I suddenly saw daylight. On our way we had looked in at a café where my companions had asked the loan of a pen and ink; they had evidently numbered the entrance tickets themselves. Ashamed as I felt in spite of my own blamelessness, I could not help admiring the young gallants' rage as they

played the part of injured innocents and abused the theatre-employees for daring to sell duplicate tickets. The performance began with a ballet to the strains of the Italian national anthem—something like "God save the King" with dancing.

My next goal was Girgenti. The people there seemed a very poor type; but the old temples, one of them extremely well-preserved, standing out against the background of the blue Mediterranean, were a sight worthy of the gods in whose honour they had been erected. I then took the long road to Syracuse, on the east coast of Sicily. One of my friends in Palermo had announced my coming in a letter to his brother, who lived in Syracuse. Unknown to me, this gentleman had ordered a state-room in the finest hotel of the town, and as I entered I found ten bowing waiters drawn up in two rows to receive the distinguished foreigner, whose diminished purse unfortunately prevented his proper appreciation of the honour shown him. The kindly gentleman followed me from morning to night during the three days that I stayed in the place. I saw all there was to see, not so very little either, in spite of the enormous destruction which in the course of time has been wrought in this very old and enormous city of Dionysius the Elder and his son. Amongst other antiquities there is the mighty Greek theatre, Dionysius's ear—an artificially constructed grotto which greatly increases the volume of the very least sound—the weather-beaten ruins of Euryalus, the catacombs and the fountain of Arethusa. We made a trip by boat to the little River Anapo, the only place in Europe where papyrus is found growing wild; on its banks women were seen in whose faces it was still possible to recognize typical features of their Greek ancestry.

Taormina and Messina came next in order and then Mount Etna. One day in Taormina, when I was sitting rapt in contemplation of its majestic crown, I was overcome by my old longing left by the Norwegian mountains: I *must* go up there. I drove from Catania and from there to Nicolosi and then

began the ascent, accompanied by a big strong guide and an Italian interpreter, by name Pancrazio, who was very useful as the guide only spoke the Sicilian dialect, which was beyond my comprehension. Nicolosi is 700 metres above the sea, the highest peak of Mount Etna about 3,300, a difference of 2,600 metres, and the distance between them is, moreover, quite considerable. We began the ascent before 9 a.m. and did not reach the foot of the actual peak until late in the afternoon; there we meant to stay the night in the little Casa inglese,[1] which is used in summer for observation purposes. We were now in the realms of death, far from all human habitations, amidst ash and lava, ice and snow. We had to have recourse to the axe that we had brought with us to break away the ice barring the door of the hut. No one had been there yet that year; it is not customary to climb Etna so early as May 3rd, at which I am not surprised, for it felt terribly cold. Fortunately I found two miniature craters—or what shall I call them?—in which I could thaw my frozen feet, and inside the hut we boiled ourselves some hot coffee. We passed the time chatting. I told my companions of our light northern summer nights and embarked upon some little astronomical explanations; but my hearers found it hard to understand that the earth went round the sun.

We threw ourselves down on the mattresses in the hut and tried to sleep. But just as I was dropping off a great noise was heard at the door, as if someone had given it a violent pull. The guide sprang up and asked if I had a revolver. No, I hadn't, but what was wrong? "Well," he replied, "people in the valley have seen a stranger climbing up here, strangers have money, and they have come to rob us." Quick as lightning I had the feeling of a dagger piercing my entrails; yet what was to be done but await further developments? And none came. We looked out of the window into the moonlight, but no one was to be seen; we called, but got no answer; at last

[1] Casa inglese = English house.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

we opened the locked door, but heard not a sound. It is, however, very probable that the guide was right in his assumption. A first attempt to take us by surprise might have been successful, but to try a second time to break through the door would have ended very badly, if there had been any fire-arms inside; and in the solitudes of Sicily it is not usual to travel without a revolver. There was no sleep for us that night. In any case we had to be on our guard, and, moreover, I was colder than I had ever been in my life before. There were no blankets in the hut, and an attempt to use an ice-cold mattress as a covering did not prove a success. Several days later in Catania I still had fits of shivering, in spite of the pleasant warmth there.

Before daybreak we started out by the light of the full moon to climb the summit, which was high and steep and reeking of sulphur; sometimes I felt as if I were going to be suffocated. But I was fully rewarded when we reached the gigantic crater up at the top. It was encircled by snake-like wreaths of smoke, too narrow and slight, however, to obscure the view in the slightest degree. The crater walls shone with every colour of the rainbow. Far beneath our feet in the west lay the vast expanse of the ocean, smooth as glass, and in the south, too, a faint blue streak was seen in the direction of Malta, which can sometimes be distinguished from the top of Etna. Pancrazio stood looking down thoughtfully, until at last he exclaimed: "You said yesterday that the earth moves, but the sea at any rate stands still!"

The descent was a speedy business. When we reached the first chestnut-groves we heard a familiar homely sound—the cuckoo's note. In Nicolosi I bade farewell to my excellent guide and drove on to Catania, accompanied by Pancrazio. But then a little fly appeared in the ointment: Etna had swallowed up my last remaining coin; I was entirely penniless. The matter could not be disguised, but I assured Pancrazio that I hoped to find money at the hotel in Catania. He answered by taking out his purse and emptying its contents into my

hands. "It isn't much," he said, "only eight lire, but take them at any rate." At the hotel there was no mail for me; I waited a couple of days, but in vain, and at last I had to confess my plight to the landlord as well. With the kindest look imaginable he handed me a hundred-lire note: "If I can be of any service, please take this." Would any hotel-keeper in Finland have treated an Italian traveller in the same way? I began to suspect that my letters, which had been addressed to Palermo, had been sent to the wrong hotel, and therefore decided to have a hunt for them from one hotel to another. My suspicions proved correct, but my time of waiting was not yet at an end. The cheque I received was drawn on a bank in Florence and had to take the long journey there, whilst I had to stay on in Catania, which next to Leghorn seemed to me the most uninteresting of all the larger towns that I visited in Italy. What chiefly attracted my attention was the name Bellini, which met my eyes wherever I went; never has a town cherished with greater affection the memory of one of its sons. My chief amusement was to go sometimes in the evening to a theatre where, for thirty centesimi—a sum well suited to my resources—I could watch a blood-curdling tragedy for three long hours. But I have one great memory connected with Catania, however, viz. the arrival of letters from home bringing the news of the Antell donations to our University.[1] I ordered the best wine my hotel could provide and drank a silent toast in honour of the noble donor.

As soon as my business was settled I took my departure, and went on one afternoon by train to Castrogiovanni—the ancient Enna—a small town surrounded by mountains in the very heart of Sicily. I took Pancrazio with me, thinking I might

[1] A wealthy Finlander, H. F. Antell, who died in 1893, had bequeathed a large sum of money to the University of Helsingfors, the yearly interest of which was to be used as travelling scholarships for members of the University intent upon scientific research. Each scholarship was to be granted for three years in succession, and its amount was fixed at about £370 a year. Five such scholarships were established. They were not meant for professors.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

still need him, and it was well I did. When we arrived after dark at the railway station, which lay at a considerable distance from the actual town, there were no other conveyances but a number of heavy carts that were to take some load—I cannot remember what—up the steep mountain road. We got into one of them and the procession started. When we had gone part of the way I heard the driver say to Pancrazio that he was to tell me to give him at once five lire over and above the price agreed on; but my interpreter emphatically refused, and so the matter ended. There was still something of the old robber romance about Castrogiovanni, perched on its height and surrounded by mountain chains and wilderness. At a spot just outside the town stood a prison that looked like a great cage in the open. Behind its grating we caught sight of various bandit countenances making horrible grimaces at us.

I stayed a few more weeks in Italy, stopping for a time in Naples and Rome to visit their surroundings, and then went by way of Venice and Turin to Paris. In Rome I visited the celebrated criminologist, Enrico Ferri. During our conversation one statement of his especially struck my attention. He laid stress on the fact that science enjoys greater freedom in a Roman Catholic than in a Protestant country. The Catholic religion is so absurd that no scientific mind can possibly believe in it, whereas Protestantism engages in compromises and thereby easily entraps science. I should like to add that it is at the same time a danger to religion. When once human reason is allowed to criticize dogmas, there is no knowing where it will end. The reformers only took the first step on the inclined plane. They fixed confessions of faith, but no one, I suppose, will insist that these contained reason's last judgments. They are interpreted as symbols, dogmas are declared to be unessential, compromise follows compromise, deceiving those who make them and others as well. "Truth before all else, wherever it may lead", is a common utterance; but leaden weights stick to the wings on which the aspiring mind wants

to mount to its realms. Take these away, too, and what remains of all Christianity? So far as I can see nothing but its moral teaching, deprived of all support in specifically Christian forms of faith.

In Turin I visited Lombroso, the father of the modern Italian school of criminology. He was not at home, but I was received by his two young daughters, who, when they heard that I came from Finland, screamed with delight. Their father found us talking and laughing, and in my opinion he came a little too soon. He was a short, somewhat thick-set man with a kindly look about him, and he showed me great amiability. Perhaps I would like to visit the prison of which he was the doctor?—the great prison in which he had collected details dealing with some tens of thousands of criminals. I was, of course, grateful for the invitation, and the next day we spent several hours within the prison walls. We went into a few cells for solitary confinement—in one of them on this occasion there was an eight-year-old boy who had pilfered some apples—into small rooms containing two or three prisoners, and into larger apartments occupied by quite a number of men. Lombroso was evidently very popular amongst the prisoners, whom he treated as tenderly as a botanist does his precious plants. He joked with them and patted the cheeks of one or two of the women. "You are a murderer", he said to a bandit standing in his cell. "Yes, sir," was the cheerful answer. Last of all I was taken to the prison laboratory. Lombroso told me that one of his pupils had just made the interesting discovery that criminals often have projecting big toes. A prisoner who was present was asked to take off his shoes, but his big toes were quite normal. That was an exception. The test was made with another criminal, and with a similar result. By this time I was really very anxious to beg leave to show my own feet, which bore the distinctive mark of criminality; but my amiable guide would most likely have declared that they, too, were an exception. It

is beyond all question that Lombroso has introduced new methods into the study of criminals, and if his conclusions have sometimes been premature, that is only what generally happens to pioneers. The chief merit of his work and that of his school perhaps lies in the fact that they have shown how deeply rooted crime is in a criminal's innate nature, and how difficult it is to reform him. A few years later I came into much closer touch with Lombroso and learned in an even greater degree to appreciate his honest search for truth, which showed the same freedom from any ostentation as did his own simple, unaffected, and warm-hearted personality.

Speaking of Lombroso reminds me of another important man, whom he was good enough to introduce to me. When I was staying in London the following autumn I had a visit from a young Italian who handed me a letter from Lombroso. This was Guglielmo Ferrero, who even then, at a little more than twenty years of age, had, in collaboration with Lombroso, written the book entitled *La donna delinquente*. I managed to procure a home for him with my old friends the Couplands, and often came across him at the British Museum, where he was making preliminary studies for a book on justice. When I met him some years later in Turin he told me that just as I in Morocco had devoted myself to a detailed study of the ideas of one particular people in connection with my investigations of a more general nature, he, too, had chosen a more special object of study as a preliminary to his researches on justice; this afterwards led to his monumental work on the history of Rome, which won him world-wide renown. I had, however, seen him again on an earlier occasion. One lovely day at the end of May or the beginning of June he gave me a pleasant surprise by appearing in my study in Helsingfors. He had come from Russia, where he had visited Tolstoy, and was going on to Stockholm by a steamer starting at one o'clock in the morning. We passed the evening at an open-air restaurant with a couple of my friends; it was a beautiful evening

and our spirits were high. In the light summer night we then went to the steamer with Ferrero, who was in a state of unmixed joy. Afterwards he wrote an article on Finland and Scandinavia—included in his book *L'Europa giovane*, and gave it the title of "Il Paradiso terrestre"—"The Earthly Paradise".

To visit Paris for the first time in one's life is, I suppose, for the majority of people one of their most memorable experiences; but I can scarcely say that was the case with me, as I arrived there straight from Italy and was, besides, accustomed to the life of a great city in London. I have been in Paris more than twenty times since, often only on my way through and never long enough to feel really at home there; but although Paris is incomparably more beautiful than London, I think that under no circumstances should I feel so happy there as in England. I visited all its principal sights under the guidance of my sister Helena. She introduced me to Walter Runeberg,[1] in whose comfortable home I spent an evening in the company of Jonas Lie[2] and his wife; the question of marriage came up and Lie was much amused at my idea that it originated with the monkeys. My sister and I went afterwards to Holland, chiefly to enjoy its art treasures and I with the intention as well of doing a little work in the Amsterdam library. In Leyden we visited the University, where not a creature was to be seen, not even a porter; but the doors were open and we wandered through the entire building without anyone discovering that we had been there at all. Over one room—the lock-up, I fancy—was written the sentence from Dante's *Inferno*: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate", "Abandon all hope, ye who enter."

The summer was spent for the most part at the British Museum, and one autumn month I passed in Edinburgh, where I worked in the Advocates' Library. During my stay

[1] Walter Runeberg, one of Finland's foremost sculptors, son of its greatest poet.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

[2] Jonas Lie (1833–1908), celebrated Norwegian novelist and poet.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

in the North I could, however, not refrain from visiting Foula once more to see my old friends. Exactly twenty-five years later I was to get another sight of the little island under very exceptional circumstances. It was during the last year of the War, and the steamboats, that had been taken over by the English Government to carry on the service with Norway, then started from Aberdeen to shorten the passage across the North Sea as much as possible. The passengers had to be on board at a fixed hour, but the time of starting was kept secret, as was also the route to be followed, and during the passage no one would inform us where we were. One afternoon I stepped out of my deck cabin—and what did I see? Straight in front of me there rose Foula with its five easily recognizable mountain-tops. I could scarcely believe my eyes. But I was certainly pleased; and an impious thought came creeping into my mind: if the boat strikes a mine or is struck by a torpedo and the life-boats are run out, perhaps I may once more set foot on Foula's soil.

The Scots differ from Englishmen in many points. They are more serious, but endowed with a goodly portion of dry humour. A sterile country has made them industrious and economical, with a great eye to the main chance. They are shrewd business people; the tale goes that only one Jew is to be found in Scotland—he lives in Aberdeen and is so poor that he cannot buy a railway ticket to get away. The Scots have not got the English people's strict class-distinctions and seem to be free from the snobbery that is anything but uncommon among their southern neighbours. They have a great respect for intellect; one of my friends, when he came to a country village in Scotland, was at once taken to a blacksmith who was the most respected person in the village because he was its "thinking man". They are a physically strong race, too. Dr. Johnson—who had a great aversion to Scotland and the Scots and said that the only beautiful thing he ever saw in Edinburgh, one of Europe's most beautiful cities, was

the highroad to London—described "oats" as a kind of grain that in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland it supports the people. But he got a fitting answer from a Scot, who exclaimed: "And where else do you find such excellent horses, and where do you find such splendid people?" Someone has propounded the hypothesis that the Scotch have become such a strong people as the result of their fondness for whisky, which has killed off all the weaker individuals and left only the stronger to propagate the race. If this is correct, then natural selection must, at any rate, be congratulated on the result. The Scotch are probably the most capable nation in the world. Think what these few people have meant to the British Empire as Prime Ministers, administrators, soldiers, business men, colonists; and in the history of science, thought, and literature they also hold a very conspicuous position. It is true they have their less pleasing sides as well, besides certain weaknesses that I have already mentioned. They can be terribly prosy, and their Sundays are horrible. Nor does their idea of comfort always coincide with ours. My landlady in Edinburgh had two rooms to let, the second of which was occupied by a Scotch gentleman of the middle class. One day she told me with great satisfaction that she had got another lodger. "But where are you putting him?" I inquired. "In the other gentleman's room." "But there's only one bed." "It is quite wide enough for two." "Well, at any rate, you have asked him if he is satisfied with the arrangement?" "No, he wasn't in, but what objection could he have?"

In connection with my stay in London this year and upon the previous occasion I cannot leave out all mention of a friend with whom I for a time had more frequent intercourse than with anyone else—namely, Richard Wallaschek. He had been *docent* in Freiburg and occupied himself with the philosophy of law, but had come to much the same opinion as myself concerning German metaphysics and moved to London. When I first made his acquaintance, thanks to Sully,

he was working at a book on the origin of music, which then became a standard work. For a long time we dined together regularly at a little Italian restaurant, when his witty conversation and keen satire were like a refreshing bath after the labours of the day, in spite of the undercurrent of melancholy which lay in the depths of his nature; sometimes, too, he would sit down to the piano, which he played in a masterly fashion. Later on he went to Vienna, where he had a post at the University and worked as a musical critic besides writing important books on psychological subjects. We grew more and more out of touch with each other as the result of our mutual idleness in letter-writing, and I remember with regret that we lost sight of one another several years before his death.

When summer came—this was in 1894—I again went to London to continue my work; but in the middle of August I took three weeks' holiday and spent them in Switzerland, which I had until now only visited for a few hours, shut up in a railway train. I stayed a week in Brunnen on the Lake of Lucerne, but felt irresistibly drawn to the immediate neighbourhood of the snow-clad Alps, to the Bernese Oberland, and Zermatt. I was enraptured by the Matterhorn, and I had a near view of Monte Rosa, which I shall never forget, from the top of the Gorner Grat, where I walked one day when the air was clear as crystal and the Alps bathed in sunshine. The Lake of Geneva I also thought charming with its blue waters, southern vegetation, and views of snowy mountains; on a later occasion I stayed there a whole month, in Vevey. But man has done his best to vulgarize the splendour that Switzerland has to offer. We meet tourists at every step, but where are the Swiss themselves? We see very little of them except as hotel-keepers and waiters.

Whilst I was at home in Helsingfors, the work on my book made but very slow progress. I gave up my work at the library as early as the beginning of 1894; but from the following

autumn to the end of the spring of 1897 I discharged the duties of the Chair of Philosophy in lieu of Professor Rein, who was then Rector of the University, and also taught and examined law students in this subject. In the Nyland Students' Union the business connected with the people's high-school movement made serious demands upon my time. After the establishment of the high-school in Central Nyland the Union resolved to try to found a similar school in Western Nyland. With this object in view a meeting of those who took an interest in the matter was arranged at Ekenäs in the summer of 1892, and the Union was there invited to assume control of the task of carrying the proposal into effect. But where was the school to be established? This much-debated problem was solved by the gift of Västankvarn estate, which Fru Lina Sandell decided to put at the disposal of the Union on November 1, 1894. The work of organization now took on an intensive character. The management of the property and the establishment of the school were undertaken by a Board of Management with Viktor Öhberg as chairman and myself as secretary and cashier. There were endless meetings and now and again journeys to Västankvarn. But as we could not manage without Government aid, and as this could not be obtained for a people's high-school, which at headquarters was looked upon as a centre of political agitation, the result of our labours, with Fru Sandell's approval, was a school of agriculture and domestic economy, not, indeed, without strong humanistic tendencies. On November 18, 1905, the school was in a position to begin its activities, and on December 1st its ceremonial opening took place amidst general enthusiasm. Little could I foresee on this occasion that I should be privileged once more in my lifetime to open a new high-school—of another kind and of much higher rank. At the end of the autumn term I resigned the office of chairman of the Union, which I had held for six years inclusive of different periods of leave of absence.

The year 1895 was a unique time in my life, for it was the only one of the last thirty-four years (I am writing in 1926) when I had not stayed out of my native land for a longer or shorter period. I spent the summer partly in Kökar, partly in Äppelö, and also on long sailing tours. Kökar was a new and particularly congenial experience for me, lying as it did on the open sea, and I found the gaiety of its inhabitants as attractive as the place itself; it strongly reminded me of Shetland. But my stay in the fishing-sheds out on the rocks would have been still more delightful if I had found there no other living creatures than human beings—the nights were dreadful. The following spring I invested in a half-decked sailing-boat in which I lived for the greater part of the summers of 1896 and 1897, sailing up and down, this way and that, between Helsingfors and Aaland, round about Aaland and in the Abo skärgård. The boat was neither large nor a swift sailer, but it had the merit of being of so shallow a draught that I did not need to keep to the passages marked out by perches at the shoals, but could go straight ahead from Hangö to Kökar, passing by Vänö and Jurmo, where I stayed a few days on different occasions. This strange little island in the Baltic offered a certain curious interest to a writer on the history of marriage, for a man lived there not only with his actual wife, but with one from whom he was divorced, who now helped her successor to look after her children. I had quite a small library in the boat with me, so that I could have some other occupation besides navigation. And I had in tow a canvas canoe which for several summers gave me much pleasure. In a canoe on the sea one feels like a gull rocking on the waves. I remember such a trip one moonlight night when the sea was rough and the waves looked like mighty giants.

During the summer of 1896 I had a two weeks' interlude in my sailing life. I went to the third International Psychological Congress held at Munich and took part in the proceedings by

a paper entitled "Normative und Psychologische Ethik", in which I put forward my opinions on the object of scientific ethics. At the end of the lecture George Simmel came up and introduced himself to me; he said that he himself had expressed similar views, but added that he had also borrowed something from my book on marriage, so that we were quits. In reply I told him—and it was literally true—that I did not know his book, and therefore could not make any reference to it in my lecture. I made one or two other interesting acquaintances as well at the Congress. At the public banquet I went up to Henry Sidgwick and thanked him for the many things I had learned from his book, *The Methods of Ethics*. With the lovable modesty that was one of his characteristics he at once said: "Tell me if you have any criticism to make on the book; I am just publishing a new edition of it." "Forgive my candour," I answered, "there is one point on which I cannot share your opinion: I do not believe that there is anything objectively right or wrong." With a look of something like consternation and a defensive movement of his hand, he hastily exclaimed: "No, no; that I cannot alter!" I was, of course, prepared for this, since his whole ethical theory rests on the assumption of moral truths. No one who has once seen Sidgwick will ever forget his face with its soulful, almost childlike expression, his friendly eyes with the humorous twinkle in their corners and his wavy beard. I also became acquainted with the celebrated statistician and sociologist, Georg von Mayr, and was his guest in his summer home on the Starnberger Lake near Munich. In the evening I visited a village ball, where the much talked-of Swedish count, Carlo Landberg, who owned a castle in the neighbourhood, appeared surrounded by a retinue of servants of various colours. People have often laughed at him; but his merits as a scholar were certainly considerably greater than is allowed by many learned Arabists who have no eyes for anything but the classic form of the Arabic language. In the study of modern Arabic dialects which is now taken

up by many keen investigators, he occupies the place of a pioneer.

During my sailing trips in the summer of 1897 the south-west wind seemed to have a more tender touch than usual in its caresses and brought me happy whispers of coming hours. The Antell donation to the University had borne its first fruit, and this had fallen to my share. That meant three consecutive years abroad, three years of undisturbed quiet for work. Was I not the darling of fortune? At the end of the summer I took my way to England.

# CHAPTER VI

## 1897–1899

Stay in England—Journeys to Spain and Morocco.

The work at my book went on with fresh vigour. For half a year I now sat in the British Museum from morn till eve, and to get time to do as much as possible I had procured an assistant who sat at the table beside me and wrote the passages which I marked. For the benefit of those who may at any time be in a similar position I would like to recommend a method which I have followed with good results. When reading a book I held along the margin a strip of paper the upper edge of which exactly corresponded with the printed page. On this paper I marked with a pencil the lines I wished copied; by applying the strip in the same way my secretary found them again with the greatest ease; and it was no less simple for me to check the extracts. By this easy method a reader avoids all the troublesome work of counting the lines, which is otherwise necessary in a library where marking the books is not allowed.

Sometimes I attended the meetings of the Aristotelian Society and read a paper at one of them. It was the principal philosophical society in England, and its members at that time formed a somewhat select company. The regular attendance at the meetings did not number much more than a dozen people, who sat round a long table, listened to the reading of a paper, and afterwards discussed it. Sometimes the debate grew quite heated—that is, judged by an English standard, which is by no means the same as ours. The audience consisted of Hegelians, adherents of the British empiric school, including evolutionists, and Shadworth Hodgson, who had a philosophy of his own. The Aristotelian Society was the apple of the old man's eye. Its meetings, which were

held in the Royal Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, generally ended with a walk to his private house in Conduit Street, where visitors were entertained with old wine and good cigars. This had been his home ever since the far-distant time when his young wife was still living, and it was currently reported that he kept her room untouched as a kind of sacred shrine. He was a notable philosopher and a gentleman with engaging manners, but when his ideas met with criticism his face could flush crimson with ill-concealed anger.

At the Society's meetings I became acquainted with Alexander Shand, who was one of its vice-presidents; and our acquaintance soon developed into a warm friendship that has lasted till the moment of writing these lines, nearly thirty years. It is impossible to give outsiders an adequate idea of what he has been to me during the long period that I have lived in England. He and Sully have been my most intimate English friends; we three were very frequently together and made, indeed, a sort of clover-leaf. I was the youngest of the trio, but Shand is only a few years older than I and is one of those people who keep their youth to the end of their days. How heartily he can laugh, and how he loves a glass of good wine in good friends' company! At dinner or on Sunday evenings at his beautiful Kensington home one was always sure of meeting interesting people among his guests, and as long as I lived in his neighbourhood one of my evening pleasures, too, was to go and pay him a call, which, however, his wife, intent on her husband's welfare, strictly brought to a close at 12 p.m. Our conversation was chiefly confined to psychology and philosophy, in which our views were so akin that I cannot remember our ever having a serious controversy; whereas on the other hand I often heard to my edification and with admiration new ideas that were the fruit of his own original thought. He was more than fifty years of age when he brought out his first book—as were also the two greatest of English philosophers, Hobbes and Locke. The

book was *The Foundations of Character*, which is very commonly recognized as the most important that has been written in English on the psychology of the emotions. But before this he had already won reputation, indeed had founded a school, by lesser writings on this field of research. He has always been a man who, having no need to think about an income, could devote himself entirely to his science. Nothing would induce him to give out anything half-finished, but at the same time he has ever been most generous in sharing his time with his friends. I have in great measure to thank my friend Shand for my conception of an English gentleman as seen at his best. (Plate 5.)

I have on two different occasions had the pleasure of his company outside England itself. He and his family passed a summer with me in Ulricehamn, where Sully, too, joined us for a considerable time; and once in my Easter holidays I enticed him to come with me to Tangier. His decision was taken so hastily that he only just had time to make his will, which he and his wife thought an essential preparation for such a journey. We travelled by rail through France and Spain, and on the night train between Madrid and Cordova a wine merchant from Valepeñas would not let us sleep until we had agreed to his proposal of buying a cask of his wines; later the cask arrived safely in London, and the wine proved ample compensation for the loss of some of our night's rest. After a day's halt in Cordova we continued our journey south with a train starting at six in the morning. It was impossible to get a single bite to eat or even a cup of coffee before starting, but Shand was in excellent form, although he often complains of his bad temper before he has had his breakfast. He had, indeed, something quite special to offer. When the train had started and the guard was well out of the way, Shand produced a bag of tea, jugs, cups, spoons, and a spirit lamp, which he lit, smiling with delight. But—where is the water? Oh, the water! That's been forgotten. We had the pleasure of waiting

another six long hours without bit or drop to satisfy our hunger. But I told Shand that I thought it quite fitting that he should just once, by way of exception, give evidence of the first germ of one of the little weaknesses considered suitable to a true philosopher.

For Christmas 1897 I was invited by my old friends, the Goodisons, to Penzance, where they then spent the winter. It was a surprise to me to escape from the cold in London to a temperature of 55° F. and to find fan-palms and camellias in flower in the gardens; there is good reason, indeed, for the phrase "the Cornish Riviera". But my Christmas journey turned out much more than a pleasant recreation for me, since it proved one of those occasions when pure chance exercises an important influence on one's life. I had thought of going in the spring to Tunis to get some personal experience of a Mohammedan people; my researches had begun to smack of the study, and in my application for the Antell scholarship I had laid stress on my great desire to make investigations beyond the boundaries of Europe. When I chanced to mention my intention to Mrs. Goodison, she said that she had just had a letter of delight written under the shade of orange-trees at an hotel outside Tangier. Yes, Morocco was, of course, infinitely more interesting than Tunis, but I had been told that it was unsafe at Tangier to walk about even just outside the city gate. Mrs. Goodison added that amongst the officials at the British Museum there would surely be someone who could give me a letter of introduction to an Englishman in Morocco. And I soon found that she was right. My travelling-plans ripened by degrees. One day, in the beginning of March, I went aboard a P. & O. steamer to disembark at Gibraltar and from there to find my way to the little town of Tetuan, on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco; here an English vice-consul lived, to whom I was carrying a letter from one of his acquaintances. When I arrived at Gibraltar I was told that the none-too-frequent steamship communication with Tetuan happened

to be interrupted by a storm. I waited a couple of days, but the delay became too protracted, and I decided in passing to make a circular tour in Andalusia.

My first goal was the small town of Ronda, an interesting relic of Moorish times, situated in a beautiful mountain district about four hours by rail from Gibraltar. I was quite ignorant of Spanish, but trusted to being able to manage with Italian. At the breakfast-table in Ronda, however, I learnt that I had overestimated the similarities between the two languages. I wanted some butter, and asked for *burro*. But the waiter looked at me in amazement, as the Italian word for butter means, in Spanish, a donkey—and imagine a donkey for breakfast!

In the train to Malaga I had as travelling-companions five Spaniards. Now I had read in my Baedeker that it is customary in Spain for any traveller who has anything to eat to offer his fellow-passengers what he is going to enjoy himself. This old custom, which has its equivalent in Morocco, owes its origin to fear of the onlookers' evil-eye. Baedeker said it was a pure formality: no one ever took anything offered in this way—so I could, without any fear, fulfil the demands of convention. I offered my travelling-companions my cigar-case, which contained five cigars; but—you should have seen my face—every one of them took a cigar, and I myself had none.

In Malaga I went to one of the larger hotels, where, according to Baedeker, full pension, including wine, could be had from six pesetas a day. I asked if I could have a room and board at that price, which then, owing to the war going on with America, was not more than 3s. 6d. They told me all those rooms were unfortunately engaged, but they could give me a slightly inferior room and full board for *five* pesetas. Did ever anyone hear the like? In the other Andalusian towns, too, I had reason to be satisfied with my treatment, and I have heard Spanish honesty highly spoken of by others with greater experience of it than mine. One of my friends has twice left

his gold watch and valuable gold chain behind in Spanish hotels, and on both occasions one of the waiters came running to the station to restore his lost property. But a Scotsman who was staying in Spain as agent of the Scottish Bible Society told me on the contrary that the Spaniards were great thieves. I replied that I had just read a book on crime and its causes written by his fellow-countryman, the Rev. W. D. Morrison, who says that there are almost four cases of theft in Scotland to one in Spain. "Of course", I added, "I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, but in any case the author is a Scotsman and a criminologist as well as a clergyman by profession."

Granada has many attractions: the magnificent view over the Sierra Nevada, its cathedral with the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, the gipsies in their rocky cave-dwellings, the Generalife, and, above all, the Alhambra. In the cathedral I was attracted by the wooden carvings that with inimitable though unconscious humour portray the conversion of the Moors to Christianity, as they are in process of being dragged with the most frightful grimaces to the baptismal font. In the Alhambra I was surprised that the rooms were not larger; even the celebrated Lion Hall, which in pictures seems so imposing, is of quite insignificant dimensions. On a later visit I found that the splendid ornamentation is in great measure founded on designs which are at the present day still used in Morocco as amulets against the evil-eye; conventionalized images of eyes or eyebrows and various combinations of the number five, representing the five fingers of the hand, with which the evil influence emanating from the eye is thrown back or the eye itself is, in a symbolic manner, put out. That the architect of the Alhambra shared his nation's fear of the evil-eye is plainly evident from the upright hand portrayed over its entrance gate. In Cordova there are at least two most interesting remains—namely, the enormous mosque, whose original grandeur could not be destroyed even by its conversion into a

Christian church, and the Moorish bridge over the Guadalquivir, standing on Roman foundations. The latter brought to my memory one of my favourite authors, Seneca—a son of Cordova—for whose keen psychological perception I have the greatest admiration. In Seville I did not give myself time to stay long enough to enjoy its many sights, for I was anxious to return to Gibraltar and find a steamboat going to Tetuan. But this I again did not manage, so I went aboard the little steamer *Gibel Tarik*, which in about three hours carried me across the Straits to Tangier, the nearest town in Morocco.

As if by the wave of some magic wand I found myself suddenly transported to the East. The narrow, uneven streets winding in and out between houses with windowless, white-plastered walls; the mosques and sanctuaries; the veiled women; the men with shaven heads and one solitary long lock hanging from the crown; the water-carriers with the swollen goatskin on their backs and a bell in their hands; the crowd of strange types in motley garments and rags, walking along the main street and on the market-place just outside the city gate; the stench of dirt and fat—these were my first impressions of the world to which I had now to try to accommodate myself. How glorious are the surroundings—the white sandy shore encircling the beautiful curve of the Bay of Tangier, and the mountain to the west of the town with its luxuriant gardens! When on the day after my arrival I rode over this mountain on an excursion to Cape Spartel, I little thought how often in the future I should enjoy all this beauty, with the Straits of Gibraltar lying at my feet and the Spanish coast, the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the Andjra mountains in the background.

The point for me now was to find a way across country to Tetuan, which lies near the Mediterranean coast-line, about forty miles east of Tangier. It was only possible to get there by riding along a path which at certain places, especially in wet weather, offered difficulty even to a mule. Before the sun

was up, two horses and a mule were standing at the hotel door, and a moment after my little caravan made a start. At the head rode the old Moorish soldier who, in accordance with the prevailing regulations, had been appointed as my protector, whilst the rear-guard consisted of a black donkey-boy, who was in charge of my baggage. The landscape is miserably desolate, with great stretches of waste land and not a human habitation to be seen, as the villages are hidden behind mountains; there is a complete absence of trees, and the vegetation mainly consists of tufts of palmetto—which here take much the same place as juniper bushes do in the Finland landscape—and oleanders, the substitutes for willow bushes along our river-banks. Here and there cattle and sheep may be seen grazing under charge of their herdsmen; farther on we come to neglected fields of wheat or barley and fallow land being turned over by bare-headed natives with primitive ploughs. But when, after an eight hours' slow journey, we reach the top of the highest mountain that we have to cross, a view of surprising extent and beauty suddenly lies open before our eyes; below us a narrow river-valley, in the far distance Tetuan with its glistening white houses, and still farther a narrow blue streak of the Mediterranean on the horizon. The country has, by degrees, become less forlorn, and flowering shrubs lend colour to the landscape. One little village after another appears clinging fast to the mountain-sides, and the sun, which has crept from behind the clouds, lights up the magnificent picture. In the foreground, from the top of a small hill, Tetuan all the time gladdens my eyes like an apple-tree in full blossom. An hour before sundown I ride through a fine gateway in the old city wall, which tries to be impressive with its few rusty cannon, where small birds build safe and tranquil nests.

Tetuan, like Tangier, is a very ancient town, which existed as early as the time of the Romans. It was rebuilt by the Andalusian Moors, who took refuge there in 1492 after the

Spanish conquest of Granada. It is said that many of the fugitives took their house-keys with them in the hope that Allah would allow Granada to fall once more into the hands of the faithful. But Fate willed otherwise. Nearly four hundred years later the Spaniards came to Tetuan and occupied it for two years, from 1860 to 1862. After their departure the Moors tried to wipe out every trace of the Spanish occupation, and almost the only reminders left of them were two dust-heaps into which the conquerors had converted two districts of the town in their endeavours to get fuel, as the inhabitants systematically refused to sell them charcoal. But as I write these lines the Spaniards have come back once more to Tetuan. I have not been there since, nor have I any intention of going again.

The centre of the town consists of a great open square which offers a very animated scene on market-days. White-skinned, neatly dressed townspeople, sunburnt Berbers, round-backed Jews, moving white bundles out of which peep two woman's eyes, as well as unveiled ladies from the mountains, such are the company that carry on a busy trade there. In the middle of the market, surrounded by a crowd of listeners, sits a soothsayer, who will tell any interested client his fortune after first drawing some mystic signs on his wooden tablet. And not far off a butcher has been carrying out his trade, and a dying goat with its throat cut is writhing in a pool of blood, to the evident satisfaction of some boys who are curiously watching the body's convulsive twitchings. In one corner of the market there is a gate leading to the overcrowded Jewish quarter with its straight streets, in great measure inhabited by descendants of those Jews who were driven out by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century and fled to Morocco in the hope that they might be able to lead as passable a life there as under the Moors in Spain.

The streets in Tetuan are as a rule narrow, winding, and full of dirt and rubbish thrown out of the houses. A stranger must walk warily not to fall into a hole, step down into a pool, or,

perchance, slip on some dead rat or cat. The principal streets have on either side open shops that are also used as worksheds, where the master and his men make wooden articles, straw mats, sandals, guns, or other objects typical of Tetuan's handicraft. Here and there we get a chance of casting a stolen glance into a mosque—which I, under no circumstances, am permitted to enter—or into a school where the boys, seated on the floor and rhythmically swaying back and forward, grind away at the Koran in loud unison—it sounds like the hum of a beehive—whilst the teacher sits a little away from them with a long switch in his hand, ready to strike the bare feet of any inattentive scholar. The dwelling-houses are very insignificant, as far as outside appearance goes, and give the passer-by no idea of what is sometimes hidden behind the closed door. If he steps from the dirty street into the home of a wealthy Tetuan gentleman, he is astonished by the splendour of the interior. In the middle there is an open square surrounded by arcades, with a marble fountain or, at any rate, a small pond and running water with its constant murmur, that in the ear of every native of Morocco has all the charm of music. By the side of this a garden with orange, lemon, and other fruit trees, a few walks paved with plaster or coloured tiles, and, on either side of these and above them, a trellis covered with vines and other climbing plants. The floor, pillars, steps, and walls of the house are inlaid with mosaics in geometrical designs, and the ceilings are carved and painted in a style which we already know from the Alhambra. All these are remains of the same old civilization which is also evident in the native gentleman's refined manners and the polite phrases abounding in his speech.

Very often I went out through one or other of the city gates to look at the Spring. To the south of Tetuan there lies a wide and exceptionally fertile river-valley, where the earth's productive power after the abundant rains finds vent in an unparallelled wealth of colour. The fields are covered with

flaming poppies amongst the rich green. The flowery carpet of meadow after meadow glows in all colours of the rainbow. The clear green of the fig-trees' large juicy foliage stands out against their grey trunks and branches. The pear-trees are decked in snowy blossom. The orange-trees droop under the burden of their deep golden fruit. And over all a cloudless heaven, ever changing colour as the sun climbs the morning sky or sinks towards the horizon in the west. Spring in Morocco with its colours, its scents, its sweet air and sunshine, its teeming life, and the song of its nightingales—this, indeed, belongs to those festive hours of life that fill the human soul with bliss.

And what a view we get from the hills that form Tetuan's natural wall towards the north: the snow-white town at our feet, the fields and gardens with the country houses of well-to-do Moors scattered like lumps of sugar amid the green, in the background the purple curves and slopes of the last spurs of the Atlas Mountains, and in the east the dark blue of the Mediterranean to mark the meeting-place of earth and sky!

I stayed in Tetuan a little over three weeks, during which I had as teacher an old gentleman who spoke fluent English. But I was longing to see the interior of the country and, above all, Fez, the principal town and chief seat of Moorish civilization. For such a journey an interpreter was needed, and as the only person who could be recommended to me for the purpose was already engaged by an English tourist, we decided to travel together. In addition to the interpreter we took with us a Moorish soldier, four native servants, the Englishman's attendant, three horses, seven mules, and a donkey, as well as four tents with equipment and provisions for a couple of weeks, for at that time there was not a single road made in the whole of Morocco, nor any inns—at any rate not in the country districts. A journey to Fez as a rule took about a week, but we were delayed by rain and other unforeseen events;

PLATE 8.—SÎDI ABDSSLAM IN ANDJRA

one which caused us great trouble was crossing a river so much swollen by the rain that at last we had to accomplish it on the backs of camels. I shall not describe my journey in detail, as I have already done so in a special book, *Six Years in Morocco*, which was published a number of years ago. But my stay and travels in Morocco play such an important part in my life's memories that I cannot refrain from repeating many things that I have already said in the book mentioned. It does not often happen with us that people read anything but the very newest. Books are, for the most part, Christmas butterflies that flutter about for a couple of weeks, then scorch their wings on the Christmas candles and disappear.

After almost two weeks' travelling through treeless and mainly desolate regions, it was a joy to arrive at last at Fez, which lies in a delightful district with luxuriant vegetation, amidst hills with bare summits but slopes covered with olive-trees. In the distance is seen a mountain range with a snow-clad peak. That is the home of Berbers, whom in those days no European could visit—a free people who almost at the very gates of the Sultan's chief residential city gave no more than nominal subjection to his rule. But what strikes the traveller most as he enters Fez is the abundance of water. The city has running through it a river which no sooner enters the town than its water is diverted into numberless channels that drive mills, flow through gardens, mosques, and houses, cross streets, spurt up in fountains adorned with mosaics, and wash away the impurities of the drains. Wherever we go we hear the sound of running water, and our eyes are charmed by the verdure springing up from the damp soil. Native writers never tire of singing the praises of Fez and its water, which is said to heal diseases, to soften the skin, to cleanse clothes without soap, to give perfume to everything it touches, and to taste like honey. The Fez townsman draws his drinking-water from the river, not from any of the springs which the city has in such abundance; nor does it trouble him that his

neighbour, higher up the stream, has quite likely rinsed his washing in the very same water which he takes to quench his thirst.

The streets in Fez form a labyrinth in which not even during my later six months' stay in the town did I manage to find my way alone; Toledo in this respect is simply nothing compared with Fez. The reason of it is that there are no open spaces anywhere in the interior of this great town of winding streets. Moreover, the streets, with high houses on either side, are, with the exception of the main thoroughfares, extraordinarily narrow; in many of them it is impossible for two riders who meet to pass each other, so that one of them has to go back to allow the other to go on. In some places they have an open roof of grape vines, where the sunbeams filter through the leafy covering; in others they are like tunnels bored through the overhanging houses, and there a rider must be careful to bend down well over his animal's neck to avoid getting a blow on his forehead or being knocked out of his saddle. In the middle of the street there is a great depression, sometimes half a yard in depth, which has been hollowed out by all the hoofs of beasts of burden, and which in wet weather is often converted into a rushing stream. Many of the streets, however, literally swarm with people, for Fez is an active town and a great business centre. The more important articles of trade have their own particular streets where they are sold; and since everything smells in Morocco, each of these thoroughfares also has its own special odour—of linen, leather, rancid butter, roses, or what not. In the evening the city seems dead, except for an occasional foot-passenger groping his way in the dark, or a solitary rider with a flaring lantern in his hand. But riding needs great caution, for poor folk have chosen the sides of the streets as a suitable place to sleep, regardless alike of horses' hoofs or the bark of the half-wild dogs. And care must be taken not to stay out too long, for later in the evening the innumerable gates separating

one part of the city from another are locked, to prevent possible evil-doers from seeking safety in flight.

On our arrival at Fez we went straight to the house of a well-to-do Moor, whose top floor was arranged for our accommodation. In this metropolis, the pride and heart of Morocco, with a population probably of something like a hundred thousand souls, there was not even the very simplest inn for travellers, nor was there in 1910 either, the date of my last visit to Fez. At that time there lived in the town about twenty Europeans, children and servants included, and when the Sultan took up his residence anywhere else, this number was reduced to half a dozen. I wonder if a more unadulterated capital could be found throughout the world.

After three weeks in Fez I decided to move on. The Englishman felt too tired to go any farther and our interpreter remained with him, whilst I took with me another of our men, Sîdi Abdsslam, who happened to speak tolerable English. (Plate 8.) No soldier was to accompany me. This was, of course, a breach of international law, for the Sultan had made an agreement with the Christian Governments that if any one of their subjects for unavoidable reasons desired to travel in his country, he must do so with a military escort. The escorting soldier was a kind of life-assurance policy, obtainable by the payment of a fixed premium, the greater portion of which found its way into the local governor's pocket. But in Morocco people could do much as they liked, and why should I put myself to the expense of such an encumbrance? I had a much better protection in Sîdi Abdsslam's *baraka*, or "holiness", which he had inherited from his great ancestor, the Prophet Mohammed. He was a shereef belonging to the well-known Baqqâli family that is reputed to be able to cast the most terrible curses over an enemy; so strong, indeed, is the holiness of these shereefs that people are even afraid of their goatherds. Our start from Fez was very unpretending, with a following of only two mules and their owner. But in

Mequinez I hired another horse as well and engaged an extra servant.

Mequinez is an old town celebrated for its fine city gates, its large palace, and other memorials from the days of Mûlai Ismail. This sultan, who ruled here for more than fifty years, in the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, was described by the European ambassadors who visited his court—chiefly with a view of ransoming Christian prisoners who were doing hard labour under his scourge—as a wild beast in human form. During the first twenty years of his rule he is said to have killed twenty thousand of his subjects with his own hands. To test the edge of a new sword he was quite capable of striking the head off the nearest person handy, and when a French ambassador was his guest he amused himself by cutting down a few slaves in the visitor's presence. He had, moreover, an executioner always at his side ready instantly to dispatch any one at whom the Sultan looked, by beheading the culprit at a sign of his master's chin or by strangling him if he turned his wrist. But in Morocco he is chiefly remembered as the strong and pious ruler, whose holiness was so great that whoever was fortunate enough to fall by his hand won thereby an entry into paradise. At the time of my visit a few American missionaries were the only Christians there. It would be wrong to say that the inhabitants treated me with any friendliness; when I walked along the street I used to hear lips hissing behind me, and when I stopped for a moment outside a small café, the landlord grew so furious that I found it expedient to hasten on my way.

In the beginning of June I was back in Tangier. But for a second time I turned my steps southwards, and accompanied by the shereef I boarded a steamer that took us to Mazagan on the Atlantic coast, whence we went in a south-easterly direction to our goal, Marrakesh, the capital of Southern Morocco. For three days we travelled for the most part

over monotonous plains, where the vegetation had already been burnt by the sun or ravaged by enormous swarms of locusts that at times reminded me of a violent blizzard and almost turned day into night. But on the fourth day we came to a narrow and rugged mountain-pass, from which a view of exceptional beauty opened before our eyes. Beneath us lay the wide Tensift Valley, with Marrakesh in its midst, and on both sides of the river a gigantic palm forest with fig orchards and olive groves interspersed among the date-trees. But high above the tree-tops rises the Kutubîa mosque, its slender tower acting as a beacon for the traveller, and in the background towards the south stretches the gigantic chain of the High Atlas Mountains with their snow-clad peaks, some of them over 12,000 feet in height.

Marrakesh differs from Fez in its broad streets, low houses, and many open spaces, where acrobats perform their tricks and tale-tellers collect their listening crowds, whilst conjurers, snake-charmers, soothsayers, and quacks carry on their more or less lucrative professions. In the principal business quarter the short, straight, parallel streets are roofed with bamboo canes covered with climbing plants, and shut off from the adjacent parts of the town by stakes or chains to keep out riders and beasts of burden. Negro blood is very noticeable amongst the inhabitants, and whereas the Fez native is usually fair-skinned, the native of Marrakesh has a dusky complexion. The traveller feels he is in Africa rather than in the land of the Moors. But here, too, memorials of the Moors' palmy days are in evidence, the foremost among them being the Kutubîa mosque with its minaret, in style akin to the Giralda in Spain. The town was founded in the eleventh century by the first ruler of the Almoravid dynasty. It is said at one time to have had seven hundred thousand inhabitants, but probably the number is greatly exaggerated; at the time of which I am speaking, its population amounted perhaps to sixty thousand, or a few more. At the time of my first visit—and at my second

and third as well—the town was more animated than usual, owing to the presence of the Sultan and his army. But at the same time death was busy taking a very heavy toll of the people in a cruel and relentless epidemic of typhus, which is said to have spared scarcely a single family.

I was the bearer of a letter of introduction from the British Minister in Tangier, Sir Arthur Nicholson, to the famous Kaid Maclean, who was then in Marrakesh with the army and the court. Twenty years before he had come from Gibraltar to Morocco to become instructor of the army of the then reigning sultan, Mûlai el-Hasan. Under his successor, Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz, he rose in position and became the young Sultan's friend and confidant, as also the political, financial, and commercial agent to the Moorish Government. He was looked upon rather as a Moor than a Christian, and went about like every other *qaid*, dressed in turban, caftan, burnous, and wide knee-breeches tucked into yellow riding-boots. It was to this man I first betook myself on my arrival at Marrakesh. He received me in the friendliest way, at once informed the Grand Vizier of my presence, and begged in my name that a dwelling should be allotted me. The answer came: "He shall get a house to-morrow, but to-night he must sleep in his tent." So they led me to a large square close to the Kutubîa mosque, and there I set up my little camp in expectation of the morrow. But the house did not materialize either that day or the next. I repeated my request, but the answer was always the same, "To-morrow." Nobody wanted visits from strangers in Marrakesh, and if in spite of this one should come, it was made as uncomfortable for him as possible. As far as I know, no other Europeans were there except Kaid Maclean, his family, a young doctor who had lately come at Maclean's request from England, and a couple of missionary families, who had been reduced in numbers by the typhus epidemic. The matter began to be annoying. An oppressive wind swept sand and dirt into my tent to such an extent that I could

scarcely keep my eyes open. The heat inside was not only unbearable but also attracted thousands of flies that did not give me a moment's peace as long as daylight lasted. The floor was alive with crawling spiders and beetles, and one evening we found a scorpion that had crept into my camp-bed. And then came the great catastrophe.

One morning when I woke I found to my alarm that my portmanteau had disappeared as well as all my clothes, with the exception of the one garment I was wearing in bed; and all my money and scientific notes had been in the portmanteau. One or more thieves had during the night cut one of the tent ropes and crept in without waking me or any of my men. By my pillow there still lay my neglectful revolver, which as a last resource was to protect me and my property, but everything else was gone. I could not get up, for even in Morocco a full-grown man cannot go about in nothing but a shirt. I asked the cook to give me my breakfast, but where was the money to come from to buy it? I sent word to Kaid Maclean of what had happened to me, and he reported the matter to the Grand Vizier. I demanded compensation as I had been robbed at the very place which the authorities had allotted to me. The Grand Vizier made excuses and said in his opinion I ought to be heartily pleased that nothing worse had happened. "If a man gets into our dwelling at night", he remarked, "and takes our property but spares our throat, we feel grateful and praise God. Besides, the foreign gentleman had no soldier with him, you see." Yes, that was the rub; according to the insurance regulation I ought to have had a soldier to escort me from Mazagan. But on the other hand, I had brought with me a letter of introduction from the British Minister; the Grand Vizier had promised me a house, but had not kept his word; and the city authorities had neglected to have a night watchman, although, in a manner, I was their guest. So I had good grounds for hope.

One day I was allowed to move into a small house, where

I had no cause to fear even scorpions. At the entrance to my room was an inscription: "Mohammed sent greeting to Noah and to all men and said that God commanded them to beware of poison"; and I was assured that these words would protect me against all poisonous reptiles and insects while I was asleep. But in spite of this it was not advisable to sleep too soundly. One night an attempt was made to break into the house, but I woke at the noise and the disturbers of the peace took fright and made off. Kaid Maclean had kindly supplied me with money and his doctor with a new suit of clothes of such a good fit that I could wear them in London the following autumn. There I happened to meet one of my lady acquaintances who asked me if in Morocco I had heard the name of a young doctor—her cousin—who had lately gone out; to which I replied that I was at that moment wearing his clothes—so small the world is. After waiting nearly two weeks I at last received from the Grand Vizier two bags containing small silver coins to the value of two thousand eight hundred pesetas. This was, indeed, very generous and almost made me blush to think what different treatment would have been meted out in Europe to a Moorish traveller who had chanced to be robbed of his valise; but I comforted myself with the thought that it was no more than fair that the Moorish Government should for once offer a little gift on the altar of science. Meantime I had to dismiss the project of a journey to the High Atlas Mountains from my mind, as the Grand Vizier had never given his consent to it. I therefore proceeded westward, following the Atlas range at some little distance, and after riding for four and a half days arrived at the coast town of Mogador. And from there I went by steamer back to Tangier to continue my return journey to Europe.

It was with very mixed feelings that I ended my first journey to Morocco. From a tourist point of view it had been enchanting, although, to be sure, travelling in Morocco was not without its hardships. The never-ending riding, sometimes for ten or

twelve hours a day, the burning sun, the poor food, and the dirty drinking-water, all made demands on the traveller's physique; then the innumerable small creatures that swarmed —flying, creeping, or jumping—in his tent were a serious menace to his rest at night. But what did small discomforts matter in comparison to the indescribable delight of a journey in this land with its wonderful medieval atmosphere? I felt myself carried back a thousand years, and many a time fancied I was a wayfarer in Europe at a period when made roads and bridges were unknown and the traveller had to make his own way as best he could. I had, moreover, got an idea of Oriental life and been brought into daily contact with people who had kept their ancient belief in magic powers and mystic spirits that dwell in every mountain chasm, every spring and river, and creep out of their hiding-places when twilight falls and terrify the hearts of the children of men. But, on the other hand, the chief harvest of three months' efforts had been lost by the theft of my notes. And, moreover, I had learnt beyond all doubt that a journey for ethnological research is a serious undertaking, needing much time and patience.

Botanists, zoologists, and geologists can bring home really important results from a journey of but a few months' duration, but it is quite a different matter for anyone who has made it his object to study a foreign nation. First and foremost he must learn their language, for not even the very best of interpreters can make up for what an investigator loses if he himself is unable to communicate with the natives and to understand what they say. This may, indeed, seem a self-evident truth, but that I did not realize it at the very first surprises me less when I consider how many capable ethnologists there are who still seem to hold the view that even without any real knowledge of the native tongue it is yet possible to reach their goal in a comparatively short time, if only right methods of investigation are employed. I had originally only looked upon Morocco as one stage on my way, and intended afterwards to

go on to Ceylon, the South Sea Islands, and Heaven knows where. But that journey was never to come off. I meant to return to Morocco, learn its language, and become as familiar as possible with its people. That was a big enough task for me; better much about little than a little about much. Morocco was so close to Europe that I could quite easily and quite often return there, and although many books had been written about it, our knowledge of its people was from a scientific point of view extremely defective. Fortunately in my application for the scholarship I had reserved to myself the right of choosing my own field for research. Now, however, I had to return first to the North to pass some time with my parents and then to stay for a little in London. But I should not be away long.

In the beginning of November I was back again in Tangier, this time provided with a quantity of books, notes, and equipment for a lengthy stay in Morocco. I went at once to Tetuan to spend the winter there, rented a beautiful Moorish house—containing a marvellous apartment with one hundred and forty-four window-panes—situated in a garden with a magnificent view over mountains and sea; and from here I made excursions to the surrounding districts, which are inhabited by so-called Jebâla, independent tribes of Berber stock, although they at present speak nothing but Arabic. But I was also busily occupied with ethical studies and working at my book on the moral ideas. Once I came to a question over which I had to rack my brains considerably, and that was the analysis of the idea of justice.

As I could not manage to solve the difficulty I had my horses saddled and rode with Sîdi Abdsslam to the village of Bne Hlu in the Andjra Mountains, at a few hours' distance from Tetuan—not that I hoped to find in that country of professional robbers any new contribution to the psychology of justice, but simply to drive all thoughts of the worrying idea out of my mind for a few days. Experience has taught me that when one's brain struggles in vain with a difficult problem, it is wisest to

put it aside and find distraction for one's thought in another direction. Then when the matter is attacked again, it is often found to have cleared up in a wonderful way, so that the solution comes almost spontaneously. Besides, it was Christmas-time, and it is pleasant to celebrate it in some way or other. Sîdi Abdsslam is a native of Bne Hlu and owns a fruit orchard there as a legacy from his grandfather Sîdi-el-Hosni, the great saint of the village. No sooner did we get near the village on our horses than two men came to meet us and kiss the hem of his cloak. Wherever he went he was surrounded by an admiring crowd who responded to his slightest hint. When he sat down, young and old threw themselves at his feet, and when they brought into my tent the *kusksu*—the Moorish national dish, consisting of a kind of steamed wheat or barley groats mixed with butter, with the addition of meat and green vegetables—no one touched it until Sîdi Abdsslam had invoked the blessing of Allah on the food. They also begged him earnestly to remain in the village, promising in return to give him the most beautiful girl as his wife. A faint reflection of his halo fell even on my profane head, and they gave me a constant succession of hens one after another.

It was my intention to go in the spring to the High Atlas Mountains. Russia had lately got a Minister of her own in Tangier, and as he was going to visit the Sultan in Marrakesh he had offered to get permission for my trip. He was a kind-hearted native of the Baltic provinces, Bacheracht by name, with a wife who was both amiable and beautiful. She had been married before to Louis IV of Hesse, and so was formerly the stepmother of the Russian Empress. But when it came to Queen Victoria's ears that the husband of her deceased daughter had married this nobody who was a mere Russian countess, she became so furious that she immediately compelled him to repudiate her—although under other circumstances she had such a moral aversion to divorce that no wife separated in this way from her husband was permitted to set

her foot in her Royal Court. I now and then visited the Bacherachts and had an opportunity at lunch of hearing the wife express her cordial sympathy with Finland's stand against Russia's encroachment on its Constitution, whilst her husband sat there listening in silence. As the day for the Minister's journey drew near, I told him, however, that he would not meet me, as he supposed, in Marrakesh, and that for the time being I had given up all idea of the Atlas expedition, as I was setting out for Europe.

During my stay in Tetuan the newspapers had brought me news of the promulgation of the Tsar's manifesto which deprived Finland of liberties that he had himself guaranteed by oath, and excited letters reached me from Finland and England. Sully wrote that something must be done and that a committee of protest was being formed in London. Yes, there was no doubt about it, "something must be done", and I, too, must do my bit. Sîdi Abdsslam declared that he could not let me go alone, but would come with me to defend me against my enemies; he had enough money of his own for the journey. He also offered to collect a thousand men from the Andjra tribe to send to Finland—as far as I know the first offer of armed help against the Russians. I said there was no hurry about the matter, but there was certainly something to be said for his proposal to accompany me on my journey: I could then continue my study of Arabic during the months I had to stay in Europe. My manuscripts and other possessions were deposited by the grandfather's tomb in Tangier, as the shereef gave his oath that the old saint would guard them carefully. And then off we went.

# CHAPTER VII

## 1899–1900

The International Address to the Tsar on behalf of Finland—The Oriental Congress in Rome—Lectures and travel.

In London I met Julio Reuter,[1] who had come there to work upon the English Press, and Yrjö Hirn,[2] who likewise was to try to enlighten the public on the political situation of Finland. Reuter wrote articles for *The Times* and *Nineteenth Century* as well as for other papers, and I an essay entitled "Finland and the Tsar", which the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, with obliging courtesy, promised to bring out in the next number if I had it ready in three days' time. As we were utterly tired of the anonymous jeremiads from Finland that had appeared in some English papers, we determined to sign our magazine articles, although we quite expected that this would make the cautious people at home uneasy. The editor of the *Contemporary Review* promised me to do his best to get the number containing my article put before the Tsar, and W. T. Stead told me later that he had actually seen it lying on the Tsar's table when he had his audience with him. Stead tried in a way to excuse the Tsar's conduct by a comparison with England's past treatment of Ireland. But although his attitude to our political question seemed to me at first anything but sympathetic, I think I may say that he became later a real friend to our country.

A Committee for Finland had been formed with its own office in Victoria Street, and a very well-got-up weekly paper, entitled *Finland*, began to appear. But above all things Reuter, Hirn, and I were intent on trying to bring about an inter-

[1] Now Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Linguistics at the University of Helsingfors.

[2] Now Professor of Æsthetics and Literary History at the University of Helsingfors.

national protest against the Tsar's course of action. In an article in *Ad Interim* for 1917 Hirn states that Kropotkin, before anybody else, suggested the idea of an international demonstration. It did not, however, materialize, and, in fact, became unnecessary when a large number of the foremost representatives of civilization in nearly all the countries of Europe were willing to join in a common address to the Tsar. A proposal to this end was first mooted by Rudolf Eucken, of Jena; but he received the first impulse to it from his wife's relative, Mrs. Coupland, in London, who felt warmly for Finland since I and, later on, Hirn had lived in her home. As a proof of this I may quote a statement made by Eucken himself several years afterwards, when he was over in England as the chief guest and lecturer at a congress held by the English Unitarians. At the banquet they gave in his honour, to which I had been invited and where I had been asked to support the toast of the occasion, I spoke of Eucken not as a philosopher, but as a champion of right and justice. Referring to the initiative he had taken in favour of Finland, I pointed out that he might almost be said to have initiated a new era in the history of international relationships by maintaining the right and duty of the world's opinion to interfere when the Government of a country abused its power over its subjects. In his response to the speeches Eucken dealt with the cause of Finland—at such a length, indeed, that the three following items of the programme had to be cancelled. He spoke with much appreciation of our culture and expressed the greatest sympathy with our struggle for our liberties. With an enthusiasm that still resounds in my ears, he urged upon his audience the necessity of never ceasing to protest when a flourishing civilization is in danger of destruction and right is trampled by might. But the recognition he had received he could not keep for himself alone. It was true that he had taken the initiative in the address on behalf of Finland, but the idea was suggested to him by a woman resident in England, Mrs. Gertrud Coupland.

The idea of an international address had meantime come to life in another quarter. When Reuter, Hirn, and I met Konni Zilliacus[1] on his arrival in London at Victoria he told us at once that he was turning over in his mind a plan of action which proved to coincide with that which had already led to some preliminary steps on our part. It certainly met with disapproval in Finland, even from the constitutional leaders. We did not allow ourselves, however, to be deterred by that, but sent a long telegram to one of them to say the plan had been set on foot, that so and so was going to carry it on in such and such a country, and other people must be sent from Finland into certain other countries. As I dispatched the telegram Zilliacus said: "If we fail, take my word for it, they will put us in our place." I suspect he was right. Hirn, who returned home in May, wrote to me: "As was to be expected, there are many who disapprove of the great stir made in the foreign Press. A large majority—lettered and unlettered alike—believe that God will still protect Finland, which has always been His favourite country. The general public, who have nothing to do with parliamentary or newspaper business, seem to me to be able to get on very well in their fatalistic contentment. It may quite well be that we judge our fellow-countrymen a little unjustly. But he who has been living nearly all the spring with the same thoughts and subjects of conversation feels it a little strange to see how the people at home here carry on their occupations and quarrels with the same zeal as before. The vaunted unity between the different parties is certainly greater in literature than in reality."

The drawing-up of the protest was a delicate business; the chief difficulty was to put it in a form that could be accepted by foreigners and at the same time make it possible for Finlanders to offer it for their signatures without laying themselves open to the charge of national self-conceit. The Dutchman Tiedeman, one of our warmest friends, found a solution

[1] Writer of books and one of the most active champions of Finland's cause.

which to me seemed satisfactory; but it was the lawyer, T. L. Gilmour, who ultimately wrote the address. It received its finishing touches from Bryce and Lord Reay.

The next step was to find representative persons who were willing to sign it. Reuter was very active in London, and I went to Oxford and Cambridge. In the latter place Lord Acton, Henry Sidgwick, and Oscar Browning helped me in word and deed, although the first-named, for reasons he did not reveal, did not give his signature to the address. In many quarters it was received with great sympathy, in others people were shy of meddling in the "internal affairs" of a foreign land, and even imagined that such interference might be attended by harmful results for Finland. I then went—at the end of May—to take the address to Italy. In Lausanne I met Wallensköld, who had Switzerland as his sphere of work, and we went together to visit F. A. Forel in Morges. Hugo Pipping had undertaken Germany, so we three were again united in a common activity.

In Italy I took my way to Turin to look up Professor Emilio Brusa, who enjoyed a great reputation as an authority on international law. I handed him a letter of introduction from Erskine Holland, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Oxford, who had advised my applying to him in the first place. Brusa was greatly interested and promised to write the Italian address. All others, too, with whom I came into touch during my stay in Turin supported the project with the utmost sympathy, amongst them Lombroso, who several times asked me to dinner, and later on most kindly went round with the address and obtained many signatures to it.

During my stay in Turin I received word that it was desired to bring about an international deputation to hand the addresses to the Tsar, and I was requested to find a delegate for Italy. I naturally turned to Brusa, but he declared that to his great regret he could not undertake such a journey at the end of the term, when he was overwhelmed with examination and

special Dean's work. I then went south. In Pisa I was much helped by Professor Alessandro Corsi, who interested, amongst others, Toniolo, the Vatican's social adviser, in the address. When dining with Corsi, I received a letter from Toniolo in which he advised me to try to get an audience with the Pope. He wrote that the relations between the Vatican and the Tsar were just then on a most excellent footing, and that Finland's noble cause was certainly one of those things that were calculated to arouse the Holy Father's ever-youthful enthusiasm and might induce him to send the Tsar a letter of an entirely private nature (*lettera privatissima*). Toniolo would prepare the way by drawing up, with the help of the literature I had with me, a short statement of the Finland question which he would send to the Pope's Foreign Minister, Cardinal Rampolla, whom I must go to see after my arrival in Rome.

The Senate then happened to be assembled there, and it numbered amongst its members the élite of the Italian intellectuals. I went to the Senate several times a day, and one after another of its celebrities came out into the reception-room and signed the address. I visited the old senator Canonico, who was spoken of with more reverence than anyone else. He was prostrate with sorrow over the death of his wife, but when I told my errand his weary eyes at once shone brightly: Finland! that was a name to warm his heart. At a private dinner I made the acquaintance of Luzzatti, the celebrated politician and financier. He told me he was personally acquainted with the Tsar and that he would gladly give him a little talking-to if he met him again. I never had the humiliating feeling of being a suppliant, begging for a favour, but on the contrary received a warm welcome everywhere and was fêted almost like the ambassador of some friendly Power.

In Finland we laid every stress on the legal side of the Tsar's procedure, and it was, of course, the one and only unassailable point in our case that we ourselves could bring

forward in defence of our cause. But in foreign countries many people looked at the matter somewhat differently. They had grown accustomed to feel that there was not always very much reliance to be placed on the promises of monarchs, and as regards Alexander I's imperial word after his conquest of Finland in 1809, surely no one could seriously imagine that it might reasonably be considered as binding on all his successors in the far future. But what really moved them was that a peaceful little nation with a Western social structure and a comparatively advanced civilization should be swallowed up by a half-barbaric despotism. In Italy I was considered not so much as an advocate for Finland's outraged rights as the representative of her culture.

One day I went to the Vatican to meet Cardinal Rampolla and walked through a number of halls with military guards at the doors. They asked whom I wanted, but not who I was, and allowed me to pass without the slightest difficulty right up to the Cardinal's waiting-room. A little monk, who was pattering about, informed me that Rampolla was having a reception of foreign envoys that day; this did not prevent ordinary mortals from being admitted too, but I thought it was wisest to get away before I ran the risk of a chance collision with the Russian ambassador. When I repeated my visit the next day the Cardinal was engaged, but on the third day I managed to catch him. Rampolla was a stately man, a little over fifty, with the bearing of a man of the world. He received me affably and was evidently conversant with my errand before I expounded it to him. He explained with regret that the Holy See had already had an unfortunate experience in an earlier address to Russia on a similar business; then it was to help Poland, and it had only resulted in making things worse for the Poles. This seemed a somewhat lame comparison, as it was now a question of a Protestant country for which the Holy Father could not possibly be suspected of feeling any other than a purely humanitarian interest, but there was

nothing more to be done in the matter. I had scarcely hoped to succeed in my project, but had nevertheless wished to follow Toniolo's advice; it was, of course, not entirely inconceivable that a word of warning from the venerable old Leo XIII might possibly have given the superstitious Tsar cause for thought.

A telegram from Brusa gave me a pleasant surprise. He told me he had decided to do his utmost to join the delegation that was going to Russia—the temptation had proved too strong for him—and he begged me to go to the Department for Education to help him to get leave of absence for the purpose. I at once carried out his request; after I had introduced myself to the Acting Minister of Education, but before I had even mentioned my errand, he called out with lively gestures and a look of delight: "The leave of absence is already granted, and I am only sorry that my official position prevents me from signing the address myself."

After staying five days in Rome I went on to Naples, where I drove about for two days. I did not manage to get any farther south, and my return journey to the north via Florence, Bologna, and Padua had to be accomplished at lightning speed. But I had written to professors at the universities in Sicily and the north of Italy asking for their co-operation, which was given me with the same readiness—enthusiasm, indeed—as I had found everywhere in Italy.

On my return to London only an English member was still wanting for the delegation, in spite of Reuter's persistent hunt for a delegate, of which he has given an account in his article in *Lucifer* for the year 1923. After arranging it with him I went to Oxford to make a last attempt, although there was so little time left that anyone who might possibly accept the mission would only have a couple of days to make his arrangements for the journey. I had one refusal after another; the only one who really seemed to hesitate for a moment was York Powell—he showed an ardent longing to go. In the end

Reuter's efforts in London resulted in Westlake becoming an "absent member" of the delegation, and the moral support he gave the undertaking as a universally recognized authority on international law was, of course, exceedingly valuable.

The final fate of the delegation is well known; the Tsar refused to receive it. But this in no way meant that the vast amount of work expended in various countries on behalf of the great address had been so much lost labour. It had done more than anything else to make Finland known beyond her own borders, and had gained her many new friends, who henceforth also in different ways acted on her behalf. It had been a strong expression of opinion on the part of the foremost representatives of European culture. It thereby increased our self-reliance and intensified our power of resistance. It also showed our opponents that they could not destroy our Constitution without a word being said. It is, of course, impossible to estimate the impression it made upon them, but I find it difficult to believe that they remained absolutely untouched by the extraordinary sensation their course of action had roused in Europe.

In the autumn I had a further journey to Italy, this time accompanied by Sîdi Abdsslam, in order to take part in the International Congress of Orientalists in Rome. There I read a paper on the saint worship in Morocco—"Sul culto dei santi nel Marocco"—which in an enlarged form was printed in the Proceedings of the Congress, and made the acquaintance of several important people, above all of the distinguished Arabic scholar and historian of civilization, Ignaz Goldziher, who, both then and later, gave me valuable help. On my return journey to London I visited Brusa at his country house in Lombardy; he was delighted about Finland and could not say enough in praise of the magnificent reception she had given to the deputation. In company with his son and daughter he took me and the shereef on excursions to Madonna del Monte (near Varese) and Lake Maggiore. When I said

good-bye to him in Locarno he kissed my cheek—and we never met again.

In London I again set about my work on the moral ideas, and read two papers, one in the Aristotelian Society—on the predicates of moral judgments—and the other one in the Anthropological Institute—on *jinn* worship in Morocco. When the twentieth century arrived with the New Year's night of 1900 I was on the Atlantic Ocean with the shereef somewhere near the Spanish coast. The following summer I spent some time with my parents in Norrköping in Sweden; but in September I went back to Morocco, and more than two years were now to pass before I set foot in Europe again.

# CHAPTER VIII

## 1900–1902

### Life and travels in Morocco.

After my return to Morocco I had the opportunity of fulfilling an old wish to take up my dwelling in a country district of that land. The Europeans in Tangier and Tetuan had, it is true, assured me that it was impossible for a foreigner to stay more than a couple of days in the same village, but I knew there was no reliance to be placed on their statements. I pitched my tents under some fig-trees in the village of Brish on the Atlantic seaboard, a day's journey from Tangier. It was a lovely autumn, the air was pleasantly warm, and bathing from the shore delightful. Day after day in continuous succession the sun shone forth from a blue and cloudless sky, but at night there was now and again a shower of rain that enticed the first blades of grass and flowers from the sunburnt soil. The fig-trees had already shed their leaves, but here and there fresh ones were beginning to take their place and shading the grey branches with a delicate green covering long before its due season. "The trees are dreaming", said the countryfolk.

The men in the village were at their autumn occupations. The maize or durra lay collected in round heaps on the sandhills, and a couple of horses walked round and round on the heaps to thresh out the grain with their hoofs. But no one was in a hurry; indeed, an atmosphere of rest and contentment pervaded the whole village, as it did our own camp. I wrote at my ethics and studied the people. Once I went over to a neighbouring village to attend a marriage as an uninvited guest. Disguised as a Moor, with yellow leather slippers on my feet, a white turban round my head, a long cloak over my clothes, and protected by the darkness of the night, I took up a modest position in the ranks of the spectators, whilst the

bridegroom, with the hood of his cloak drawn down over his face, sat motionless as a statue on the enclosure outside his dwelling, and his best man slowly smeared his right hand with henna; the numerous guests meantime, each in his proper order, laid a silver coin on the tray at his feet.

I also used to receive visitors from other villages, attracted both by the expected refreshments and by a small object that I had brought with me, and whose fame had spread far and wide. It consisted of two little devils, one red and one black, in an air-tight tube, with a tiny reservoir of methylated spirit. When the reservoir was held in a warm hand the spirit rose in the tube as the heat increased and the devils began to dance; by shaking hands with my visitor I could always declare whether the devils were afraid of him or not, according as the hand was warm or cold.

As retinue I had in addition to my invaluable shereef his cousin, who was also a shereef Baqqâli, named Abdsslam, too, and consequently must also be addressed as *sîdi* (Sir), even though he was my cook; then there was Abdlkrim, a simple mountaineer without ancestry, who served as my personal attendant. Not that he was the least fitted for the post, as he was a big, heavy fellow who could scarcely squeeze in through the tent opening, and who was dirty and stupid to boot. But he was an honest soul, obedient and polite, good-humoured, and gay. I was greatly astonished when it once came to my ears that he had been in Tetuan gaol a couple of months for taking a man's life. When I asked him what was the truth about the matter, he grew a little confused and said it had really not been his fault. In company with a friend, he went out one evening to see if they couldn't pick up a little extra cash. They met a solitary traveller and ordered him to hand over his cloak and bag. But the man didn't obey—now why didn't he do as he was told? I could not help feeling that it was hardly worse than what the European Powers do on a far larger scale when they wish to subdue a foreign

nation and meet with resistance, and then declare the refractory people to be rebels and put them to death. Although he was a comparatively old man already—very nearly thirty—he was now for the first time turning his thoughts to matrimony. One evening at Brish, in a thunderstorm, when one lightning flash followed another without intermission, I saw Abdlkrim standing out on the hill looking up intently. "Now the heaven is open", he said, and watching his opportunity he stretched out his hands and begged Allah to give him a good wife and two oxen.

One day at the end of October I left Brish, where I had spent five or six happy weeks. The immediate goal of our journey was Jebel Hbib, a neighbouring mountain tribe with not too good a reputation, where none of my attendants had ever been before. But we were not afraid, as we were armed with four guns, and besides I had a letter of introduction from the mighty Shereef of Wazzan in which he exhorted his subjects to receive me kindly. When we were well amongst the mountains we caught sight of a high-lying village peeping out from between the cork-trees. Sîdi Abdsslam—the cook—went out to reconnoitre the ground, whilst we others stopped short at some distance below the village. What sort of reception awaited us? that was the great question. Up on the hill, outside the little village mosque, the schoolboys were standing in a group staring at us in anything but friendly fashion. However, things looked promising, for Sîdi Abdsslam came back accompanied by an elderly man, who turned out to be one of the leading men in the village. With a handshake he bade me welcome to the village of Dar Fellaq. He knew the Shereef of Wazzan personally, and the name Baqqâli was also quite familiar to him; I could pitch my tent outside his house and stay there as long as I wished.

My host, whose name was Buassab, was a man of presence. It is true his face showed evident marks of visitations of malaria, but the unusually tall, straight figure bore witness to

great physical strength, whilst the way he held his head and the disdainful expression round his mouth betrayed unbridled pride and defiance. But what impressed me most was the look of nobility and sympathy which now and again during our conversations would light up this stern and serious countenance. There was undeniably something of the noble-minded hero of highway romance about this man. He told with evident self-confidence, but not boastfully, of many a bloody deed in which he had played the leading part. He showed me two great scars above his knee, memorials of an old feud. In his youth a man from a neighbouring tribe had carried off his dancing-girl. He killed him and chopped his body into small pieces. The dead man's family tried to wreak vengeance, but only succeeded in wounding Buassab; and he had scarcely recovered from his wounds before he and some cousins went to the enemy's village and killed four more men. From other sources I heard that Buassab in his younger days had carried on robbery as his chief means of livelihood, but that now he contented himself with buying and reselling the booty of others.

To avoid attracting the attention of passers-by I left off my European clothes and adopted a fez, burnous, and knee-breeches. But in spite of this the report that a *nasrâni* (Christian) had settled in Dar Fellaq spread through the tribe like wild-fire. It was reported that my presence was eagerly discussed at the weekly market, and it seemed to have caused general annoyance. For these mountain people a *nasrâni* is the personification of all evil. The Christians, they say, do nothing but make disturbances, fight and chase after other people's money and land. To "have a heart like a Christian" is to be hard and cruel, and "to be blue-eyed like a Christian" is to be false. The Christian can scarcely be called a human being. Buassab told how some mountain-folk had once said to him: "We would like to go with you to Tangier to see how the Christians grow", and he assured me that they really believed that

Christians grow from seed in the ground and have horns on their foreheads (which reminded me of the view held by certain fathers of the Church that if Adam had not fallen into sin some harmless mode of vegetation would have peopled the earth with a race of pure and innocent beings). He himself laughed at these childish ideas, but would nevertheless like to ask me if it was true that the women in the Christians' land bore children twice a year.

It was therefore not so strange that the presence of such a monster as a *nasrâni* in Jebel Hbib should attract general notice. But this did not appear to trouble my host in the least. On the contrary, he seemed to me to enjoy defying public opinion by harbouring a hateful *nasrâni* on his ground. Only once before, he said, had the district been visited by a Christian, and that was twenty years ago, when a Frenchman came there to hunt in the company of the Shereef of Wazzan, but he only stayed one day. Buassab did not say this with the slightest intention of hastening my departure, but rather to let me see what an unusual honour had fallen to my lot. Far from giving the least sign that I was a burden to him, he showed the greatest anxiety that I should be happy in my new home. He walked about with me to introduce me to the sights of the place, answered all my questions with the greatest candour, and showed no fear of my notebook.

One day we had a distinguished visitor in the village. This was Mûlai Thâmi, a cousin of the Shereef of Wazzan, who came to select the animals for slaughter; it is customary at the approach of the slaughter season for certain more or less holy men to go from village to village to make a selection amongst the cattle. In the afternoon he visited my tent. He evidently possessed a certain amount of Arab culture, and was interested in theoretical questions. The conversation touched amongst other topics, on astronomy, and he asked me this and the other, but said I was entirely mistaken. Allah allows the sun and moon to be darkened sometimes to inspire men

with fear. In the evening the sun sets in a spring to shine for beings in another world, and in the morning rises again by a divine miracle. The earth rests on the horn of a bull, the bull stands on a fish, the fish is in the sea, the sea on the wind, the wind on the air, and the air on darkness. When the bull grows weary of his heavy burden, he moves it from the one horn to the other, and that is the cause of an earthquake. Mûlai Thâmi had still one tricky question in readiness: "In which heaven is the sun at present?" When I answered that I did not know more than one heaven, his lips curled in a scornful smile. "The sun is now in the fourth heaven", he said in a tone of great superiority. And with this the astronomical discussion was brought to a close.

But I decided to take revenge in order to reinstate my damaged prestige, and that, too, in Mûlai Thâmi's own department, the performing of miracles. When my breakfast-table was laid on the following morning I said: "Sir, perhaps it may interest you to hear that I have with me a *jinn* (evil spirit) shut up in a shell, and that I now mean to burn it. You, of course, understand such arts much better than I do, but if you would like to watch, please do so."

In London I had bought some so-called Pharaoh's serpents that looked like pills, but when the pill was set on fire a serpent of ash about half a yard long wriggled out of it. Mûlai Thâmi took his seat at the table and the performance began. I laid one of the pills on my plate, but at the same instant the plate began to hop about and the table-knife on it made a terrible clatter. The supercilious smile disappeared from Mûlai Thâmi's lips, his face turned pale, and he drew back a step.

The movements of the plate were effected by means of a fine india-rubber tube with a little pouch-like sucker at one end and a bladder filled with air at the other. The sucker had been put under the table-cloth where the plate was placed and the bladder I held between my knees, so that by moving my legs I could squeeze the air up into the sucker or let it

out, with the natural result that the plate danced up and down. I pretended to be surprised myself—what could make the plate move? I took away the pill and it was quiet, but as soon as I put it back the plate began to jump and the knife to rattle: "Ah, now I understand; *jinns* are, of course, afraid of steel." So I removed the knife and then the plate was at rest. I set fire to the pill and the snake came out. "In the name of God, the All-Merciful", Mûlai Thâmi whispered from his place at a little distance from the table, as he watched the serpent's convolutions. When the pill was all burnt he ventured to come nearer again, but then I made the plate begin its dance once more, and the saintly man thought it best to take himself off. The reader may perhaps blame me for encouraging the people's superstition instead of trying, as I should have done, to dispel it. But I was in the land of wonder-workers and did not wish to be inferior to others.

Once in Tangier I was on the market-place watching an exhibition of sword-swallowing, which greatly impressed my servants. Then I told them that I myself was just as good a magician as that man. I asked them to come to my room at the hotel, where I took out my opera-hat (which I had with me in case of any legation balls) and pressed it down into my chest. General amazement followed. Then I drew it out again and a click was heard. They inspected my chest, but discovered no hole in it. *Ajûba*, marvel of marvels!

We had yet another visit in Dar Fellaq. One afternoon, when I was sitting writing in my tent, I saw, to my great astonishment, Moorish soldiers striding up the hill in the direction of my dwelling. One of them hurried in and handed me an envelope closed with the seal of the Russian legation in Tangier. It contained a letter signed by the Minister, M. Bacheracht, and running as follows: "A report is being circulated here that you are in danger. I have made the Governor of Tangier responsible for your safety and ordered him to send this letter to you by horse soldiers, who are to be

at your disposal to bring you back to Tangier if your safety is threatened." A rescue party then! The officious report had changed my peaceful corner amongst the mountains into a lions' den. The Tangier people plainly only needed to hear that I was staying in Jebel Hbib to conclude at once that something was wrong; for who would settle of his own accord in such a nest of robbers?

The Sultan's soldiers in Jebel Hbib! Who would ever have dreamt of such a thing? My shereef informed our host of the cause for this strange visit. And in walked Buassab into my tent, his head higher than usual and an expression of restrained wrath on his proud face. "Write to your ambassador", he said, "that you are with me, the guest of Buassab, who will answer with his head for your safety!" Then he went out, and now came the soldiers' turn to be dealt with. They were overwhelmed with reproaches and abuse, and public opinion was in favour of driving them away at once. But this must not happen on any account, for night was near and the paths full of robbers. My entreaties, added to the shereef's, at last induced Buassab to allow them to stay till the following morning, when they had to go back alone, with their errand undone. I gave them a letter for the Minister, and Buassab sent the governor the friendly greeting that if he ever again dared to send soldiers to Jebel Hbib they would get a thorough thrashing.

After staying nearly two weeks in Dar Fellaq, we bade farewell to our hospitable host and returned to Tangier to prepare for the long journey to Central Morocco, which I had already planned. A few days later we started, stopped three weeks in a village near Laraiche (Plate 9) and then continued our journey south to the nomadic tribes on the Atlantic coast. These have more Arab blood in their veins than the other inhabitants of Morocco, who are pure or almost pure Berbers, even where they have dropped their old mother-tongue in favour of Arabic. In contrast to the Arabic-speaking mountain

tribes, who have settled dwellings, these plain-men live in tents which they move from one place to another within a certain radius as the pasture begins to get short, the harvest has been gathered in, or the vermin in the tents become too unbearable. Whilst the mountain-folk wear a short convenient cloak with a hood, the plain-dwellers wrap themselves round with an oblong shawl of white woollen material. And they are different in character as well. The mountaineers are free men who have nothing to do with the Moorish Government, except now and again to fight the Sultan's soldiers, whilst the people of the plains are generally in the grip of their governors' power; governors' posts are sold to the highest bidder, and whoever gets possession of such a post may afterwards feather his own nest at the expense of those in his control as much as he chooses. I am speaking now of conditions as they were at the time when I made my journey.

Yet there were also restless and rebellious tribes amongst these Bedouins. One was the Beni Ahsen, with whom I stayed more than a week. When I left them I was given women and children as travelling-companions to go with the beasts of burden that I had hired to convey my things to the town of Salli. Most of the men did not dare to go there for fear the governor would throw them into prison; and "if he comes here", they said, "we will shoot him". My lady followers were of a very inquisitive turn of mind, and overwhelmed me with questions. "Does it rain, too, in the Christians' land?" "Are people ill there, too?" "And is it true," one of them whispered to Sîdi Abdsslam, "is it true that Christians live on pig's milk?" I, for my part, did not fail to tell them what an excellent life the women had in my own country. "They are always the first to begin the meals and pick out the tit-bits, whilst the men have to put up with what is left." "Oh, oh," they sighed, "that's very different from us!' "And in my country", I continued, "a man only has one wife." "That's good," they exclaimed; "with us the wives scratch each other and tear

out one another's hair." "And in my country", I added, "the husband is always kind to his wife, and when they go out together he gives her his arm." But that I ought not to have said, for now my ladies grew suddenly quite mum, cast down their eyes and blushed; even the two men with us looked very shamefaced when they tittered at the Christians' impropriety. Probably it was the most indecent thing I had ever said in my whole life. A married Moor must show himself utterly indifferent to his wife in public. I once made the acquaintance of a young man from Fez on a steamboat going from Gibraltar to Genoa. He had just married and was then on his honeymoon—but he had left his young bride at home. According to Moorish ideas, that was the most proper way in which to spend a honeymoon.

Salli has gained a name in history as the most fearful nest of pirates in the world. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries scarcely a month went by in the season, which lasted from April to September, without the Salli pirates sailing out and capturing a number of European ships, whose crews they sold as slaves, and this piracy still continued in the nineteenth century. Even when I visited it, Salli was a very inhospitable town. If a Christian traveller chanced to arrive there he had to stop outside the city gate and inform the governor of his arrival, whereupon a soldier was sent to escort the stranger through, so that he might not become a target for the fanatical inhabitants' stones and insults. Well-armed as we were, however, we considered we might omit this procedure. We certainly heard a hiss or two, but without any further molestation we reached the other side of the town and then pitched our camp on the stretch of sand extending to the river close by. Christians were absolutely forbidden to pass a night within the city walls, but no one could prevent my putting up the tents on the sand outside, and as the governor nevertheless was responsible for my life and property, he sent six soldiers to guard my camp. The place was

considered unsafe, because the unruly Zemmur Berbers, who lived only a little distance away, often made plundering raids right up to the very gates of Salli. After I had spent four days there, an amusing incident occurred. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a noise and the sound of voices. The soldiers on guard said they had heard robbers whispering outside our camp—but what could they do? They had rifles, it is true, but no ammunition. Such attempted attacks—whether real or imaginary is not easy to determine—seldom, however, develop into catastrophes.

A ferry-boat took us, with bag and baggage, across the wide estuary of the Bu Ragrag and landed us below Rabat, an old and interesting town. It has two imperial palaces, which are the burial-places of two sultans: the unfinished Hasan tower, which, in common with Giralda in Seville and Kutubiya in Marrakesh, was erected by Yakub al-Mansur at the end of the twelfth century; the ruins of the ancient Shella, with splendid gateways, a beautiful minaret, the tombs of princes of the Marinid dynasty from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and some remains from the time of the Romans. As it was impossible to get a house to live in, I was taken to the great cemetery between the town and the sea, and there the tents were pitched amongst the graves. I stayed there considerably longer than I had intended—more than a month—waiting for an indemnity which never came. One afternoon the shereef and Abdlkrim went up to the town on an errand. A few minutes later Abdlkrim came running back and breathlessly told me that they had been attacked in the street. He had saved himself by drawing his dagger, but the shereef had been dragged off by a whole crowd, he did not know where. I at once asked Sîdi Abdsslam II—the cook—to take one of my guns and come with me. In the street there is a crowd of people all going in the same direction, and outside the town prison we find the shereef with his clothes nearly torn off his back, foaming with rage and pouring out the most awful

AN ARAB VILLAGE

A TENT-MOSQUE IN AN ARAB VILLAGE

curses at a couple of soldiers who are holding him fast. I beg him to keep calm, take his hand, and lead him out through the crowd, and then I go straight to the governor's house and knock at his door. It is not opened, and they only call to me from inside that the governor cannot see me. The next morning I visit the Spanish consul, who promises to try and get us both redress and compensation; the shereef had been robbed of everything he had on him—watch, wallet, and money, both his own and mine. But before I go, the consul asks me with some embarrassment if the report is true that I went to the governor's house with a revolver in each hand. The whole town declared that I had wanted to shoot the governor, and that was why he, of course, could not let me in. The cause of the disturbance had been a boatman who had come to my camp with insolent demands for money and had been sent off. He took revenge afterwards on the shereef, and the people in the street, as a matter of course, sided with him.

One day there was great delight in the town. A large barge had been wrecked in the estuary when bringing ashore a cargo of sugar from a steamer anchored out in the roads. It was the custom to import goods of this sort during the stormiest season of the year, as they were then most likely to be spoilt by water or lost, and the merchants in consequence might hope to receive ample compensation for their highly insured wares. When I—being as yet not quite conversant with the true state of affairs—expressed my regret over the misfortune, I was met by nothing but delighted faces; and when at last in my innocent simplicity I expected the English insurance agent, at any rate, to reciprocate in some measure my sympathy, I found that he was the most delighted of the whole party.

At the end of January we continued our journey towards the south. I had now bought myself pack animals—four horses—and consequently had to increase my staff. An Arab country boy, Thâmi, was engaged to help Abdlkrim, who

had been made groom, and the vacant post of attendant was filled by Tousi, a clean and neat youth, one of the respected Rahhâli family that has a great deal of holiness in its veins. It is a speciality of the members of this family that fire does not hurt them at all. Tousi showed me how he could touch his arm with burning flax without scorching the skin, and his uncle, who came to visit me, amused himself by filling his mouth with boiling water, which was as cold as rain when he spat it out directly after. After my departure, nearly two years later, Tousi became a wandering saint.

Our way led through Casablanca—where the governor of the town gave me shelter in an old hovel, full of rats, which at night executed the wildest dances round my mattress—and through the little town of Azemmur, built in the form of an amphitheatre on the left bank of Morocco's largest river, the Umm er-Rbeă, a remarkably clean place, and entirely free from Christians. Then I put up my tent-poles in a village in the large province of Dukkâla with the intention of not taking them down again so very soon. I had now ridden more than four hundred miles since leaving Tangier, and was longing for an opportunity to study quietly Bedouin life and customs. The natives of Dukkâla are a fine-looking race. The men are well built and tall, passionately fond of riding and hunting, and wear their large white *haik* or shawl with mingled dignity and grace. The women go about unveiled and are quite coquettish, almost immodest indeed. One day a few old ladies came to my tent with a young beauty and proposed that I should marry her. I answered that I had a dozen wives already, and was henceforth troubled with no more offers of marriage. As my teacher I appointed the village schoolmaster, who used to come to me every day and instruct me in the tribe's manners and customs. I found him frank and reliable—I could, of course, easily check his statements—but he had a trick of annexing my pencils, candle-ends, and other trifles. At last I had to interfere and hold a domiciliary inspection in his leather bag,

where I found a nice little collection. But this did not embarrass him in the very least, and we remained just as good friends as before.

The landscape was the most monotonous imaginable. The village lay on a bare hill overlooking an immense treeless plain without a sign of running water, and on its outskirts my own camp was pitched on a stony patch of fallow ground covered with marigolds. The weather was uncertain, and winter travel in Morocco is not exactly a picnic; it may rain as though the very heavens had opened to pour down sheets of water, and the temperature falls sometimes to freezing-point. But spring came, the rain ceased, and at the end of March I decided to travel on to Marrakesh after more than five weeks' stay in Dukkâla. It was, moreover, high time to leave the place. One family after another had already gone away, and by degrees the only traces left of the village were a few tents close to my own. Things certainly seemed doubtful. One night an Arab tent was broken into and the owner maltreated by the attackers, and it almost looked as if some rogues were plotting mischief against our camp as well. On a stormy evening about nine o'clock Abdlkrim, in a great state of excitement, rushes into my tent exclaiming that he has seen some men lying in hiding behind a neighbouring heap of stones. At the same moment resounds the crack of one or more rifles outside the tent, but beyond this I can only hear the roar of the tempest and can see nothing at all in the pitch darkness. Things, however, were not so dangerous as they appeared; the shots had been fired by my own men to scare off the robbers—Abdlkrim boasted that he had shot one of them, but nobody believed him. Who knows if any were ever there except in his own imagination?

The object of my visit to Marrakesh was to induce the Sultan to give me permission to travel to the High Atlas Mountains, for if I tried to get there without such permission I should quite certainly be captured by the first local governor who

happened to hear about me and then sent back to Marrakesh, just as happened before with the Englishman, Cunningham Graham. After waiting ten days I was at last free to go. The Moorish Government gave me as escort a horse soldier, Si Muhammed, who was provided with letters to several of the places I meant to visit. As he took with him on his own account a groom—a very mischievous youth—we were, all told, a company of eight persons, who, some on foot and some on horseback, passed through one of the city gates and then bent our course towards the snow-clad Atlas range.

Never shall I forget the beautiful April evening when within the space of a few hours I found myself transported from the unbearable tent in Marrakesh—where the heat rose to about 105° F., and my only delicacy, butter from Dukkâla, ran like oil—to the gardens of Amnas on the spurs of the High Atlas Mountains. The evening sun was casting its last golden rays on the alps in the background, the gardens were gay in all the glory of their spring beauty, and the groves resounded with the song of the nightingale and the cuckoo's note. Nowhere in Morocco is the vegetation more luxuriant than in the deep valleys of the Atlas Mountains. Farther down, the date-palms mingle with the other trees; higher up, walnuts—still only half awake, and somewhat brown-looking after their winter sleep—hold the field, and everywhere water comes rushing down the mountain-sides and spreading in small canals over the cultivated plots on the terraced slopes to gather at last in the river which flows along the bed of the valley.

The hospitality at Amnas was on a magnificent scale. I was given as a temporary residence a house with a garden, and then came the supply of provisions: three sugar-loaves, two paper-bags of green tea, a score of eggs, seven hens, three great dishes of ready-cooked food, and, to finish with, a live sheep that was solemnly led into my room. That was the treatment usually given to anyone travelling as the Sultan's

guest. And much the same thing continued throughout the greater part of my Atlas expedition. When in the autumn I reached the coast at the end of my journey, I reckoned that if I had kept all the sheep presented to me I should then have had a flock of thirty head—not to mention the hen-yard.

According to traditional usage, the duty of hospitality is limited to three days; on the first evening the good cheer is most generous, the next day it becomes distinctly more niggardly, and on the third day the visitor finds it wiser to move on. I, too, generally speaking, felt the force of this regulation during my Atlas journey, but I had succeeded in obtaining special permission to stay longer at certain places, and one of these was Amzmiz, my next destination after Amnas, where I pitched my camp under the shade of some olive-trees with a view over the snow-covered range of mountains. (Plate 10.) Here I wanted to make the acquaintance of a group of people whom I had not yet met, the Berbers of Southern Morocco, the so-called Shluh. They are a superior race to the Arabic-speaking Bedouins of the plains, and people with such a love of freedom that they have to be handled carefully by the Government where the latter happens to have any power. The Atlas Berbers live in comparatively comfortable houses of stone and clay with flat roofs, not in tents or straw huts like the "Arabs". (Plate 10.) The walls are often provided with loopholes, and in many villages there is in addition a fort where every adult male is assigned his own special place. Some of the chieftains' strongholds present a really impressive appearance, being the dwelling-places of powerful native chiefs who are amongst the highest dignitaries of the State, but can also be converted into formidable rebels. Yet although an Atlas Berber looks upon himself—and not without reason—as a considerably finer fellow than the "Arab", he readily agrees that his own language, Berber, cannot in any way be compared with Arabic. It has no literature or written characters of its own, nor is it of any value for religion, since

the prayers must be read in Arabic and the Koran may not be translated.

The Governor's son, who in his father's absence acted as my host, showed me great attention. He came now and then into my tent, sat down with evident pleasure on my camp-chair—probably he had never sat on a chair before—and asked if he might look through my field-glass. He was so enraptured by these objects that I understood he wished to possess them. Custom had now required that I should do what he wished; not to fulfil a desire of this kind is considered not only impolite, but unwise as well, since the evil-eye of the unsatisfied person is a source of great danger. If anyone evinces a strong desire to buy, let us say, my gun or horse, it is wiser for me to sell it because, if not, the gun may easily come to grief or the horse die; and if anyone praises a thing belonging to someone else without adding a word of blessing, the article is henceforth worth nothing. I was very loath to be lacking in courtesy to my hospitable host, but could not possibly dispense with my camp-chair and field-glass. Then it flashed upon me that I might pay him back in his own coin. He had come to me riding on a splendid mule. When he began singing the praises of the chair and the field-glass I started similar admiration of his excellent mule. He at once turned the conversation to something else; and the danger was at an end.

From Amzmiz I made an excursion due south towards the very heart of the Atlas range, to the wonder-working spring Imi n-Tâla, a haunt of *jinns* of a comparatively good-humoured type. We rode up a mountain ridge, from the top of which we had a wonderful view over the valley that leads up to the spring. Deep under our feet rushed a foaming stream, on either side of the narrow dell great mountains towered aloft with little Berber villages and verdant terraces on their lower slopes, and at the upper end of the valley rose "Jebel Tezah", one of the massive peaks in the rugged range of the Atlas Mountains. We kept for some time considerably

above the lower level of the valley, although the path was a wretched one. Now it ran along the edge of a precipice, now went up or down a bare rock, where our beasts had hard work to get a foothold for their hoofs. I had been fortunate enough to borrow a mule accustomed to these terrifying paths and he managed excellently, literally dancing down the precipitous descents; but my men who rode horses had to dismount and carefully lead their animals over the most dangerous places.

At our entrance into the valley we heard volleys of shot, and the farther we went the louder the sound. Our guide informed us that a tribal feud was in active process, but they would, of course, not meddle with us. A little later we saw the muzzles of some rifles sticking out from a mass of rock right above our heads, and a party of armed Berbers appeared at the side of the path. We rode past them without stopping; but the shereef turned round suspiciously and I noticed his face grow white as a sheet. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Nothing", he answered. But afterwards he told me he had seen the men point their rifles in our direction and thought they were intent on mischief.

We descended to the valley's lowest level, rode across the stream, and came to a ravine, cutting its way through strata of white and yellow lime- and sandstone, beautifully festooned with ivy, dog-roses, and honeysuckle. The landscape grew wilder and wilder and the ravine more and more dark and narrow. At last we came upon a large spring of crystal-clear water, bubbling up out of a hole at the foot of the perpendicular mountain-side. This was Imi n-Tâla, the object of our journey. We sit down beside the water and take out our provisions, which are very acceptable after the exertions of the last four hours. But we are not to be alone. Suddenly a company of about thirty armed men appear in our neighbourhood, one of them, who is better dressed than the others, riding on a mule. The rider dismounts, comes up to me, and,

offering me his hand, bids me welcome. In a second all is clear to me. The shots we heard in the valley had been a salute, the armed party we met on the way a guard of honour, and the man who now greeted me was the sheikh of the valley. Later on I was told that he owned land near Amzmiz and was therefore anxious that no harm should happen to me whilst I was in his district.

Outside Amzmiz I one day met a poor man carrying a hen in his hand. He said he was on his way to the governor, who had ordered his subjects to provide him every day with twenty hens and four sheep, as he needed them for the maintenance of the Sultan's visitor. So that was how matters stood with my host's magnificent hospitality! He gave me every day five hens and one sheep, and kept all the others for his own benefit. I was living at the expense of the poor and being used as a means to extort their goods. That could not continue. After a stay of nine days in Amzmiz I packed my goods and departed. (Plate 11).

We first took our way back to Amnas and afterwards along the slopes of the mountains in an easterly or north-easterly direction as far as Demnat. At Sîdi Rahhal I was installed in a comfortable white-plastered house with its own garden, and the caliph, or governor's deputy, arranged a "powder-play" in my honour. At one end of an open space, riders in festive attire are drawn up with their horses in an absolutely straight line. They then ride gently forward, but at a sign from the leader, who is in the middle of the row, they spur on their horses and gallop forward at full speed, flourishing their guns over their heads. At another sign from the leader they fire their guns simultaneously, and at last stop their horses quite suddenly, when they come to the end of the course. Then they return at a slow pace to the starting-point and, after a short pause, begin all over again. I watched the performance from a low hill and photographed the horsemen. When I thanked my host afterwards for the honour shown me he

My Camp in Amzmiz

In a Berber Village

PLATE 11.—THE MARKET OUTSIDE AMZMIZ

inquired with a look of suspicion: "But what was that you were holding in your hand?" "Only this," I answered, showing him my camera; "my eyes are a little weak and need help to see from a distance. Don't you see the picture on the glass?" The caliph looked on the camera's view-finder, and when he saw the reflection of the garden in it his face brightened and he said with great satisfaction: "Just so, was that all? I thought you were making pictures of us." The Moor is afraid of being photographed and it is also contrary to his religion, so that to have told the truth on this occasion would have been a gross insult. As it was, the pleasant relations between us remained undisturbed and, as a sign of his friendship, my host presented me with a young boar. Wealthy people in Morocco often keep tame boars in their stables to protect their horses against evil influences, but what the caliph imagined I was to do with the little boar I could not understand. Perhaps he thought it could run after us in emulation of my dog.

As a rule we stopped two nights in our halting-places and continued our journey on the morning of the third day, but in Demnat our stay was considerably longer. I made daily trips to one or another sacred place in the neighbourhood of the little town, and the district is full of such places. On the top of one holy mountain two solitary trees stand in a heap of stones; girls in want of a husband make pilgrimages to this spot and offer a cock to Lalla Tug-Ikhair (Her Grace Bellevue), who is said to be buried beneath the stones. At the bottom of a dell there is a sacred spring where another female saint, Lalla Tabakîut, once bathed and left behind a trace of her holiness. A few miles from Demnat lies Imi n-Ifri, a magnificent cave which pours out a foaming mass of water coming from the inner recesses of the mountain. All I could learn about it was that in former times Christians had hidden there, but some stones in the little waterfall outside the cave were sacred because a mystic saint had sat upon them during his lifetime. I visited the so-called *talghomt* or *naga* (the camel)—

a projecting mountain knoll which in shape resembles the back and neck of a camel. Between "the back" and the ground below there is an opening through which sick people creep to recover their health, and barren women in the hope of children. But it is not everyone who manages to get through: if anyone who has disobeyed his parents and been cursed by them makes the attempt, he sticks fast in the hole and can only with difficulty get out the same way as he came in. The nice boy, Tousi, crept through the opening without any trouble, but it was quite another matter with Abdlkrim; he got so firmly wedged that we had to pull him out backwards. He looked very sad, but was a little comforted when I hinted that his mishap might possibly be caused, not by a parental curse, but by his own corpulence.

Our stay at Demnat coincided with the *ashûra* day, i.e. the tenth day in the first month of the Mohammedan year (Moharram), on which in many districts the people pour water over one another and besprinkle their domestic animals, tents, or rooms with water, and also kindle fires, which, like the water, are considered to have a cleansing and protective effect on that day. When I chanced to hear that a great fire had been lighted on the governor's ground, I put on my Moorish disguise and went stealthily to see the people jumping backwards and forwards over the flames to insure their lives, so it was said, until the next year's *ashûra*. Unfortunately I was recognized in the strong firelight, and the next morning the whole town knew what I had done. Up till now everyone had been quite pleased with me, for it was said that my arrival had brought with it rain and reduction in the price of food. But my rash action on the *ashûra* night met with universal disapproval, and it was stated that the governor was very angry with me. I soon noticed that he was growing impatient at my continued stay, and at last he let me know that he wished me at Jericho. In the middle of May I took my departure after staying in Demnat more than two weeks. It was

with a sense of sadness that I turned my back on its rippling waters, its poppy-covered fields, its gardens and olive groves with their cool shade and sweet singing of the birds. I now had to return to the dust and heat of Marrakesh to get on with my work in peace and quiet.

I succeeded in renting a small house from one of the citizens. My landlord, el-Haddj Ali, belonged to Sîdi Bôno's fraternity, whose speciality is climbing up date-palms. But Sîdi Bôno's holiness also shows itself among his followers in a less innocent form than an ability to climb, for if anyone touches their ears they become so furious that they will shrink from no action, however violent—but of that I had no personal experience. My landlord departed from the house himself, but left both vermin and scorpions behind. One morning we came upon a scorpion under my pillow and another was crawling about among my papers. We suspected that they had fallen from the moss in the ceiling, so we spread out a sheet above my bed to catch the little beasts.

Here I now lived for two and a half months. The temperature rose in my room to between 85° F. and 95° F., but the air was dry, so that the heat was never very oppressive. During the day I kept indoors, busy with my work, but when sunset was approaching I went out to watch the street life or to visit the bazaars, or (but sometimes only) the slave-market. For my teacher I got a Berber scribe from Glawi in the High Atlas, an excellent man, who in six months' time instructed me in the language and customs of his tribe. Once he asked if he might come for the lesson a little after the usual hour; he gave no reason, however, nor, when he came, could I notice that anything unusual had happened. But the shereef informed me that his wife had died the day before and that he needed the morning to bury her; yet I had to take no notice of it, as it is not fitting to speak of another man's wife even when she is dead.

My staff had another addition as well. A young Arab came

to me one day and asked if I could make use of him as a secretary. He had been in a missionary's service, but had annoyed his master and been dismissed. What had he done? Well, that he was ashamed to say. But when he saw that I persisted in my inquiry, he whispered at last with an embarrassed smile: "I called him *bikurus*." This is a name that the Moors are accustomed to give the missionaries amongst themselves. It really means Epicurus or Epicurean, but how it has come to be a synonym for "missionary" can be explained in the following way. The Moors had before been accustomed to see in their country Christian consuls and merchants, people who were busy at work. But then one fine day there appeared a new variety of Christian who lived in a splendid house, went about in good clothes, kept horses and grooms, and yet seemed to have nothing to do. The medieval Arabs were, as we know, versed in the Greek philosophy, and the tradition of Epicurus as a lover of ease and comfort had been handed on to their descendants. As this young Arab wrote an excellent hand, I thought I might overlook his discourtesy to the missionary, and took him into my employ as private secretary, copying-clerk, and language-teacher. He afterwards went with us to Mogador, where he got up a fight, and was dismissed.

As regards the missionaries, one must in fairness add that even if their activity in conversion cannot give them much to do, they are, to the best of their ability, engaged in gratuitous medical practice. I cannot remember more than one case of conversion—an individual of bad repute who was discovered red-handed in a gross misdemeanour and took refuge in the Spanish church in Tangier and became a Catholic. But I have heard it stated that the medical aid is regularly followed by Bible-reading or prayer, without any more direct attempt to influence the patient's religion. Their help is also extended to poor Jews. A missionary who was a specialist in extracting teeth told me of a Jew whom he had relieved of an aching

tooth. Scarcely had his patient departed than he came back again, but this time on a different errand. He said to the missionary: "You took my tooth and kept it, but gave me nothing in exchange." The missionaries in Morocco have never taken any part in politics, nor, as far as I know, have they done any harm in other respects. In other countries missionaries are sometimes said to have done so quite unintentionally. I recollect one of Mary Kingsley's stories at a little dinner which our mutual friend and publisher, George Macmillan, arranged to introduce us to each other. She had carried out ethnological research in West Africa of such importance that after her death "The African Society" was founded in her memory. She spoke of a tribe of natives that excelled in all kinds of consummate cruelty, and were particularly given to crucifying human beings. But they had not known of this form of torture before the coming of the missionaries.

On August 6th we left Marrakesh and travelled along the northern slopes of the High Atlas Mountains in a westerly direction, with the sea as our ultimate goal. The Sultan, Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz, had given me a safe conduct, and Si Muhammed had again been detailed as hanger-on. The heat was all but unbearable, my clothes burnt my body, the reins burnt my hands, the wind that blew on my face was like the breath of a furnace. But so much the more delightful was it to stretch myself on my camp-bed in the evening and bathe my limbs in the cool air of the dewless summer night. In the vaulted heaven above my head the glittering stars look marvellously large, larger than I have ever seen them before, and so near, so very near. They attract me like magnets, I feel as if I were floating in infinite space. Poor little earth-children striving and struggling down there! I drop asleep, but wake again to gaze at the stars.

We come to a governor's castle at Nzûda. Early the next morning I slink out with some of my men to make an excursion

into the mountains, but we are intercepted by the governor, who has evidently got wind of our intentions. "Where are you going?" I give an evasive answer. The governor orders one of his servants to go with us, and we disappear among the trees. We ride up a narrow valley squeezed in between high mountains. The valley gets narrower and narrower, the undergrowth more and more difficult, and at last we have to come to a standstill. The guard wants to turn back. Well, so he can, for all I care, but I don't mean to. High up the mountain there is a Berber village, and that is where I mean to climb. The guard protests and Si Muhammed, the Sultan's soldier, does the same. They may do exactly as they like. One of my men is told to remain with the mules, whilst the shereef and my Arab secretary come with me.

After struggling for a good while up the steep mountain we reach the village, which is a veritable fortress. Not a creature is to be seen, it lies like a village of the dead. The secretary goes on to reconnoitre, and after some time comes back with two men who bid us welcome: we have to sit down and are not allowed to go until we have had a meal. They regale us with partridge cooked in oil, freshly baked bread, honey and grapes. Now the guard and Si Muhammed also make their appearance; they had narrowly watched our movements from the valley and plucked up courage when they saw that all went well. "We were afraid you did not like seeing strangers in your village", one of us remarked during the meal; to which our hosts frankly replied that they owned land close by the governor's castle and so did not want to get into trouble. But we are not yet on the top of the mountain, and who can stop half-way when the summit beckons and the mountain wind breathes its enticing whispers? The shereef complains of backache, but that is no good. My lungs are filled with air, my limbs twitch with delight. Here I am happy, here I am free. Ha, ha, there in the valley the governor is sitting in agony because the bird has flown

out of his cage. Serve the old fox right! In the evening, when we return, the guard is overwhelmed with abuse, but of course I take all the blame on to my shoulders.

Two days later we arrive at Imintânut, a village more than 3,000 feet above the sea on one of the passes leading over the High Atlas to Sūs. The place has a bad reputation, and our reception is anything but friendly. It is only after much parley that we are given the keys of a small Berber house, where we pass the night, the men and beasts in the lower story and I myself in a room on the roof. From there our way leads through a desolate mountain tract to Ntugga, where one of the great Atlas chiefs lives in his stronghold. The ground inside the high walls is filled with horses, mules, and men; the number of the great man's servants and slaves is said to amount to two thousand. He himself is sitting out there as well, and receives me with the air of a gentleman conscious of his own dignity and power. Si Muhammed hands him the Sultan's letter, which he kisses. A spacious flat in the castle is placed at my disposal, provisions pour in, and a powder-play performance is arranged in the visitor's honour.

A couple of days later we come to the famous argan forest. At first sight the argan-tree may seem like the olive, but this likeness is only superficial, and the oil extracted from its fruit cannot be compared with that of the olive. The peculiarity of this tree is that it is only to be found in Morocco, and even there is chiefly confined to a small part of the country—just the district which I was now visiting. Attempts have been made to cultivate it in other countries with a similar climate, but so far without success. Whilst riding on through the argan forest I received a happy message—the first cool breeze from the sea. How I had longed for this moment when I was being choked by the hot dust in Marrakesh or burnt alive by the scorching August sun! To get to the sea, to inhale its breezes and bathe in its waters, had been my dream all through the summer, and now the dream was to be realized. I take in

the salt air in deep draughts and am overjoyed for an hour or two. But it is strange: little cold shivers begin to run down my back. I feel a trifle uncomfortable—I am actually cold. And when at last I reach the Atlantic shore of my dreams, nothing in the world could induce me to throw myself into its billows. And yet the air is certainly not much below 70° F.

After twelve days' journey we arrive on August 17th at Mogador, in those days, at any rate, the cleanest town in Morocco and renowned for its equable climate: the summer is not too hot and the temperature in winter seldom, or never, I believe, falls below 55° F. The town itself is not very interesting, but there are many Berbers from Sūs living in it; and since it was as impossible for me as for every other European to study the Sūs Berbers in their own country, they must come to me. The town governor placed at my disposal a spacious and beautiful *rîad*—a garden with two white-plastered rooms built opposite each other and entered from inside the garden. Here I passed two peaceful months of persistent work; in the mornings I studied with an elderly man from Sūs and my splendid Berber from Glawi, all afternoon I wrote at my ethics, and between-whiles I composed a treatise concerning a case in the Berber language. The fact was that I had made a little linguistic discovery, which led me to the conclusion that certain substantive forms, which by Berber scholars were considered as case formations, are really stems, whereas others that were considered as stems are inflected forms. When I wrote to friends at home about this, they warned me not to take up such things as they only distracted me from my real subject, but I was too much interested in the question to put it aside. To find conformity to law where others have only found a chance occurrence is always fascinating, whether in one's own particular branch of study or not. The treatise had, however, to lie untouched for more than twelve years, when I, after a final revision, published it under the title of "Nomina im Status absolutus und Status

annexus in der südmarockanischen Berbersprache." And the reception given to it by both French and German specialists has consoled me for not following the warnings of my friends.

On October 23rd we left Mogador to settle in a Berber house in Haha, in the middle of the great argan forest. My landlord and family lived in the lower story, whilst the upper part was let to me. In my floor there was a hole, through which I got an insight into the more intimate family life of the Berbers; but this unique opportunity was utilized with all due discretion. Meanwhile I had a fresh attack of my old Atlas longing, so one fine day the horses and mules were saddled, and off we started for Haha's beautiful mountain tracts. I had full liberty of movement, since immediately after our arrival in Mogador I had given his *congé* to the soldier, Si Muhammed, who with many protests returned to Marrakesh. The chief object of my tour, which lasted a week, was to see sacred spots. Most of these, associated with some dead saint who as a rule never existed, are only survivals of ancient Berber nature-worship—the worship of springs or trees, caves, mountains, or stones. We visited, amongst others, the renowned health resort Imi n-Taqqandut, consisting of two great caves, separated by a thin wall of rock, but connected with each other by a hole in the wall. My attendant, Tousi, pretends to be ill and tells the superintendent of the place that he wishes to sacrifice a hen to the cave spirits; for in the innermost recesses of the mountain there is a great town inhabited by *jinns*, exceeding the stars of heaven in multitude. The superintendent turns his face to the interior of the cave and calls upon Sîdi Abdrrahman, the spirits' spokesman, who announces his presence by whistling and indicates (without being heard by us) the place in the cave where the sacrifice is to be performed; he also makes it known that the patient will recover, but will say nothing more because there are Christians in the cave. The next day, when I again passed Imi n-Taqqandut, the spirits plainly showed their disapproval of my visit: my horse

stumbled and fell with all his weight over one of my men, who was carrying a gun. The gun was smashed to pieces, and the man went lame for some days. And when on our way back to Mogador I rode for the third time by the cave, the spirits sent us torrents of rain.

On November 20th I was back in Mogador and celebrated my birthday with a bath in the Atlantic, in water almost as warm as in summer. And in the beginning of December I was ready to start on the long return journey to Tangier. My Berber from Glawi had shortly before gone back to Marrakesh to get married again before the beginning of Ramadan—the fasting month—and the Arab boy Thâmi was sent by steamer to Rabat. My baggage animals, too, were reduced in number, the four pack-horses being replaced by two exceptionally good mules. They were a little too heavily laden, but I had calculated on soon catching up some camel-driver and transferring a portion of our baggage on to his animals. Nor was I disappointed in my expectations; and the camels and their driver were to prove useful to me in other ways as well. When we came to the mouth of the River Tensift there was no ferry-boat, but on the bank we found some ten men ready to help travellers across the river, which was swollen by the autumn rains and unusually swift. The baggage was moved on to the camels' high backs and the men, who were all but out of their depth in the river, held on to the animals to prevent their being swept away by the current. The same precaution was taken with the horse and mules on which I and my servants were riding. Abdlkrim shrieked with terror. The eddying, rushing water made me dizzy, but I shut my eyes and thought of something else. We were told that at this very spot a missionary had been carried away by the river and drowned in the ocean.

After travelling for eleven days with short halts here and there, we arrive at Casablanca in a somewhat deplorable condition. The rain has been coming down in torrents for

the last few hours, so that we have not a dry stitch on our bodies. The whole of the day we have had nothing to eat, and my money has come to an end; I gave my last coin to the night-watchman. It is true there ought to be a registered letter for me at the post, but it is Sunday and the post office shut. What are we to do to get some supper? The only one of my men who may possibly have a little money left is the camel-driver Ali. He insists that he has nothing, but perhaps he is telling a lie. We examine his bag and come upon seven pesetas, and so we rob him. It is an evil deed, of course, but at any rate we get some supper; and next morning the frightened Ali gets his money back with honest interest added. The rain went on then without ceasing for another fortnight, which we were compelled to spend in Casablanca. We had a roof over our heads in a primitive little house—according to report the oldest in the whole town—which was situated close to the judge's dwelling. When my men spread out the tents on the roof to dry, one of the governor's soldiers appeared and ordered them to come down from there at once, because they might see the judge's wives. As far as I was concerned, the soldier politely added, there was nothing at all to prevent my going on the roof—a very ambiguous compliment in my opinion.

On the way between Salli and Laraiche we spent two lovely January days in Thâmi's village, and there we fared sumptuously. The village was situated on the shore of a great lake, the surface of which was literally black with wild ducks, snipe, and other birds, and the shallow waters were swarming with fish; one morning when the natives had been out fishing, four hundred eels lay wriggling about on the shore. We were welcomed as if we were old acquaintances and friends. Thâmi, of course, had had much to tell about our travels, and curiosity was excited to the utmost. Early in the morning the village men had already gathered together outside my tent to await ts opening, and afterwards they followed my least movement

with their eyes and wanted to inspect everything in the tent. Their appetite for drops, powders, and pills was insatiable. It does not do in Morocco to tell a patient that nothing can be done for him. Christ had healed so many people and therefore, as a matter of course, his followers could do the same. I had also brought with me a tin of Seidlitz powder—for the more complicated illnesses; even the father of medicinal art, old Hippocrates, had established the golden rule that the healer should never give the patient anything that might harm him. An old woman came to my tent complaining of backache, so I cut a thin slice ofi a sausage, which I happened to have handy, and gave it to her to eat. The result must have been amazingly good, for all the village population now came pouring up to the tent declaring they were suffering from backache. The sausage began to come to an end, and at last I had to tell the patients, who were standing in a queue outside, that just as my medicine did good to anyone really ill, so it did harm to everyone who was well, for if such a person ate it he got backache. In no time backache disappeared from the village and its inhabitants began to complain of other infirmities. The village men tried to persuade me to settle there, promising to build me a straw hut for five dollars and to sell me cows and sheep. A wife would naturally be thrown in as well; indeed, a young beauty seemed to be quite willing for the post already, for she came into my tent and touched everything she saw with her dirty fingers.

In the middle of January we were back in Tangier, but a couple of months later I was once more out in the country. Ever since my Christmas visit to Andjra four years earlier I had longed for a lengthier stay amongst its splendid free people. And now the fitting moment had come; could anything more delightful be imagined than a spring in the mountains and valleys of Andjra? My shereef communicated with one of the leading men of the tribe, Sîdi Abdrrahman—he, too, was a shereef—who said he was willing to grant me the use

of a little cottage in his village. The dwelling consisted of a single room, which was always in half-darkness, as there was no window and the doorway was barely large enough to admit a full-grown man. But in the great orchard there were shady fig-trees, and I had a tent put up amongst them for my study. I have never seen so many flowers collected on one spot as in this orchard. Wherever the sunlight was not shut out by the foliage of trees or bushes the flowers stood packed as closely as in a colossal bouquet. Every inch of available space seemed occupied, yet every morning many new kinds had pushed their way to the front and burst into blossom. And spring had also something else to pour out of her cornucopia—namely, milk and butter, which the wife of my host sent me in superabundance as well as friendly greetings. I repaid her kindness by small presents of coffee, sugar, and musk, the Moorish ladies' favourite scent. In this way we became very good friends. But during the six months that she was my hostess I never once caught sight of her.

When summer came the heat grew troublesome and the wells began to go dry. Sîdi Abdrrahman proposed that we should change our place of residence: his real home lay in the village of Dar el-Hjar, farther in amongst the mountains, about a day's journey distant, where there was water in abundance. One July morning the mules were saddled and we went our way along one of the most wretched paths leading to our destination, especially chosen by my host to avoid going near a village where he had enemies, for whose bullets his bulky frame would have offered a pleasing target, easy to hit. In the afternoon we came to a forest of myrtle-trees clad in the fairest bridal white, and on the other side of the forest lay Dar el-Hjar. It struck me at once as one of the most attractive places that I had seen in Morocco, lying, as it did, just below a mountain pass with cliffs of fantastic shapes and embedded amidst trees and little verdant plots of land with countless springs and brooks flowing down the steep mountain slopes.

My host gave me as dwelling an old white-plastered house, built a bare yard from the perpendicular face of a mountain, out of which a stream of cold water gushed straight into the cottage. It filled a small basin, then ran on under the floor and out through a doorway (see Plate 12), dashed down the hill in front of the house, immediately joined with other brooks, and thus increased to a river which, in the end, took its way to the shores of the Mediterranean. The cottage consisted of two floors; in the lower there was a kitchen and a table, where my mule was installed, and the upper story contained three small rooms barely high enough for me to stand up in. Two of them were half dark, but by making a hole in the wall I adapted one to my own use as a study, while the other was given to the shereef and Tousi. My worthy teacher Sîdi Rahhal, a cousin of my host, passed the night outside the hole in the wall; he was intended to act as night-watchman, but I often used to hear him snoring even before I fell asleep. My invisible hostess, who had also moved to the village, could provide me as before with milk and butter, since, thanks to the abundant water, there was pasture for the cattle all through the summer. One day she informed me that she was presenting me with a cow, which I could take with me to my own country if at any future time I should leave Dar el-Hjar.

In the village I found a jewel which, especially at that season of the year, proved of inestimable worth: a spring that by means of a dam had been made wide and deep enough for a man to stretch his limbs and swim in. The spring lies in a hollow surrounded on three sides by high rocky walls, but on the fourth the water finds an outlet into a brook. The background is formed by a steep cliff with a little waterfall, whilst on either side the high rocks are covered with bay- and fig-trees, whose foliage forms a green roof above the pool. All summer the crystal-clear water did not rise much above 60° F., even when the thermometer was registering nearly 90° in the shade. We bathed in the pool early and late, and

on hot days I often sat on its banks enjoying the wonderfully cool atmosphere. The place became a perfect sanctuary for me. Early in the morning, before the village boys had begun their splashing in the spring, a great eel could be seen moving slowly in the water. It was the guardian spirit of the pool.

There was plenty of life and movement in Dar el-Hjar that summer. A great number of the Andjra tribe had broken off all connection with their governor—who lived in Tangier and never dared to show his face among the tribe—and demanded his deposition because he had given moral support to a sheikh who had many enemies. My host and his many relatives were amongst these, and Dar el-Hjar became one of the chief centres of rebellion. The village was often visited by parties of armed men, who went from market to market to compel the governor's supporters to join the rebels. Andjra is divided into smaller districts which have their own markets on different days of the week, and these now became the scenes of many bloody fights. One evening I entertained about fifty mountain-folk, marching on the war-path, with over a pound of tea and fifteen pounds of sugar.

One day in August I received an unexpected letter bearing the seal of the Russian legation in Tangier. I was warned to leave Dar el-Hjar and Andjra immediately, as the Moorish Government could not be responsible for my safety in this rebellious tribe. I decided to travel to Tangier to explain the situation and also to make an attempt to act as peacemaker. My host did not appear disinclined for a reconciliation, but said the decision rested with Dûas, who was the rebel leader. Early the next morning, therefore, I sent a message to Dûas to ask him to meet me on the way, and an hour later started off accompanied by my shereef. When we had been riding for two hours we heard rifle-shots, and two men appeared at the roadside. This was Dûas with his cousin. I knew him from earlier days; our friendship dated from an occasion when he came to the village where I had stayed before, after

having used all his ammunition, and I gave him some cartridges so that he could protect himself against his enemies. He was a fine-looking fellow, strongly built and very agile, with regular features, a hooked nose, and two dark eyes, now as watchful as an eagle's, now flashing forth lightning glances. We sat down behind a rock so that no one could see us and had half an hour's conference, in the course of which Dûas declared that he could not decide the matter on his own responsibility, but must consult his friends.

My stay in Tangier proved longer than I had expected. At one time I heard that the rebels were inclined to reconciliation, at another the message sounded less hopeful. Finally the definite tidings came that any agreement with the Moorish Government was impossible as long as the governor kept his office. Then I decided not to wait any longer, but went to the Russian legation to give notice of my intention to return on the following morning to Dar el-Hjar. I met with opposition, of course, but answered that I had the right to stay wherever I chose. The legation secretary, who controlled Russian policy in Morocco during the Minister's summer holiday, then required me to make a written declaration that I was returning to Andjra entirely at my own risk; the legation's seal was solemnly affixed to this declaration, and it was locked up in a fire-proof safe. For my part, I only asked the legation to do me the favour not to inform the Moorish authorities of my departure before I had got back to Dar el-Hjar, and, if the latter should hear I had left Tangier and inquire where I had gone, to give them to understand that I had travelled to Tetuan. Otherwise they might easily send horsemen to catch me and take me back to Tangier.

Early next day we left Tangier, and after a long day's journey arrived in the middle of the night at Dar el-Hjar. There nothing was changed. The inhabitants had once during our absence been afraid of an attack from a neighbouring village and had for that reason taken all their valuables to the largest house

PLATE 12.—MY HOME IN DAR-EL-HJAR

PLATE 13

SITTING: SÎDI ABDSSLAM I, THE AUTHOR, SÎDI RAHHAL
STANDING: TOUSI, ABDLKRIM, SÎDI ABDSSLAM II

in the place, which was built like a fortress, but now all danger was past. My things had been guarded by Tousi, and so conscientiously that it had been impossible to induce him to leave the house even once during all the three weeks of my absence.

Week followed week, but nothing disturbed my peaceful work. The Moorish Government's threat to send four hundred soldiers to burn the village to ashes was never carried out—luckily for the soldiers. (Whilst I write this, I hear that the Spaniards, too, have wisely refrained from troubling Dar el-Hjar.) In September the air grew cooler and the first rain fell; the ground began to be covered with green and the wild autumn crocuses to flower. My teacher, Sîdi Rahhal, and other less regular instructors, got plenty to do, for I had now to finish off my study of the Andjra people. I had hoped to be able to spend all the winter in Dar el-Hjar, but circumstances of various kinds compelled me to return to Finland much sooner. One day in mid-October I took leave of my friends in the village. When, after riding three or four hours, I had reached the summit of a mountain ridge and let my eyes rest for the last time on Dar el-Hjar lying surrounded by dark-green foliage and sunning itself on the other side of the wide valley, I was overcome by that strange feeling which we experience when we look for the last time at a place we have learnt to love. And I felt grateful to those simple folk who for so long had treated the strange "Nazarene" as a friend and brother and had always tried to persuade him, as well as themselves, that he certainly "had the lips of an infidel, but the heart of one of the faithful." (Plate 13.)

In consequence of various hindrances, I could not start on my homeward journey until November. My funds had then shrunk to a very precarious degree, but my friends came to my help. The shereef offered me his savings, and so did my former servant Abdlkrim. This was really good of him; for he had now decided to marry and would be thus compelled to

defer the wedding for one or two months. And so I started for the north by way of Gibraltar, Genoa, Switzerland, and Germany.

On this last visit I had stayed in Morocco two years and two months without a break, and felt I had reason to be satisfied with my travels. In so long a time much may happen to the traveller in such a land as Morocco. I had not been exposed to any very serious or disturbing adventures, and both my health and strength had all along been excellent. I had learnt much, although still more remained for me to learn in the future. My work on ethics had made steady and considerable progress; this had been possible by my having taken with me both my notes and a goodly number of books, which had often weighed a little too heavily on the backs of my beasts of burden. One circumstance that had especially favoured me was the long delay in the announcement of the vacant professorship of philosophy—right up to autumn 1902—in consequence of a proposal to divide it into two. And, lastly, the wandering life in the open air with its varying experiences, the intercourse with pleasant and interesting people, and the charms of nature had given me hours of enjoyment that nothing could ever efface from my memory.

But there had also been shadows in the sunshine of my happiness. The home letters often betrayed much anxiety on the ground of all kinds of sensational news from Morocco which had been put in the newspapers—three Christians had been stoned, a Frenchman murdered, the foreigners had taken refuge in the Jewish quarters, Tangier was threatened with bombardment, etc. I did, of course, all I could to calm my family by reducing the statements to their real value, but fresh tales of the same kind were always appearing—in certain quarters there was a great inclination to represent conditions in Morocco in as unsatisfactory a light as possible. On the other hand, I too was greatly disturbed by news from home, where life was overshadowed by illness. Nor was I free from

economic anxiety after the period of my Antell scholarship, which had been extended for a year, came to an end. The experienced correspondent of *The Times*, Walter Harris, maintains that at this time it cost more to travel in Morocco than in any other land known to him, and he had travelled in several parts of the world. The individual items of expenditure—for servants, horses, and mules, food and other things—did not amount to very much, but when it was a question of equipping a whole little caravan, the total rose to a very considerable sum. It was these circumstances, and, above all, my father's illness, that hastened my journey home.

When I now returned to Finland I had been away for more than four years. My life went back into the old grooves; during the spring term of 1903 I was again discharging the duties of the Chair of Philosophy and examining future lawyers. The summer I spent with my parents at home, and when it was over I travelled—with a short stay at Holmenkollen in Norway and at Skagen in Denmark—to London in order to see about the printing of the earlier part of my book on the moral ideas.

# CHAPTER IX

## 1903–1905

Lectures in England and Gothenburg—Journey to Switzerland—Lecturer in the University of London—English characteristics and customs—The Sociological Society—English acquaintances.

It was at an exceptionally favourable juncture that I arrived in the autumn of 1903 in London. Shortly before I had received a letter with the signature Victor Branford—a name unknown to me—in which the writer told me that there was a scheme afloat for starting an English sociological society and he was hoping for my co-operation. I did not answer the letter until I reached London, but was then at once invited to dine with Branford at the National Liberal Club. He told me that the society would rely on financial support from a wealthy Scotsman, Martin White, who, moreover, intended to give a certain sum of money to the London University to introduce teaching in sociology, a subject that had not so far been taken up by any British university. Later in the evening White appeared at the Club, and our acquaintance was inaugurated by a few glasses of "Waterloo brandy", i.e. cognac of 1815, which was as smooth as velvet. He set forth his plans of having instruction in social philosophy, in empiric sociology in its narrower sense, and in ethnology, and even mentioned the names of those of whom he had thought as teachers of these subjects. A few days later he offered me a drive in his new motor-car, and we soon became friends.

On Christmas Day of the same year I received another letter, which later on proved to be the most valuable Christmas-box that had ever fallen to my lot. It contained an invitation from the University of London to give a short course of public lectures on any sociological subject that I chose. At the moment I was exceedingly busy working at my book. It had

already begun to be printed, and it was essential for me to get as much done as possible before the expiration of the time granted me—at my application for the professorship at Helsingfors—for testifying to my qualifications for the post. But after all I could utilize a part of what I had already written for the lectures, and without much hesitation I therefore resolved to accept the invitation. My course was to consist of seven lectures on "Early Custom and Morals", and the University issued a printed programme, giving the headings of the subjects on which I intended to speak and notifying that the lectures were to be held in the London School of Economics and Political Science. The first lecture was prefaced by a few words from Lord Reay, who introduced the lecturer to the public. When I finished my course I was asked if I was willing, as "appointed teacher of sociology", to give instruction in that subject for the next three academic years during two terms each year. My answer was in the affirmative.

In this same spring the Sociological Society began its activity with a public meeting on April 18th, which was opened by its president, James Bryce, in a speech setting forth the object of the Society and the advantages that might be expected as the result of its work. Then I followed with a lecture on "Woman's Position in Early Civilization." Among other things, I pointed out how European travellers often give cause for misunderstanding by their description of the treatment of women amongst savage races. An interesting interlude then followed. From amongst the large audience there rose a dark, strongly-built man with a tinge of yellow in his complexion and long, shining black hair, who introduced himself as Haiwatha, Ojijatekha Brant-Sero, legitimate heir of the Chief of the Mohicans. He emphasized the mistakes often made by European investigators when discussing the civilization of so-called "savage" races, and advised them to make a more extensive use of intelligent "savages'" help in their research work.

A few days later I started for Gothenburg to give a course of six lectures at the invitation of the University there. I had shortly before sent in the proofs of the first thirteen chapters of *The Moral Ideas* to the Senate at Helsingfors, and was, therefore, no longer quite so tied to my work. My lectures dealt with subjects connected with the history of customs. During my stay in Gothenburg I made many new friends; as is always the case in Sweden, the hospitality was glorious, and the lecture-hall was packed with listeners.

In Gothenburg I had the pleasure of meeting my mother and my sister Helena, who had come there to travel on with me to Switzerland. My father's death during the winter had set my mother free from her years of loving faithful service at his bedside. In Vevey, and later in Grindelwald, I worked hard at my book, but had a welcome distraction when my old friends, James Sully and his wife, came to Vevey to spend a few days with us. On June 17th I went over with Sully to Geneva to call upon an American professor who had shortly before been a fellow-boarder of mine. Whilst waiting for him in the drawing-room I picked up a paper from the table and glanced casually at its contents. But what do I see? A telegram from Helsingfors: Bobrikov[1] shot by a young official, who afterwards shot himself; his name, however, was not given. I could scarcely believe my eyes. My friends congratulated me, and I felt anxious to get back as soon as possible to my mother and sister.

After some weeks' stay in Tangier during the summer and autumn I began early in October 1904 my teaching work in London, with Dr. A. C. Haddon, of Cambridge—lecturer on ethnology—as a highly esteemed colleague. Although I was appointed by the University, the classes were held in the School of Economics and Political Science as being a college

[1] Bobrikov, Russian Governor-General in Finland, universally hated there on account of his oppressive measures.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

for sciences closely allied to sociology. The attendance was not numerous—I seem to remember an audience of six; but its variety made up for its small proportions, as it was representative of the same number of nations and the lecturer himself made a seventh. The paucity of the students, however, was no criterion of their mental ability; at least three of them achieved scientific distinction at a later stage of their lives. Neither had we expected a larger number to begin with, and our benefactor, Martin White, was not lacking in patience. The motive for his grant was the experience he had gained as member of the House of Commons, when it appeared to him that his colleagues were remarkably ignorant of sociology, and he had determined to try to remedy such deficiency in the future. Thus my real task was the education of future M.P.s. But as the choice of them did not rest with me I could not assume any responsibility for their sociological knowledge. And even now, after more than twenty years of teaching, I am uncertain how far I have succeeded in realizing the founder's intentions.

A university lecture in England is somewhat different from one in Finland. It lasts a whole hour, without our deduction of the "academic quarter". The lecturer carries out his office standing, clad in a black gown. And when the hour is over he often sits down to conduct his class, which is really a discussion of the subject-matter of the lecture or of whatever else the audience think of asking him. I have tried to introduce the same method of teaching in my own country, but without the slightest success—the students sat as mum as mice. The English students are not so bashful or afraid to display their ignorance. And why should they be? They then get an opportunity to take their revenge, as they may in their turn puzzle the teacher by their questions. The method seems an excellent one to me. The lecturer has the consoling knowledge that he can explain points in his lecture which he did not put quite clearly enough; he can make digressions and other additions,

and, moreover, a new connection is easily established between him and his audience—namely, the tie of mutual ignorance. The teacher no longer pours forth utterances which the students are expected to accept as oracular, but both parties are engaged in a common search for truth, and it becomes evident how little we really know.

Another important part of the instruction consists of the seminars, which have given me great satisfaction, principally because I have found them much appreciated by my pupils. Here the rôles are reversed; the student gives a lecture and the teacher asks questions and criticizes. The subjects of the lectures depend upon circumstances. How great may be their variety appears, for example, from the following report which I gave to Martin White of one term's seminars. "The first paper was read by Miss Freire-Marreco—you see we are old-fashioned enough to let the ladies lead the way—and I feel quite proud to know that it was the first account of the results of her anthropological investigations amongst the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. The following Monday we were in quite another part of the world, in Nigeria, where Major Tremearne, teacher of the Hausa language at Cambridge University, acted as our experienced and well-informed guide. A week later we had reached the Solomon Islands in Melanesia under the guidance of Mr. Wheeler, with whose important researches your name has often been connected. Our next step led us to India, where Major Bilgrami—an officer and physician as well as a sociologist—entertained us with an interesting and impartial presentation of the relation between the East and West. After this long circular tour we became a little more philosophical and began to ponder over the great problems of criminology, which were put before us by Dr. Oppenheimer, M.D. of Heidelberg University, LL.D. of London, and author of a work on the criminal responsibility of lunatics. Mr. Anstey's stimulating lecture on sacrifice you have had the pleasure of hearing yourself to-day." For many years Martin

White made a regular practice of coming to the last seminar, and invited all the participants to a supper that same evening at Pagani's or some other London restaurant. I was sometimes asked to arrange the menu, but he himself always saw to the wine list, which consisted principally of champagne. Speeches were made, often a long series of them, and the atmosphere was of the gayest. But our symposiums combined profit with pleasure, for it was essential to make the study of sociology popular. Two pupils were bought with scholarships of £100 a year.

One contributory cause of the happy atmosphere at the seminars was that they did not meet in one of the lecture-halls, but in my private room—every teacher at the School of Economics has his own room and mine is one of the largest. Whoever wishes lights a cigarette or pipe, a privilege prized not least by the lady members, and if the seminar meets at tea-time in the afternoon a tray is brought in with the steaming beverage, which is poured out by one of the ladies. The restaurant is one of the School's most important institutions. A large number of teachers and pupils gather in the spacious dining-hall for lunch, the former sitting at a long table on the low platform at the end of the room and the latter at smaller tables in the body of the hall. After the meal, the teachers withdraw to their common-room, whilst many of the students amuse themselves with a dance. The number at dinner is much smaller, but a group of old and young may often be seen gathered round one table to take a meal together before a meeting of one of the many societies connected with the School of Economics. Englishmen have shown their wisdom in making food and drink important ingredients in their social life, and the academic circles form no exception to this rule. My disciples, both past and present, have not infrequently invited me to a love-feast in one or other of the smaller restaurants, and in this way different generations of students have been brought into contact with one another and the tie

between the teacher and his former pupils has remained unbroken. Students from Japan, China, and India have also been good enough to ask me sometimes to their respective clubs or restaurants to give me an opportunity of making acquaintance with their distinctive menus. But in spite of repeated attempts I never learnt how to deal successfully with the Japanese chopsticks.

The School of Economics is probably the most international and, as far as the students' appearance goes, the most varied in colour of any university in the world. For my own part I have had students from every European country, with the exception of Montenegro, Monaco, and one or two others of the same status or size; from Australia, North America, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Chili; from the great centres of civilization in Asia; from Armenia, Syria, Egypt, and Central and West Africa; whilst at the seminars papers have been read by Sinhalese, besides other Orientals. During the last few years my lectures have now and again been visited by Oriental women, amongst them a young Hindu lady, half-veiled.

Thanks to the domestic arrangements and other circumstances the teachers at the School find it convenient to spend a comparatively large portion of their time within its walls, and consequently come into closer contact with each other than is the case with the professors at many other universities, Helsingfors, for example. The intercourse with my colleagues has been a source of much pleasure to me and naturally given me a much deeper insight into the English character. We often hear how stiff and unapproachable Englishmen are, but their reserved manners, which are connected with their habit, established by education, of restraining their emotions, must not be considered as evidence of their disposition of mind. On nearer acquaintance a great deal of warm-heartedness may be discovered under a cool exterior. In the social circles with which I have had most to do, I have found an unusual amount of gaiety, frankness, and cordiality, combined with much

consideration for others and good-breeding. Those qualities are evident on public occasions as well. After-dinner speeches —which in England, sensibly enough, are made when eating is over and not, as with us, to the accompaniment of the rattling of plates and whilst several of the diners are compelled to let their last tit-bits get cold—must, as a matter of course, have their humorous touches. At lectures the audience are thankful to get the least opportunity for merriment; once, when a Japanese professor, in a lecture that he was giving at the School of Economics, spoke of the old Japanese belief that the Mikado was divine, the public burst into laughter—which he instantly silenced by adding the well-deserved remark: "Just as you consider Jesus."

As regards Englishmen's sense of humour, my experience is that such unkind jokes as are considered by many among ourselves as the refinement of wit do not appeal to them at all. On the other hand, they have plenty of humour and a sense of the comical which often strikes us as naïve. A slight divergence from what is usual is often enough to cause unrestrained merriment. I once saw some attendants at the British Museum in an ecstasy of delight when an upper-class Turk passed the gate with a fez on his head—a fez in the streets of London! Once when we were sitting round the fire in my little drawing-room a lady went into convulsions of laughter when she noticed that I had propped the poker up against the grate instead of laying it down in its proper place. On the memorable morning when I read in the newspaper of the abdication of the Tsar I could not resist celebrating the great occasion by taking a whisky and soda, and when I afterwards told my colleagues what I had done, they fell into such raptures that I found my little tale was one of the most amusing I had ever told—the idea of drinking whisky in the morning! The ridicule or, in more serious cases, the contempt to which an individual is exposed when he does anything contrary to custom is one reason why the typical Englishman is so afraid of not acting

as others do that he has become a slave to convention. He is a creature of habit, and one, moreover, who allows himself no deviation from his habits even when he is staying in a foreign land.

On the other hand he is very particular that foreigners should accommodate themselves to his customs when they come to England. And that is no difficult matter. The rules of English convention, as compared with ours, largely resemble the Ten Commandments in their negative character. Thou shalt not take off thy hat to other men; a Swedish author, writing about modern England, looks upon this as a want of manners, but for my part I consider it a wise rule deserving of imitation. Thou shalt not remove thy glove before shaking hands; another sensible injunction which saves one both from the awkward dragging it off in the street and from the disagreeable risk of touching a clammy hand. Thou shalt not shake hands with those thou dost often meet; colleagues indulge in a mutual handshake perhaps once a year only. Thou shalt not greet a lady first; a commandment that, on the one hand, protects the lady from unwelcome attentions, and on the other proves an enviable relief for men who find a difficulty in recognizing ladies in the street—a defect which the latter find it hard to forgive. Thou shalt not eat much, if of the female sex; but you may leave on your plate what you cannot eat. Thou shalt not, as guest, clink glasses with any; how delightful to be able to drink one's wine in peace and allow others to do the same without fear of being impolite! Thou shalt not thank for thy meal [1]; on one occasion, when I broke this rule during my first visit to England, my hostess asked me if I really must go so soon, and I was compelled to answer that unfortunately it was impossible for me to stay any longer. Thou shalt not be loud among a company of people or in public places; what I have suffered from shrieking fellow-countrymen and

[1] In Scandinavian countries this is usual immediately after each meal, the Swedish phrase for this being *tak for maten*.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

women in London restaurants! Thou shalt not ask personal questions of any but intimate friends; English folk like talking about themselves—it is not only for the fun of the thing that they write of themselves with a capital I—but they avoid indiscretion in their attitude to others. Thou shalt not remember ladies' birthdays; when I showed my London hostess my sister's portrait in one of our newspapers on her fiftieth birthday, she turned fiery red with indignation and with clenched fists exclaimed: "How dare they, how dare they!" Thou shalt not talk shop; an English scholar told me of his amazement when, at a dinner in Berlin, a German professor at once began to cross-question him on his special branch of knowledge.

In addition to my teaching at the School of Economics I was busy with various other activities apart from the work at my book. I gave ten Extension lectures at the University College on anthropology, with special reference to primitive races and modes of thought and feeling. I had a numerous audience, largely consisting of teachers in the London schools, many of whom wrote papers connected with the lectures, and I found it an arduous duty, not only to read them through, but to mark them according to their merits. At one of the meetings of the Anthropological Institute I again read a paper—on the magical origin of Moorish ornaments—and I made my début in the Folk-Lore Society with a lecture on the midsummer ceremonies in Morocco, which have a striking resemblance to those practised in Europe. On this occasion I criticized Mannhardt's and Frazer's theory that the midsummer fires were originally sun-charms designed to reinforce the sun's light and heat by sympathetic magic, and maintained that they had always been what, to a certain degree, they still are, purification ceremonies. The discussion was opened by Edward Clodd, the grand old man of English folk-lore, who in his genial way offered the reader of the paper a hearty welcome and at the same time stood up for Frazer by suggesting

that if the latter had been at the meeting he might perhaps have been able to say something in his own defence. In a paper which I read twenty years later, when I touched on the same subject, I reminded the Society of this episode and pointed out that Frazer had meantime given his opinion on the matter, but instead of defending his own theory had accepted my explanation of the midsummer fires.

The Folk-Lore Society became a special favourite of mine; as years went on I read various papers there, became a member of its council, and was chosen one of its permanent vice-presidents. The Anthropological Institute, to whose council I also have had the honour to belong, is a society of greater pretensions and more ceremonial in its character. At the dinners which preceded its meetings there was always a solemn toast to the King's health, and in course of time its title was changed to the Royal Anthropological Institute. The English are the most loyal subjects I know, in spite of the fact that kingship in England is invested with little political power. Scarcely a day passes without a picture of one or more members of the Royal house being found in most papers containing illustrations. The public follow with the keenest interest all the sayings and doings of the Prince of Wales, more especially his achievements in the world of sport and his dress. In the summer of 1926 the newspapers reported that he had adopted in the Pyrenees a cap of the kind worn by the peasants there, and immediately there was a great importation of such caps into England for the benefit of young snobs. I was told that once when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, had hurt his leg, there were fashionable gentlemen who also went about limping (which reminds me of the courtiers of King Mtesa, of Uganda, who always followed their master's example whenever he sneezed).

During my first academic year I also gave a lecture to the Sociological Society of the Manchester Victoria University; later I was elected as its president and dealt in my Presidential

Address, during the winter of 1907, with the subject of moral progress. But the Sociological Society in London was the scientific society in which I took the most active part, both at its meetings and as a member of its council. At one of the autumn meetings in 1904, Höffding delivered a lecture on the relation between sociology and ethics, and in the discussion that followed I took the opportunity to put forward my views on the object of ethics as a science and on the purely subjective nature of moral judgments; but the lecturer—who, by the way, partly misunderstood me—did not share my opinions. That is a thing I have grown accustomed to. After reading a paper on the same question to the Oxford Philosophical Society, my views were opposed by practically all the philosophers *ex professo*; and when a couple of years ago I returned to the subject in a lecture which I had been asked to give to the Economic Society at the School of Economics, I again met with the same general opposition. The effect of this was encouraging. I have long intended to write a book on ethical relativity, but what is the use of writing on a matter in which there is only one opinion?

In the spring term, Francis Galton, the great biologist and anthropologist, Darwin's contemporary and cousin, spoke in the Sociological Society on certain questions belonging to a branch of research to which he himself had given the name of "eugenics", and which is now represented in the University of London by a special professorship endowed by him. At Galton's request I took the chair at what proved a very crowded meeting. An amusing incident occurred during the discussion. A distinguished, elderly woman overstepped a debater's time-limit of six minutes, and would not stop however much I rang my bell. Then Galton—referring to one of the points in her oratory—was heard to say in an undertone: "Whoever would care to marry *her*?" a remark that was received with great amusement by all who supported him on the speakers' platform, as well as by those who occupied the front seats in the hall.

He was certainly entitled to make his little jokes, for he was then eighty-three years of age. A hale and hearty old man indeed: he was starting the next day on a journey to Sicily. He belonged to a long-lived family, and had two sisters, one of whom, if I remember aright, was ninety-four and the other ninety-six years of age; according to report they still continued to treat Francis as their little brother.

Towards the end of March the Sociological Society had its annual meeting, when I again, as in the preceding year, gave the lecture of the evening, dealing with the influence of magic on social relations, and James Bryce again led the discussion. It was always pleasant to meet this cultured and genial man, who had been Professor of Civil Law at Oxford University; a member of one of Gladstone's Ministries; British Ambassador in the United States; and who, above all, was the author of scientific books of the highest worth. He was a warm friend of Finland. I have already mentioned his interest in the Great Address, an interest which he also proved by introducing me in his home to persons who might be of use in our undertaking. Once when I wanted to have a talk with him on Finland affairs he invited me to join him at his early breakfast, so that we might get a long discussion undisturbed. In his old age I visited him with reference to the Aaland question and found him, in spite of his eighty-three years, remarkably vigorous both in mind and body; only a few years before he had visited all the countries of South America and written a book on his travels. He was, of course, entirely on our side. That Aaland belonged to Finland and not to Sweden was a fact that had been painfully impressed upon him during a stormy night's voyage across the open stretch of sea which separates Sweden from Aaland. He was interested in Morocco as well. I was once sitting next to him when we were dining at Sidney Webb's and happened, in the course of the conversation, to mention how impossible it was for a European to set foot in a Moorish mosque. "But I've many years ago been in a mosque

PLATE 14.—MARTIN WHITE WITH THE AUTHOR ON THE VERANDAH OF THE LATTER'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE TANGIER, 1907

at Tangier", Bryce said, with a look of proud satisfaction. "Now, that's interesting," I answered; "they tell a legend in Tangier of an Englishman who was found in a mosque. The people did not know what to do with him; some said: 'Let us kill him,' and others: 'Let him go, he is mad.' " Bryce laughed, but his look of pride had disappeared.

By means of the Sociological Society I came into closer touch with Lord Avebury, better known to the scientific world as Sir John Lubbock, the rich banker who won world renown both as a natural scientist and as the author of works dealing with the progress of civilization, such as *Prehistoric Times* and *The Origin of Civilization*. My first connection with him dated as far back as the publication of my Doctor's thesis. I had made a somewhat vehement attack on his theory that mankind at first lived in promiscuity, or, as he put it with greater propriety, in "communal marriage", and sent him a copy of the thesis. Instead of showing any annoyance he wrote me a letter in which he thanked me, not only for the "interesting" book, but for the very courteous tone of my criticism, and presented me with his own great work on the origin of civilization. It was not until the summer of 1906 that I met him in person. The Institut international de Sociologie, of which I had been a member since its foundation, was then holding its sixth congress in London at the invitation of the Sociological Society, and Lord Avebury, who had succeeded Bryce as this society's president, invited the members of the congress to his country house, High Elms, in Kent. The place itself, with its beautiful park, also interested me on account of its associations with Darwin, who had been our host's near neighbour and intimate friend. When Lord Avebury gave his Presidential Address to the Sociological Society, it fell to my lot to reply, and I was pleased to get in this way an opportunity of expressing my deep respect for him in his capacity as one of the pioneers in social anthropology. Shortly after he invited me to breakfast at his town house; such breakfast

entertainments were an old-fashioned English form of social intercourse.

At half past nine in the morning a dozen gentlemen gathered in his stately house in St. James's Square. Our courteous host brought together such guests as he thought would be interested in each other, and introduced me to one man in particular, whom he styled "the librarian of the House of Lords", without giving his name. The stranger was amiability itself. He made me quite bashful by expressing his pleasure at meeting me at last, a compliment I could not return, as I had not the slightest idea to whom I was speaking. He proposed that we should sit next one another at breakfast, and both then and afterwards he talked the whole time to me. He told me he was much interested in Scandinavian literature, to which I replied that naturally much of its value was lost when read in a translation. But he declared that he understood both Swedish and Danish and that he had corresponded with Topelius.[1] I could not conceal my surprise at this, but my companion remained just as pleasant until we all dispersed about 11 a.m. It flashed upon me afterwards that I had been talking with Edmund Gosse, the great expert in Scandinavian literature, who has perhaps done more than anyone else to make that literature known in England and has himself translated some of it. Some years later, when I met him in his own home, we had a hearty laugh over my slight *faux pas*.

When I first came into personal touch with Lord Avebury he had already passed his eightieth birthday. He was a distinguished-looking man with a refined and engaging manner and a countenance that well befitted the author of the world-renowned book *The Pleasures of Life*. He had also many reasons to be satisfied with himself and his life. He enjoyed the unique distinction of having been canonized by the working portion of the English people, who had given him the honourable title of Saint Lubbock, because during his membership of the

[1] One of Finland's foremost Swedish poets, who wrote.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

House of Commons he had started and carried the proposal to institute four secular Bank holidays in the year, days of leisure, not for going to church, but for general amusement. His kindness to me, who had so roughly handled some of his scientific work, was typical of the highly cultured Englishman, who is able to distinguish between a man and his opinions. I was reminded of this, by way of contrast, when I met at the Philosophical Congress of 1911, in Bologna, the great Berlin professor, Josef Kohler, with whom I had also had a controversy. After the Congress dinner we were introduced to one another by a mutual Italian friend, but when the professor heard my name his majestic face darkened as with a thundercloud, and in a harsh voice he exclaimed: "We have been enemies, I think"; to which I replied: "*Herr Geheimrat*, don't you think that the question of whether the Redskins have communal marriage or not"—one of our bones of contention—"when all is said and done, is a matter of no importance either to you or me?" Then the great man offered me his hand and said in a milder tone, although still with undisturbed dignity: "Let us henceforth be friends."

One of those whom I most often met, both in the Sociological Society and in the School of Economics as well as elsewhere, was my friend Martin White (Plate 14), the financial supporter of the Society and the founder of the Chair that I occupied at the University. He had enticed me to London, and very kindly considered it incumbent upon him to see to my comfort in many ways. From time to time we made trips in his car to his cottage in Hampshire or to other places, and thanks to these I learnt to appreciate the idyllic beauty of the south of England, which in the future was to prove such a rich source of pleasure for me. White for a long time tried in vain to persuade me to go with him to the Derby, which may be considered as the real national festival of Englishmen. I was, however, not sufficiently English to take the slightest interest in it. I knew, of course, that one horse ran better than another,

but it was a matter of complete indifference to me as to which of them all was the fastest. But at last I yielded to his persistence. The galloping horses and their jockeys in ugly positions was a spectacle that did not amuse me, and the public attending in their hundreds of thousands would have struck me as almost laughable had I not known that their boundless anxiety had other reasons than those provided by the sport itself. Large sums of money were here at stake. The Derby is well known as *the* great opportunity for betting, and I believe there is barely an Englishman, whether he attends the race-meeting or not, who does not chance a greater or smaller sum on the result.

My friend White took me for longer excursions as well in his car. Once we made a tour through central Spain—of which more later—and on another occasion we drove in every direction through the Scottish Highlands, with his country property of Balruddery, near Dundee, as our starting-point and John O'Groat's house on the coast of the most north-easterly part of Scotland as our goal. I had not expected such enormous stretches of uninhabited land, with no other buildings than isolated shooting- or fishing-boxes belonging to sport-loving Scots or Englishmen. The shooting season had not yet begun—it was early in July—and this the wild deer evidently knew, for sometimes these creatures, that are as a rule so timid, stood at the roadside and looked at us inquisitively.

# CHAPTER X

## 1905–1907

Visit to Mazagan—The appointment of the Professor of Philosophy in Helsingfors—Part I of *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*—Professor of Practical Philosophy in Helsingfors—Proposal of extended bilingual teaching at Helsingfors University.

When I had finished my first year's teaching at the School of Economics and delivered my lecture to the Sociological Society, I hurried to quite another world, taking my passage on an English steamer going to Mazagan, a little town on the west coast of Morocco. It anchored on the way in Tangier roads, and thus gave me the opportunity of witnessing an event in the world's history; for simultaneously with our steamer another vessel arrived—on March 31st—with the Emperor William on board. I saw the European Ministers hastening down to the harbour in their uniforms to receive the august visitor, and shortly after returning with their errand undone. It was said that the Emperor had given up the idea of landing on account of the high seas, but that I could scarcely believe; I was more disposed to credit the statement that a report had been circulated of an anarchist plot. An hour later, however, as I was standing outside a shop in the principal street of the town, to my astonishment I saw the Emperor and his suite riding up the street. He seemed to me a little nervous as he cast keen glances on every side. He was on his way to the German legation, where later he made his well-known speech, in which he expressed his intention of addressing himself, in all future negotiations, directly to the Sultan, the lawful ruler of the land. There was general rejoicing at the imperial visit on the part of both natives and Europeans, with the exception, of course, of the French; and on the wide sandy shore outside the town there appeared a compact mass of

armed mountain-folk who had come to offer salutations to the German Sultan, the Mohammedans' friend and a champion of their liberty. Of the Europeans in Tangier the English—to whom the idea of a French régime in Morocco seemed very repugnant—were, next to the Germans, the most delighted, and gave vent to their feelings by the erection of a triumphal arch.

Mazagan is a quite unimportant coast town, which was originally founded by the Portuguese, but was later relinquished by them when, being hard pressed by the Moors, they considered it advisable to leave the place. The massive Portuguese walls, built of hewn stone, are still in existence, but otherwise Mazagan is one of the most uninteresting towns in Morocco, and the flat, bare country surrounding it lacks even the slightest touch of the picturesque. It was my intention to go straightway to the small town of Azemmur, only three hours farther on, but the governor in Mazagan absolutely refused to allow me to travel there. Morocco was then in a state of rebellion and anarchy, and the Government had lost all power in the country districts, even amongst those tribes which had formerly been the most submissive.

The reason of all this chaos was partly the public dissatisfaction with the young Sultan Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz and partly his own weakness. To exercise any effective authority a sultan of Morocco must either be a saint or a warrior, but Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz was neither. If those intimately connected with him are to be believed, he was a gifted, well-disposed youth with good intentions and a mind open to new ideas. But he had the misfortune to get into the hands of Europeans, who used their influence with a keener eye to their own advantage than to the promotion of the country's welfare. He had succeeded to the throne at sixteen years of age. During the first six years the government of his kingdom lay entirely in the hands of the all-powerful grand-vizier, Bba Hmed, and after his death the young Sultan was for a short time under the influence of his Circassian mother. But later he took the reins into his own

hands, and a steady diminution in the power and prestige of the Government now began. Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz stood aloof from his subjects, who only saw him at the great religious festivals, three times a year. He associated exclusively with his Ministers, the ladies of his harem, and the Europeans who now thronged to his Court, first in Marrakesh and then in Fez. His Christian boon-companions showed him pictures and photographs of one thing or another that they thought might interest him, took his orders, and immediately wrote for the goods to be dispatched. Motor-cars, bicycles, cabs, small steam-launches, balloons, cameras, cinematographs, gramophones, machines, and playthings of all kinds were imported from England and France and then conveyed on camels to his place of residence. And in the intervals between the orders the Sultan was kept very well amused with billiards and tennis, fun and jokes. One day, it is said, they took off his white cloak, twisted an enormous turban round his head, and dressed him up in a fantastic uniform. Then they made haste to photograph him; and so little trouble was taken to keep it a secret that the picture of the "ruler of the faithful" in a mountebank's dress was exposed for sale in the Jewish quarter of Fez.

The good Mohammedans in Fez began to shake their heads, and the report of the "Christian Sultan" spread from the town into the country districts. But worse than all else was his violation of the sanctuary of Mûlai Idris, one of the most sacred in the whole of Morocco. An Irish missionary was one day mortally wounded in the open street in Fez by a shereef, who said he had come into the town to take some Christian's life. The murderer fled to the tomb of Mûlai Idris, where, according to the custom of his country, he ought to be safe from his pursuers. But the Sultan had him taken by force out of the sanctuary and ordered him to be shot. The incident caused an unparalleled sensation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The people declared that at the moment of the shereef's execution blood trickled out of the saint's

tomb and the light in his mosque went out. The insurrection against the Sultan under the leadership of Buhamâra was looked upon as a punishment for this outrage. This happened in the autumn of 1902, and during the following years the dissatisfaction with Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz became more and more widespread. The tribes refused to pay their taxes, defied the Government's edicts, turned out their officials; and whilst the Sultan ruled in Fez, Buhamâra was doing the same in Taza.

I was thus compelled to stay on in Mazagan, and rented a house at the end of the town near the beach—the most inviting bathing-place one could desire. My work did not suffer in any way from this change in my proposed journey, for even in Azemmur I had meant to continue my study of the Dukkâla nomads, which I had begun during my stay amongst them four years before, and I could do that just as well in Mazagan. I took into my service a native scribe from the village where I had formerly lived, and soon discovered that he was one of the most excellent teachers that I had ever met. Once, however, the pupil was compelled to take his master to task, but not as to his teaching. His wife came to me to complain that her husband was in the habit of beating her. When I privately reproached him with the unseemliness of his conduct, he looked very serious and said in a whisper: "Do not scold me; she is not a human being but a *jinnîya*"—a female evil spirit. It is said that such marriages between men and *jinnîyas* are far from uncommon, but they always end unhappily. The devils in woman's form may be, indeed, for a time very amiable wives, who enrich the home, bring it happiness, and give birth to children, but one fine day they take their husband's lives. My teacher used to come to me every afternoon, but if we talked about the *jinns* the lesson had to be brought to a close as early as four o'clock, when they creep out of their underground hiding-places; once, when we had inadvertently kept on a couple of moments too long, he immediately felt sick and miserable. In the morning and evening I worked at my *Moral*

*Ideas*; and thus the days passed in rapid succession with hardly any other diversions than the salt sea-baths.

But we town-dwellers were not left quite untouched by the unrest and lawlessness in the country. One night a European, one of my nearest neighbours, was shot by natives who had broken into his house. The next night I thought it advisable to sit up and keep on the look-out—my servants being quite incapable of such work—and to lighten my task of night-watchman I tried to read a collection of stories by one of Sweden's most popular authors. Unfortunately I found them so unutterably tedious that it was only with the greatest difficulty that even mortal danger could keep me awake. Another interlude in the monotony is perhaps deserving of mention. One day I received a telegram that had been brought by a steamer from Tangier. It came from Helsingfors and was signed by the Dean of the historical-philological section of the University. It contained the information that my rival for the Chair of Philosophy had received the appointment, and in addition I was asked how far I should feel inclined to accept a possible offer of a professorship in sociology. I answered at once that I was willing to do so, on condition that the nomination would give me a seat and a vote in the Senate.[1] My Moorish servants wondered what news I had had that day; I seemed to them so unusually cheerful. To be passed over in an application for a post does not, indeed, as a rule result in such a mood; but to tell the truth I had never really longed for the professorship which I did not get. In the Senate twenty-five members had voted for me and only five for my fellow-competitor; but the Vice-Chancellor had, nevertheless, recommended the nomination of the latter on the ground that I had not submitted to an examination in the Finnish language, which I had refused to do because I considered that there was no legal foundation for such a demand.

After nearly six months' stay in Mazagan I returned, in

[1] The Senate is composed of all the ordinary professors of the University.

September 1905, to Finland, and was thus a witness of the general strike which led to the restoration of our autonomy.

In the spring term of 1906, when I was in London busy with my work as Reader at the University, an important event occurred in my life, viz. the publication at last in March of the first part of my work, *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*. What sort of reception would it get?

I was, of course, conscious that the book suffered from many deficiencies. In spite of the great efforts I had made, the materials I had collected were, of course, very far from complete, and, as is often the case in dealing with a multitude of ethnological and historical facts, a certain number of unreliable data might easily have crept in. The psychological analyses and explanations offered difficulties which I could not feel certain I had entirely overcome. And my idea of ethics as a psychological and sociological discipline, together with my denial of the objective validity of moral judgments, would naturally meet with opposition from the representatives of the current conception of ethics as a normative science. But, on the other hand, my review of the moral consciousness was more comprehensive than any which had been attempted before; my researches in Morocco had given me magic keys to many doors which until then had been closed for students of religion and social relations, and shown me how superstition, in a quite unsuspected degree, had influenced moral ideas; I had expended much care on the construction of my book to make sure that each part should have its proper place and due proportion; and I had tried to avoid all obscure terms and to make my style both clear and precise. It was, therefore, not without certain hopeful anticipations that I awaited the reviews of my book.

It is easy for an author to think too highly of his work, just as a father may of his child, and perhaps this was true in my case as well; but, if so, many of my reviewers were guilty of

greater exaggerations. Of course, varying notes were sounded in the large number of reviews that appeared both in the daily papers and in periodicals, but even those that contested some of my theories did not withhold their appreciation in other respects, and, taken as a whole, the reception of my work was one certainly calculated to satisfy far greater vanity than mine. The verdicts of thinkers and scientists, such as S. Alexander, W. R. Sorley, L. T. Hobhouse, Havelock Ellis, R. R. Marett, Franz Oppenheimer, and many others, are more suitable for quotation in publishers' announcements than in my own memoirs. But I was pleased—there is no doubt about that—and mainly because it was held that I had opened a new path which might lead far in the future. It also gave me great satisfaction to read what was said of the value of my Moorish investigations, of the way in which I had constructed my book, of my handling of the English language, and of my style. One daily paper even made the absurd statement that in the author's hands "a subject which might be impossibly abstruse becomes almost as attractive as a romance". I fancy most people are particularly pleased with compliments on an excellence of which they themselves are not very sure or even exceedingly dubious, but set a lower value on such good points as they know they really possess. A highly gifted scholar among my friends, whose literary production showed a remarkable discrepancy between quality and quantity, told me that he envied me nothing so much as the compliments on my industry, which I received from kindly (and probably idle) critics; but as far as I was concerned they gave me more vexation than pleasure.

I passed the Easter and summer holidays in Tangier or its vicinity, and it was there that, on the last day of August, I received my nomination to the Chair of Practical Philosophy at the Helsingfors University. After the earlier appointment of the philosophy professor the Senate had requested that a personal professorship in sociology, with a seat and vote in the

Senate, should be offered me; but this request was opposed by the Government on the ground that no provision was made for Chairs of that kind in the University statutes. At the same time the Government reverted to an earlier proposal to substitute for the existing professorship of philosophy two others, one in theoretical and the other in practical philosophy, which at first had not led to any result; and the consequence of this was my nomination to the latter of these Chairs. Thus I became, when nearly forty-four years of age, a professor in the University of my native land. I was glad that it had not happened sooner, for the delay had given me opportunities for research which might otherwise have been impossible. But I was very pleased, too, at the nomination. The professorship of practical philosophy attracted me considerably more than the original Chair of Philosophy in all its aspects, and the new work in Helsingfors did not mean any immediate severance from London. I had still one spring term left of my three years' agreement there; and what the future might hold still lay on the knees of the gods. So I again took my way to the North.

On October 13th I "entered upon" my office, as it is called, although I had already begun my teaching. The procedure was, as usual, a lecture from the professor in the University Hall and the subsequent swearing-in in the Senate's room. The latter item was, of course, annoying, but as I had accepted the appointment it was palpably impossible to make a fuss about taking the oath. In my inauguration lecture, which dealt with the influence magic has exercised on moral ideas, however, I took care that my opinion of the concluding scene should be made quite clear. I pointed out that an oath is essentially a conditional self-imprecation, a curse by which a person calls down upon himself some evil in the event that what he says is not true or that he breaks the vow taken by him. As is the case with other curses, the efficacy of an oath in its primitive form is also of a magical nature, i.e. it rests upon the magic

power in the words pronounced. Several different methods are employed to endow them with such power. A very common one is that the person taking the oath puts himself into physical contact with some sacred object. The Iowa Indians swear by a holy stone wrapped in the skins of seven animals, the natives in Palembang in Sumatra by a sacred old knife, the Hindus touch a Brahmin's leg when they take an oath, Mohammedans swear on the Koran, Protestants on the Bible. Another way of endowing an oath with supernatural energy is to introduce into it the name of a god and to give it the form of a prayer. When I had to rattle off the oath formula immediately after this exposition no one could possibly suppose that I expressed in it any confession of faith or that any fear of supernatural penalties could make my promise more binding.

The language question was at this period rousing interest in the University, especially amongst the Finnish-speaking students. They demanded a vital change in the language used in teaching[1] and had even pronounced their opinion that all "ordinary" and those "extra" teachers who lectured on examination subjects should give the public teaching that formed part of their duty in Finnish, with the exception of language teachers. I then made a proposal which in my opinion ought to be equally satisfactory to the students and teachers of both language-groups—Swedish and Finnish—and to put an end to the dissatisfaction and discord caused by the non-fulfilment of the Finnish students' wishes. The gist of it was that parallel courses of lectures given in Swedish and Finnish should be arranged in the University, beginning with the two sections of the philosophical faculty and also of the faculty of laws. The "ordinary" and permanent "extraordinary" professorships should, with a few exceptions, be each converted into two, one for Finnish- and the other for Swedish-speaking students; but I also pointed out that at future divisions of

[1] The University of Helsingfors is bilingual, the teaching being given partly in Finnish and partly in Swedish.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

Chairs the Swedish department, with its fewer students, might have to put up with a smaller number of professors.

I put forward my proposal at a meeting to which I had invited all those teachers who were anxious that measures should be taken for securing the preservation of Swedish teaching at the University. The meeting had a very numerous attendance, and the vast majority were in the main in agreement with my views. A committee was formed to prepare the question and to draw up a paper, containing a detailed proposal, which should be put before the Senate. The next autumn our scheme was submitted to the various faculties for consideration; they disagreed with it and its fate in the Senate was consequently a foregone conclusion. Thiodolf Rein—then vice-chancellor of the University—who counted himself as a member of the Finnish party but recognized the great importance of the Swedish language for our intellectual life, was more far-sighted than the Senate. When I discussed my proposal with him he said something like this: "It may be a good one, but our ultimate end must, nevertheless, be two separate universities."

# CHAPTER XI

## 1907–1910

Journey through Spain—Reception of London University Representatives in Paris—Lectures in Stockholm—Stay in the Pyrenees—Professor of Sociology in London—Part II of *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*—Lecture at the Annual Meeting of the Swedish Literary Society—Visit to Fez and Sefru.

During my Easter holidays in 1907 I travelled, at the end of March, with Martin White to Madrid as the starting-place for a tour through Southern Spain, as soon as his wife and sister-in-law arrived there from France with his car. During our stay at Madrid I witnessed a grand bull-fight arranged for the benefit of the Spanish Press. Whatever may be thought of a display of this nature, it is impossible to deny that there is something imposing about it. The enormous circular theatre is of itself a splendid sight with its excited public and the brilliant dresses of the ladies. In the middle there is the great arena surrounded by a barrier. The entertainment begins with a gorgeous procession of all the performers, who walk or ride into the arena and march round to the strains of a military march, after which those who do not appear in the first act disappear from the scene. At a given signal the door of the dark stable in which the bull has been shut up is opened. He rushes into the arena and instantly attacks one of the wretched hacks that are ridden by *picadores* armed with lances, and rips up its body. Blood and bowels gush out of the wounds and the horse and rider fall down on the ground, the latter having done all he can to parry the attack with his lance. The same thing happens to horse after horse. Then comes the second act. The *banderilleros*, with incredible agility and daring, meet the maddened creature, jump aside with lightning speed in the very nick of time, and plant their

*banderillas*—barbed darts ornamented with long streamers of coloured paper—in the beast's neck as it charges by. When it is considered sufficiently tired out, the last act begins. The matador (*espada*) excites the bull with a red cloth and tries by all sorts of tricks to get it into the proper position for giving it the death-stroke. As a rule he quickly steps aside as the bull charges and drives his sword into the neck to reach the heart; if he is successful the beast instantaneously drops to the ground, but the first stroke seldom achieves its object. In other cases the *espada* stands still and receives the onset of the bull upon the point of his sword. The *coup de grace* is given to the fallen animal by a *puntillero*, who pierces its spinal marrow with a dagger. It is then dragged out by a team of mules adorned with tinkling bells, the blood stains are covered with sand, a second bull is brought in and after the same preliminaries meets with a similar fate. At the performance which I saw, eight bulls were killed. One of them seemed too tame in the eyes of the public, who were loud in their wrathful condemnation of his trainer, and one of the matadors, as the result of some clumsy stroke, became a target for orange-peel and similar missiles.

And the general impression it made? The first act with the disembowelled horses was loathsome, and I often turned away my head to escape seeing such misery. But what followed kept my attention strained to the utmost. It was impossible not to admire the extraordinary agility, grace, and courage of the performers, and as to the bull, he was too madly furious to rouse any feeling of real sympathy. In England the bull-fights are often dubbed a "cowardly" sport. But I wonder which is braver: to ride after dogs who are chasing a fox to death, or to face a half-mad beast with no other protection than one's own physical agility?

From Madrid I went by train to Toledo, where my friends joined me next day with their car. In several respects Toledo is the most wonderful town in Spain. It is situated on a granite

PLATE 15.—TOLEDO

(*From a photograph taken by Martin White*)

hill in the form of a horseshoe, washed on three sides by the River Tagus, and cut out, as it were, from the mass of mountains to the south. On the north it is connected by an isthmus with the great plain of Castile, while at all other points the sides of the rocky eminence are steep and inaccessible. The fertile valley of the Tagus extends towards the north and west. The town itself is perhaps the most Moorish of any in Spain. Its narrow, winding streets form a network over the uneven surface of the plateau, without widening out at any point into an open space, and are bordered on either side by tall houses with few, if any, windows looking on to the streets and protected from the outer world by huge gates, often studded with great iron bosses. Almost every house resembles either a prison or a fortress; Toledo is perhaps the most sombre city in Europe, as it is also one of the very oldest. Here Romans, Visigoths, Saracens, and afterwards Christians again have succeeded each other, and all have left some traces of their occupation. It has with justice been described as a gigantic open-air museum illustrating the earlier history of Spanish architecture, arranged upon a lofty and conspicuous table of rock. The most important objects in the collection are the great cathedral and other monumental buildings dating from a period when the Gothic style was at its best. Toledo—once the ecclesiastical, political, and intellectual centre of Spain—is said to have had at one time as many as two hundred thousand inhabitants, but at the present time the great town with its mighty houses must needs be content with a population that does not reach even one-tenth of that number. (Plate 14.)

When my friends arrived I arranged an afternoon boating-trip to the other side of the Tagus; but I should not have done so, for when we were well out on the river, the little punt proved to be in such a ramshackle condition that a single incautious movement would have been quite enough to overturn it. From the high bank we had the same view

(Plate 16) as Edelfelt[1] thus describes in one of his letters: "Two great heights between which a river flows deep down, as if tunnelled in the mountain; exactly opposite, Toledo stands out against the evening sky, strangely decorative and gloomy with its high walls and towers—and not a tree, scarcely even a bush, as far as eye can reach."

When the motor arrived at the hotel where I was staying I at once achieved quite unexpected prestige, and was asked if I had been with the King. For at that time such means of conveyance were very rare phenomena in Spain, a fact that was quite apparent during the whole of our southward journey. The chauffeur, who came from the Pyrenees and spoke Spanish, told us that at one country inn the people there took my friend Martin White for King Edward, his wife for the English Queen, and me—I was wearing a black astrakhan cap—for a Russian Grand-Duke. In one village we met a Church Easter procession, and it was really pitiful to see how those taking part in it left the priests and the Blessed Virgin in the lurch to crowd round the marvellous carriage. All the horses and mules shied as we passed by, but the donkeys, who are less stupid and superstitious, took no notice at all of us.

So we hastened on across the unspeakably dreary wastes of the plateau of La Mancha—Don Quixote's land—with its windmills, passed the Sierra Morena, and ran smoothly through a wild river-valley into green and fertile Andalusia. Here we found that we were in the southern spring. In Madrid the trees had been as bare and grey as in Finland, but in Andalusia the lilacs were in full bloom and the ground was covered with flowers. In Cordova I parted with my travelling-companions, but not for long, as a few days later they followed me to Tangier. Our tour had been particularly interesting because it had given us an opportunity to get a glimpse of Spanish rural districts and their peasantry. In one place they were

[1] Finland's most celebrated painter.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

dancing in a cottage to the accompaniment of a violin. I was struck by the handsome, comfortable beds, that formed such a pleasant contrast to those I remembered from my youthful days in Finnish country inns.

At Whitsuntide I spent a few glorious days in Paris and its immediate neighbourhood. The University there had invited eighty representatives of the University of London to come as its guests by way of celebrating the *entente cordiale* which had been concluded between France and England shortly before. Consequently the arrangements were on a magnificent scale. On Whit-Monday, May 20th, by special train to Paris; on Tuesday at 10 a.m. a great festivity in the Sorbonne amphitheatre, where M. Briand, the Minister of Education, delivered the first speech; at noon, lunch in the Town Hall as guests of the City of Paris; at 2.30 p.m. an excursion to Versailles and the Trianon, where the visitors listened to a concert on ancient instruments; at 10 p.m. a reception at the English Embassy; on Wednesday an excursion by special train to Chantilly, and in the evening private dinners to specially invited guests. I had been invited first by Lévy-Bruhl, but was afterwards obliged to accept an invitation from Levasseur at the Collège de France, of which he was Rector. On Thursday there were visits to the different buildings and laboratories of the University; in the afternoon a reception by the President of the Republic and Madame Fallières in the Elysée Palace; at 7.30 p.m. a banquet in the Sorbonne, followed by a grand concert in its great hall, when Saint-Saëns played one of his pianoforte compositions and then, amidst general jubilation, had an Honorary Doctor's degree conferred upon him. The weather was splendid and the country with its fresh rich green and flowering hedges enchanting.

One May morning, when I came to breakfast in my London apartments, I found my landlady much excited. "Here is a letter for you from King Edward!" she exclaimed—on the envelope there was *E* with a crown. When I had opened the

envelope, however, I was able to assure her that she had made a mistake, for my letter was from Prince Eugen of Sweden.[1] It contained an invitation to give one or more lectures in the Stockholm summer courses, which had Prince Eugen as president of their Executive Committee. I sent my thanks for the invitation and delivered four lectures in the beginning of July to an unusually mixed audience, consisting for the most part of school-teachers from many different parts of Sweden; but royalty and leading men of science also honoured me with their presence. After my last lecture Prince Eugen took the two foreign lecturers—Troels-Lund, the famous Danish historian of civilization, was the other one—in his car to his beautiful Djurgård residence, where supper was served with distinguished scientists as other guests. To lecture to the general public is a much more difficult task than to lecture to students. It is essential to gauge their level of education and judgment fairly correctly and, above all, not to underestimate either one or the other. That is a mistake the audience find it difficult to forgive, although they do not mind the lecture being occasionally above their heads. And speaking for myself, if I were obliged to listen to a mathematical lecture and understood all that was said, it would scarcely tend to raise the lecturer in my estimation.

The pleasant days in Stockholm, where I saw some old friends again and made new ones, were followed by a visit of three weeks to my own country. It was the first time for four years that I spent any part of the summer in Finland, nor have I done so again in the nineteen years that have elapsed since that visit. I had to hurry back to London to complete my notes, and then betook myself to the Pyrenees to fill my lungs with mountain air and to go on writing the second part of my book. The little electric side-line ended at Luz, and from there I drove as far as the carriage road went—about two or three hours' drive—to the village of Gavarnie, which lies almost

[1] A brother of the present King of Sweden.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

in the very heart of the Pyrenees at a height of about four thousand feet above the sea. What a peaceful corner amongst the mountains! No rush of tourists, scarcely a single foreigner, indeed, no vehicle hurrying past, for the road came to a full stop at the hotel in which I took up my abode. From here it is only possible to get on foot or on the back of an animal across the Cirque de Gavarnie—an enormous valley-basin bounded by high walls of rock down which mountain streams rush in foaming cascades—or over the mountains to the other side of the Spanish frontier. The summits, too, convey the impression of wonderful calm, rising as they do all to much the same height in a majestic row at the back of the basin. They look so noble and unassuming; unlike so many of the Swiss Alps, none of them wants to attract attention to the detriment of his neighbour by proudly showing off his height or beauty of line.

After a month at Gavarnie I went back in the end of September to my work at the London University. My agreement for three years had now expired, but it had been succeeded by an appointment as Professor of Sociology for the next five years, with the stipulation that I was to lecture during one of the three terms of each academic year. The University of Helsingfors, by granting me partial leave of absence, had made it possible for me to keep on at the same time my post there as Professor of Practical Philosophy. It cannot be denied that I had made great demands upon the patience of its Senate; but, to begin with, my researches made it necessary for me to stay in London some part of each year, and, secondly, I did not wish to resign teaching work of the kind that was offered there. So I had proposed a compromise rather than entirely relinquish either London or Helsingfors.

In December I was installed in my office at the same time as my colleague L. T. Hobhouse, who was also appointed Professor of Sociology, to lecture, however, during two terms of every year. The subject of my inauguration lecture was

"Sociology as a University Study". I tried to answer the query as to why this science had been so long in finding entrance to English universities, and discovered one cause in the opposition in some quarters to the word "Sociology". "This term had the disadvantage of being introduced into the English language by Herbert Spencer, who was connected with no university, and whose philosophy was not accepted in the academic circles of his own country. If it had originated in the brain of some German philosopher, it would long ago have become a catchword in the older universities, and some insight into its mysteries would have become the hall-mark of a well-educated gentleman." In the latter part of the lecture I touched upon the benefits to be expected from the study of sociology and pointed out, amongst others, its value to officials in the Colonies and, generally speaking, to all who had any dealings with foreign races. "I hope", I said, "that you will not consider the remark I am going to make inappropriate, though it comes from a foreigner; for I have never felt myself as a foreigner in this country (general applause). I cannot help saying that it seems to me a perfect riddle how it is that no knowledge whatever of the native customs and ideas of non-European peoples is required of those who go out to rule over such peoples. The only solution I can possibly imagine is that colonial officials are supposed to acquire the necessary knowledge after they have settled down on the spot. But no error could be greater than this. It is no exaggeration to say that the large majority never learn to understand the natives. A few, no doubt, take an interest in their customs and even write books on them; but these very books only too often show what an irreparable loss it was that their authors should have gone out to the Colonies without having a previous training for their work. . . . Ignorance has often been the main cause of the troubles which have followed upon the contact between different races; the Indian Mutiny might in all probability have been prevented by a little greater

insight into native ideas and beliefs. . . . I am convinced that in our dealings with non-European races some sociological knowledge, well applied, would generally be a more satisfactory weapon than gunpowder. It would be more humane—and cheaper, too."

After a spring term in Helsingfors I went via London to Tangier and settled for three months in a Moorish country-house, surrounded by a large garden, on the delightful slopes of Jebel el-kbir ("the Great Mountain"), which is separated from Tangier and its immediate neighbourhood by the Wad el-ihûd or "Jews' River". Bananas and tangerines were growing in the garden, as well as masses of flowers, and from the large terrace in front of the house, which served both as my study and dining-room when the east wind was not too fierce, I looked out to the Mediterranean through the straits between Gibraltar's sphinx-like rock on the one side and Andjra's high mountains on the other. Morocco was still in a state of general chaos; the dissatisfaction with the Sultan Mûlai Abd-el-Aziz had made hosts of rebels rally round his half-brother, Mûlai el-Hâfid, and civil war was being fiercely waged between the two. One evening we heard shots from the town. What was happening? An attack on Tangier? Conditions were so disturbed at this period that there was serious apprehension of such an attack by the neighbouring tribes. But no, this time the shots were a message of peace; the Sultan had been deposed and Mûlai el-Hâfid proclaimed as his successor. When I rode into the town next morning I found it all beflagged. There was general jubilation among the natives and among the subjects of several foreign Powers as well. Morocco had conquered France, Islam Christianity. Now the country would regain its former prosperity. The *baraka*, or holiness, of the sultanship, which had been polluted and weakened by Mûlai Abd-el-Azîz's relations with the Christians, would once more shine forth in its former strength and brilliance. That this was to happen was plainly revealed

immediately after the change of ruler: the yield of the sardine fishery all at once proved greater than it had been for many years.

For me, too, the summer of 1908 was a memorable time, for I then finished in my Moorish summer home the manuscript of my book on the origin and development of the moral ideas. For seventeen years my eyes had envisaged this moment, now approaching, now receding, as the ultimate goal of my endeavour. Circumstances of varying nature had often drawn me aside from the path, but never for long; and although I tried to the best of my ability to fulfil other duties which I had assumed, they had always seemed to me of secondary importance in comparison with the work on my book. The history of marriage had interested me as an object of scientific research, but this other subject which had occupied my thoughts for many long years had been a vital interest, an affair of the heart, I might almost say. The longed-for moment had come at last. When I put down the pen that had written the last line, I took a few turns up and down the terrace with the blue Mediterranean stretching before me as far as eye could reach. Never had that sense of liberation which is inspired by the sight of the open sea found a warmer response in my breast. I had many a time been worried by the thought that my book might possibly remain unfinished; it was so constructed that the comparative and historical treatment of the moral ideas in the last three-quarters of the book was necessary to confirm the general theory of the nature of the moral consciousness set forth in the earlier chapters. It is true that the pleasure given by the work itself is often greater than that experienced when the goal is reached, but in this case I had no occasion to feel regret at the loss of a fascinating occupation. For several years already, simultaneously with my work on the moral ideas, I had been gathering stones for another building. The original object of my researches in Morocco had been, it is true, to get new facts and points of view for the book I had

PLATE 16.—THE FESTIVAL IN FEZ

PLATE 17.—THE PLACE OF PRAYER AT THE FEZ FESTIVAL

now finished, but very soon I had conceived the idea of later on writing another book, containing a detailed examination of the popular religion and magic of the Moors. During my travels I had often been torn in two between this task and that which occupied the first place in my thoughts. Now that the conflict had come to an end and the stronger rival had retired from the lists, my joy at the completion of the work was increased by the pleasure of henceforth being able to devote all my free time to another task which also interested me most deeply. I celebrated the happy occasion by a dinner party to which I invited some Tangier acquaintances: two artists—one a Finlander and the other an Englishman—a gardener from Yorkshire, a Swedish merchant, and a German bank official. But the reason of the little feast I kept safely locked up in my own breast.

During my autumn stay in London I read the last proofs of my book, and it was published in November. Its reception in the Press gave me the same satisfaction as that of the first volume had done. The inconvenience of the publication of the two volumes at different dates was counterbalanced to a certain degree by the double set of reviews. The same was true, too, of the German translation (by Leopold Katscher), the second part of which now quickly followed that of the first, which had been published at an earlier date. A Swedish edition of the first thirteen chapters appeared a few years later, but the publication of those remaining was prevented, at any rate for the time being, by the increased cost of printing in consequence of the war. Some chapters of the second volume came out as a separate book in a Polish translation. Before the war, a French translation of the book (by Robert Godet) had been begun and will soon appear. The fact that my book has managed to survive during all these years has given me much pleasure. The English original has been published with but slight alterations in two later editions; the second volume of the third reprint of these came out

in 1926. The German translation has gone through two editions. It may seem absurd to dwell on these details, but a father always likes talking about his favourite child.

My Christmas holidays I again spent on the mountain outside Tangier. I cannot say which season I like best in Morocco, but winter is certainly not the least pleasant, with the fresh cool nip in the air, the spring-like touch of green, the wild-flowers, and the splendid garden roses. It is a very strange experience to find oneself suddenly transported in the middle of January from all this to our snowy North.

I ought, perhaps, to mention a lecture that I delivered in Helsingfors on the annual festival of our Swedish Literary Society. It dealt with "The Idea of Holiness in the Religious Beliefs of the Natives of Morocco". Although it seemed to amuse some of the audience, I doubt if they felt in any way edified by it. But I had chosen this peculiar subject for a special purpose. I emphasized the fact that historians of civilization, in their almost instinctive respect for written or printed matter, often forget another never-failing source of information that may be traced back even to an earlier time than that of Egypt's hieroglyphics. Popular sayings and doings still bear witness to many ancient ideas which the historical documents either pass over in silence or mention in a way that obscures their real meaning. Thus a true light is thrown on many Biblical customs and ideas by native beliefs existing to this day in countries of Semitic civilization; and so also investigators into the past of our own race have undoubtedly much to learn from superstitions and customs which may still be found in the country districts of Scandinavia and amongst our own Swedish peasantry in Finland. And again, it is important for everyone making researches into the earlier civilization of any nation to be acquainted with the customs and ideas, not only of that particular people, but of others as well; in this way, too, the study of the ancient history of the Swedes may derive much benefit from comparison of their

folk-lore with that of other—even far distant—races, and especially of those who have remained untouched by the influence of modern civilization. At the end of my lecture I went so far as to suggest that possibly in our midsummer bonfires we still possess a primitive historical link between the Berbers of Morocco and the Swedes of Finland.

At the beginning of the summer I went to Morocco again, having previously made arrangements with my two universities to allow of my staying there all the autumn as well. There were serious gaps in my notes that must be filled before I could think of writing my book; there still remained, in particular, two groups of natives for me to study—namely, the townsfolk in Fez and the Berbers of Central Morocco, these last being the least-known branch of the entire native population. Now at last an opportunity came for the fulfilment of a wish I had long harboured in my mind. The rebel Buhamâra, who had been hiding in his mountains, had found more than his match in the new Sultan. One August day of 1909 a decisive battle took place on the Hiaina plains and ended in a crushing defeat for Buhamâra, who was taken prisoner himself a few days later. He was conveyed to Fez in an iron cage, exposed to the public gaze for several days, and then, as was authoritatively stated, thrown into the lions' den to be torn to bits by the wild beasts. So now there was peace in the land and one could travel into the interior without let or hindrance. After spending the summer outside Tangier, fully occupied with the study of natives from different districts, I decided at the end of September to make my way to Fez.

But it was with no gay heart this time that I turned towards the goal of my desires. On September 13th I received a telegram from Finland with the news of my mother's death on the preceding day. She had had a stroke and died almost immediately after. This message was entirely unexpected;

she had been comparatively well all the summer—indeed, a few days after the arrival of the telegram I had a post card from her written by her own hand. We had started together from Helsingfors, and at Karis she had waved her good-byes to me with a loving smile and lingering glances—I remember them as if it were yesterday. She went on with my sister Helena to Lappvik, and I to Abo, Stockholm, and England. How bitterly I have since regretted that I did not go with them! I could so easily have stayed a time in my sister's country home—I know my company would have given my mother pleasure. Times without number I had left her before with a sad heart, but on this occasion with a feeling of uneasiness which I could not overcome. I could never make up for the pleasure of which I had deprived her, and never again would my heart rejoice at the sight of her dear face. . . .

The evening before I started I enticed my friend and fellow-countryman, Hugo Backmansson, who was staying in Tangier in order to paint, to come with me to Fez. The journey began in true romantic fashion. We were not ready to start before 1 p.m., missed our road, and had to stumble on in the pitch-dark along untrodden paths over the steep "Red Mountain" with its stones, holes, and thickets, until we landed at last in the middle of the night at a village in the Gharbîa, where Sîdi Abdsslam—my constant follower—owns land left to him by his holy grandfather. Our small caravan, consisting of ten men, two horses, eight mules, and two donkeys, continued its journey next day over the bare plain, where the burning summer sun combined with five months' continuous drought had destroyed every single sign of green. We pant and puff in the heat, which is just as oppressive whether we travel on or rest, as all the way there is scarcely one shady tree to be found. After riding for nine days we arrive at Fez and pitch our camp outside the city wall. But shortly before sundown, when the gates are shut, we receive an injunction to come at once with bag and baggage inside the walls to

a market crowded with tents, horses, carcases, refuse, and dust. But even here we are not absolutely certain of safety, so two of my men have to keep watch outside the tent all night long. On the following day we move to a spacious garden with a little house consisting of one dark room.

Here we greet the new moon that marks the end of Ramadan, the trying month of fasting. The great event is celebrated by a religious festival. (Plates 16 and 17.) Early in the morning we go to an open space outside the town to watch the festivities. Thousands of people are gathered there. Soldiers in new uniforms, resplendent in all colours of the rainbow, are stationed on both sides of the road along which the Sultan is to come. And there he is, Mûlai el-Hâfid himself, a snow-white apparition on a white steed, followed by a host of horsemen. The music that greets him dies away and a religious service is held in marvellous silence. But then the storm bursts. One chief after another defiles with his numerous suite past the Sultan, receives his blessing, and then tears off at full gallop through the crowd, who surge and sway like the rolling waves in the wake of a vessel. At last the Sultan, too, begins to move, the musicians tune up, and the little cannon thunder along the path that His Majesty follows. It is all a magnificent sight—the swaying multitude, the horsemen on their splendid steeds, the wealth of colour in the sunlit dresses and banners. But it is no easy matter to get through the city gate, where man and beast push and squeeze each other as closely as the elasticity of their bodies will allow, and we feel glad when we are once more in our peaceful garden after four hours of din and jostling.

Our stay there, however, did not last long. The first autumn rain came and changed the dusty streets into torrents and pools of water. In our garden, too, the amount of water assumed terrifying proportions and it became necessary to move. The shereef knew the owner of a splendid house, and after they had succeeded in getting out a troublesome local

governor who had established himself in the habitation, we moved into our new dwelling.

A low, iron-studded door leads into a dark passage, which has its exit on the broad open terrace in front of the biangular house. One side of it is occupied by a large lofty room with a strong double door adorned with painted designs, and with a floor of coloured glazed tiles; in the other wing there is a lower, narrower room and a kitchen, whilst in the story above there are two apartments suitable for bedrooms. The windows, which are not glazed but provided with elegant iron trellis-work, all look on to the terrace. From the latter some steps lead down into the garden, which is protected by high walls and crossed by a long plastered path; it contains fruit trees of different kinds and vegetables, which do excellently in the soil, irrigated by little water-channels. A rippling brook flows without intermission through the back portion of the garden. From the flat house-roof there is a delightful view over the city with its crowded white houses, the hilly country beyond, and in the distance the snowy summit of one of the Ait Warain Mountains, the realm of legend, where no stranger's foot may tread.

The owner of the house, Si Muhammed ben Abdrrahman, is a tall slim man with refined, somewhat weak features, a white skin, melancholy dark eyes, a reserved aristocratic manner, and exceptionally neat attire. He is, too, judged by the Moorish standard, a highly educated man and teaches at the University—that college which in earlier days was one of the chief seats of learning in the Mohammedan world and even attracted Christian students, but which now is of no other scientific interest than as a fossil of a bygone age of civilization. He and his son, who was a student at the University, used to visit us now and again, and in this way I could enjoy something that I had so long missed—namely, academic company.

I soon had several acquaintances in Fez. One of them,

Barrâda by name, became my teacher and private secretary; during the whole of my residence in Fez, he came to me regularly every day and spent some hours in my company, for the special purpose of initiating me into the mysteries of life in Fez. Whilst I thus stuck to my work, Backmansson was busy painting streets and markets. At first he was molested, and once had to take to flight, but afterwards, by the Sultan's order, he was given an escort of two horse soldiers, and so was able to devote himself without disturbance to his pictures. In the end he had the great honour of painting His Majesty's portrait. After staying about a month in Fez, he went back to Tangier, and I was alone with my Moors once more.

My social circle was increased by acquaintances from the country round, from whom I had quite as much to learn as from the gentlemen in Fez. Thus I soon found myself surrounded by a staff of new teachers: a stately Arab from Hiaina; an old hunter and a peasant from Ath Ubakhthi, near the Algerian frontier; a water-carrier from Ait Warain, and a young schoolmaster from Aith Sadden, the last four being Berbers. In addition to these I had a lady-teacher as well, a divorced wife from an Arabic-speaking mountain tribe, who had interesting things to tell me from the women's world; but when she was instructing me in the magic arts by which married women can get their husbands under their thumbs, she made me promise not to disclose the secrets to any men. The most important of my Berber acquaintances was Si Rahhu, from Aith Sadden, who proved a real treasure. It is rare to find among the Berbers of Central Morocco anyone who can write; and Si Rahhu could not only write, but had, moreover, a particularly quick ear for the strange sounds in the different Berber dialects with which I was now busy. At the same time he was exceedingly careful in his work, honest and frank, with something almost Teutonic about his nature and appearance; like many other Berbers he had a fair complexion.

It was therefore a very motley company that I had collected round me, and I never quite knew what the somewhat aristocratic inhabitants of Fez really thought about me. But the work went on at a great rate. My first teacher arrived at eight in the morning and the last did not go until sunset. In the middle of the day I usually went for a ride in the surrounding country with its olive-clad hills, stately sanctuaries, and miracle-working caves, or visited some more distant village. Shergi, the cook, and my valet, el-Haddj, generally accompanied me on my expeditions. Shergi was a native of Andjra, who had been in my service on each of my visits to Morocco during the previous five years. These were the only occasions when he practised the culinary art, and he never became very proficient in it. But he was a faithful servant, careful of his master's interests, always polite and helpful, happy and gay—except when he became angry and his dark eyes began to flash with wrath—and often as tender and gentle as a child. It was said that he had really been a robber by profession, and he was reported to have killed fourteen men, who had wanted—so the tale went—to take his life. To escape vendetta he had then left his mountains and settled outside Tangier, where he now had his home with a wife and four children. But the old robber impulses still overcame him now and again. Once when in my employ he had to go to a saint's tomb to swear his innocence of an accusation which was perhaps not entirely without foundation. (Plate 18.) Another time—whilst I was in London—he was thrown into prison because he was said to have been concerned in a mule theft. It also came to my ears that during my absence he had carried off a girl and then sold her to a mountain tribe for sixty dollars. When I met him again I gave him a thorough dressing-down for this escapade. He at once confessed his fault, but pleaded in extenuation that he was a poor man with wife and children to provide for. But when I answered: "That is no excuse," he assumed his gentlest look and said: "The real fact of the

A SAINT'S TOMB NEAR FEZ

A SAINT'S TOMB NEAR FEZ

matter was that the girl herself wished to be carried off as her parents wanted to force her to marry a man she did not like." I shook my head, but could not help remembering how a young lady when looking at Rubens' picture, "The Rape of the Sabines", suddenly exclaimed: "The Sabine women must have liked that." Sometimes when Shergi was in a really good humour and the old robber-instincts began to get the upper hand again, he would do a little play-acting for our benefit. With noiseless steps and the agility of a cat he would creep up to an imaginary flock of sheep, make a short business of the poor shepherd, and then rush off with his booty. The sight of Shergi sitting by his pots cooking sometimes really filled me with pity for him. A wild-cat shut up in a cage! As for my valet, he had won the title of el-Haddj because, in spite of his youth—he might be about fifteen—he had already made the long pilgrimage to Mecca with his father, a Berber from the Rif. He could do with a little diversion, poor boy, for he was having a heavy grief to bear just then. His papa had written to him that when he came back to Tangier he must marry a certain girl living in his own village. The decision that he was to marry was in itself perhaps not so bad, but he could not reconcile himself to the idea of getting for a wife a girl whom he already knew. His ideal, of course, was one whom he had never seen.

The daily rides were quite necessary to keep me warm. The temperature in my study was often only 45 to 50° F., and even less in the morning. I should really have had a bad time of it if I had not brought a sheepskin coat with me, and if the house had not provided me with a cat as a foot-warmer. When I went out the cat sat at the door waiting for me, when she saw me on the roof she would rush helter-skelter up the stairs, and when I sat working she lay on my feet. But one day she would not stay quiet, but kept running in and out, until she came in carrying a tiny pussy which she laid down carefully on my foot; in the night she had had four kittens,

and these she now placed one after another on my feet, and when this was successfully accomplished we were all six of us pleased with the arrangement. There was besides much sickness in the town. My men all had violent attacks of malaria, and I had often to dose them from morning till night with quinine. In addition, once a week they had to get the customary purgative, which almost formed part of the dietary, each taking it on his own special day in the week.

Thus the autumn and winter passed, for Helsingfors University had granted me the inestimable benefit of continued leave of absence until the end of the academic year. Spring was at the door; orange patches of flowers appeared on the heights outside Fez, the fruit trees in my garden became white as snow, the nightingales poured forth their songs, and the sun's rays began to grow fierce once more. Work went on more keenly than ever, for the hour of my departure was fast approaching—I had to go to London to give my lectures. But there was nothing sentimental about our farewells, as I was soon coming back again. Only the white cat took the matter tragically. She jumped upon my lap, a thing she had never done before, and then threw herself out through the window with a heart-rending cry. If she had been my own I would have settled her in with my neighbour, the saint Sîdi Ali Bughâleb, whose tomb swarms with cats that are provided every morning with breakfast by the Fez butchers.

Our journey led us over a spring carpet of flowers of ever-changing hues, a carpet consisting generally of flowers of the same kind that covered the road in each special place. And after eight days' travelling we arrived at Tangier in the middle of April.

When I again returned to Fez in the beginning of July the grass was beginning to dry up and the flowers had withered. The thermometer would certainly have registered more than 100° in the shade *if* there had been any. Throughout our journey the only tree that gave us a little protection was an

old fig-tree, and whilst I was resting under its branches a former acquaintance, the French geographer, Dr. Weisgerber, came up. He told me that lately he had noted 125° in the shade, the birds had dropped dead from the trees, and his horse had had nose-bleeding from the heat. On my arrival at Fez I again pitched my camp outside the walls, and again the governor protested. But this time I did not yield, declaring that I would rather be killed by robbers outside the town than die a natural death on the pestilential market, and besides, I was only going to be there a few days. I had not come back from London to continue my work in Fez, but to settle down in the little town of Sefru and to make excursions from there amongst the neighbouring Berbers.

After I had met some of my old friends and persuaded the invaluable Si Rahhu to shut his little school and come with me to Sefru, we took our way along the caravan route extending in a south-easterly direction from Fez. It passes through tracts of land overgrown with palmetto, spindle-trees, and gorse, and by little villages stationed like outposts here and there, climbs one of the spurs of the Aith Yusi Mountains, and then winds down to the valley traversed by the River Sefru. A few hundred yards from where the road leaves the mountains, the little town lies on either side of the river, nestling amongst gardens where the cherry-tree flourishes better than in any other place in Morocco, side by side with oranges, pomegranates, and olives. The situation is delightful, and, thanks to the streams that pour down the mountains and are brought over the fields, the country is fresh and green even in the heat of summer.

They assign me a large garden to live in, and my study-tent is put up in the shade of a tall and shady mulberry-tree—*morus alba*—which bestrews the roof with its white fruit. A brook rushes through the garden and forms a basin, which is utilized as a bath-tub. From this peaceful dwelling-place we make daily trips in the surrounding country, either to some

sacred place or to some village near by, and in this way I get into personal touch with the Berber tribe of the Aith Yusi, whose district extends to that of the neighbouring Sefru. I also appoint an old man from the same tribe as my teacher, and entice old Berber women into my garden to get information on such matters as only women know.

The old man several times in his life had had the misfortune to be victimized by one of the most horrible customs that have come to my knowledge. Amongst the Berbers south of Fez a married woman who has grown tired of her husband can dissolve the marriage by fleeing to another man's house or tent and either taking hold of the pole supporting the roof or turning the handle of the hand-mill a few times as though she was grinding. This is what the Moors term *el-ar*, a conditional curse, which implies that if the owner of the house or tent does not protect the woman and in other respects also fulfil her wishes, he is cursed by her and will be overtaken by some terrible misfortune. In any case the result of her action is disastrous for him. He is compelled not only to protect but also to marry her, whether he likes her or not, no matter whether he is married or a bachelor, or how many wives he may have before. If he does not do it, he will most certainly have to rue the day he refused. And not only has the poor fellow to marry the obtrusive woman, but he is, moreover, obliged to pay an indemnity to the former husband whom she has deserted. The sum due is definitely fixed by custom, but varies in different tribes and may amount even to five hundred dollars. But if the newly married man can neither pay the sum himself nor persuade others to help him with it, he is obliged to save his life by getting away to another tribe. And a Berber woman can bring all this to pass. Did anyone ever hear the like? My teacher from the Aith Yusi told me that he had three times been thus compelled to marry women who had fled to his house.

Some few times I have been exposed—but not with such

tragic results—to the natives' *ar*, which can be exercised by all kinds of contact with a person or his dwelling. Once a woman came to my tent and wanted to sacrifice a hen to me as *ar* to compel me to give her little boy a new cloak, but my men unfortunately prevented her from carrying out her wish; they were hauled over the coals for their officiousness, which deprived me of the honour of being the object of such a flattering act of worship as a real sacrifice. In Fez I was appealed to by a stranger whose wife had been put in prison during his absence; I intervened, of course, and with success. On one of my journeys a man came running to my camp to take refuge with me, as he was hard pressed by a soldier who had just confiscated his donkey. When I pleaded for him with the governor, I was told in reply that he had played a knave's trick of which not even a Jew or a Christian would have been guilty; he had divorced his wife three times and then married her again. The revolting feature of his action, in the governor's opinion, was not the divorce but the marrying again. Still, to please me, he consented to overlook it.

The governor of Sefru treated me most affably. One day he invited me to a family festival in his home in honour of the first shave given to his little boy's head. The guests were treated to a baked sheep just as it came from the oven; fingers were dug in the flesh dripping with grease, and it tasted excellent. At another feast the food consisted of new bread, meat-balls, liver, and heart. The governor, who sat next to me, took one of the balls, dipped it into the oily sauce, and put it into my mouth. The Oriental says, of course, that the flavour lies in the finger-tips. But I prefer my own.

After a stay of four weeks in Sefru we took our leave and again pitched our camp outside Fez. Farewell, you splendid town, I shall never see you again, for you have given me all I wanted from you! At our next halt we were overtaken by a thunderstorm and a tornado, the like of which I have never seen. The clouds of dust darkened the air and almost threatened

to suffocate us. The villages and orchards on the mountain-side opposite us were set on fire and transformed to a sea of flames, with waves that rolled on in the direction of our camp. As there was also reason to fear that fire would break out in the village where we were staying, we had to be ready at any moment to take to flight with all our belongings—an event that must be avoided as long as possible, for to travel by night is always a risky proceeding in this elysium of highwaymen. Besides, the journey had no charm of novelty, for this was no less than the fourth time in the course of a year that I had gone over the road between Fez and Tangier.

# CHAPTER XII

## 1910–1914

Invitations to America—Journeys to Italy—At Box Hill—Summers in Morocco—A home of my own in Helsingfors—My university work there—Lectures in Abo—Publications dealing with Morocco.

DURING the academic year of 1910–11, and the five following, I spent the autumn and also the spring terms till the latter part of April at Helsingfors, which I then left to carry out my professorial work in London through May and June. This meant a heavier task of teaching than rested on the shoulders of my colleagues, but I was glad to be able to serve in this way my country and its University, to which I owed such a debt of gratitude, and at the same time to make a yearly stay in England. The donation given to the London University to provide for my appointment for five years was renewed in 1912 for eighteen more. An attempt was also made to induce me to work there for a considerably longer period of each year, with a proportionate increase of stipend, but, much as I valued this proof of confidence, I could not accede to the kindly desire. The English Colonial Office offered me another appointment and asked me if I would be willing to lecture on Mohammedan law to future Government officials in the Colonies. I answered that the subject was not one with which I was conversant; it is true that this did not matter very much, as I could acquire the knowledge I did not possess, but the loss of time would, for that I could not retrieve.

From other countries, too, I received advances calculated to affect my plans for the future. A Dean at a university in Sweden made private inquiries as to my willingness to accept a possible appointment to a vacant professorship in philosophy, which, however, I refused. From Harvard University, near

Boston, U.S.A., I received in the winter of 1909 an invitation to give a course of lectures there that same year, but this, too, I declined. It was followed by several similar invitations from Harvard, and, in connection with one of these, the President, in his capacity of trustee for the Lowell Institute, asked me to give a course of lectures there as well. In the summer of 1910 a letter reached me from the Dean of the Economic Faculty at Harvard asking me, on his own behalf and that of his colleagues, if I felt disposed to allow myself to be appointed as permanent professor; the duties should be made as light as possible, and at sixty-two years of age a pension would be granted worth about half the stipend attached to the post. I felt the greatest regret at having to refuse all these kind proposals—but I could not act otherwise. On the other hand, however, I accepted an offer coming from Brown University in Providence, one of the smaller American colleges, but at the same time one of those with the highest reputation; there I was invited to give four lectures in January 1915 in connection with the 150 years' jubilee of the University. But the war intervened, and as the result of circumstances arising from it I was compelled to cancel my visit to America, which was also to have included lectures at other American colleges, such as the University of Pennsylvania, and at the American Philosophical Society founded by Franklin. Later on I had an invitation to Columbia University in New York to give thirty lectures there during July and August of the summer term 1922, and to conduct the same number of seminars. I also received an inquiry from the University of Wisconsin as to how far I was willing to teach there from September 1926 to June 1927. But in these cases, too, I gave a negative answer.

It would, of course, have been of great interest to me to see America and make the acquaintance of its active university life; moreover, my experience of American professors, whom I had met in London and elsewhere, had convinced me that

PLATE 19.—MY HOME AT BOX HILL
(*From a photograph taken by E. Torday*)

PLATE 20.—THE AUTHOR AT HIS WRITING-TABLE IN THE "SACRED GROVE"

my intercourse with these colleagues on the other side of the ocean would have been of the pleasantest nature. But I did not consider I could spare more time for lectures than my two professorships already demanded, and besides I did not know if I should suit American audiences. Attempts were made to entice me both by the prospect of money and distinctions; in one of the universities an Honorary Doctor's degree lay ready, only waiting to be fetched. But I have always had a certain aversion to academic ceremonies, even in my young days, when only the example of my most intimate friends could induce me to take part in the festive conferring of the "Master of Philosophy" degrees. In 1912 the University of Aberdeen honoured me with an invitation to attend their "capping" in the beginning of July to receive the LL.D. degree. I much appreciated the honour, but declined the invitation, since I was anxious to devote my short summer vacation to continued research in Morocco; consequently the degree was conferred upon me *in absentia*. I often have a feeling—probably very absurd—that academic ceremonies profane science, so to speak, just as ceremonial appears to me to desecrate religious emotion.

After the autumn term of 1910 had come to an end, I felt an irresistible desire to go once more to the south. I spent Christmas and New Year in Sestri Levante, on the Italian Riviera, occupied with work at another book and with walks among the mountains; on my way home I stayed a few days in Venice, which seemed to me even more charming in the clear, cool winter air than in the June heat of my former visit. A journey to Italy always brings a feeling of happiness with it; the beauty of the country, the sunshine, the people, and the art tune a northerner's somewhat gloomy mood up to quite another note. And that feeling was repeated three months later when, in the beginning of April, I went to Bologna to represent our Scientific Society at an International Congress of Philosophy. The chief interest of such congresses

is that they bring together people who may find profit and enjoyment in one another's company, but not infrequently one also meets vain and unpleasant individuals who seem to be there mainly to shine in their own glory and to seek for general homage. At any rate the happiest moment was when it was all over. I had still a couple of weeks to spare before I need go back to England. And what weeks they were, with Spring in her most beauteous garb on the banks of one of the most splendid of lakes—the Lake of Como! I made my head-quarters first at Varenna and then at Menaggio, situated exactly opposite on the other side of the lake, and made all my excursions from these two places.

At the hotel in Varenna luncheon was served on a terrace that extended right down to the shore of the lake, a most delightful place for a meal. But a young Englishman thought differently, and at last gave vent to his annoyance by exclaiming to the waiter: "In England we never have meals out of doors!" Fortunately, in Italy one can afford to laugh at the foreign tourists, without having—as in Switzerland—to be annoyed by them. They cannot spoil Italy. Levertin aptly remarks that "the Italians allow foreigners to come as children allow grown-ups to visit their playroom, casting curious glances at them, but continuing their own games with the instinctive feeling of graceful spoilt creatures that they look best doing so".

On my arrival in England I did not settle, as before, in London, but about twenty-five miles to the south-west, on the top of Box Hill, Surrey. I had discovered this place the preceding year, when I was wandering about the beautiful surroundings of the little town of Dorking. No one who travels to London at this time of the year should on any account miss visiting—as I had done for only too long—these parts with their hills and dales, rich green, flowering bushes and plants, as well as magnificent trees. When walking along the road that leads over Box Hill I caught a glimpse of

a little building in the wood. I fancied I had never seen a more idyllic spot, and thought to myself: "I would like to live there." I went into the cottage and asked if they could give me board and lodging for a week. Yes, they could, and when the week came to an end I was so charmed with the place that I decided to settle there the next year. Yes, and even more, the little cottage in the wood was to be my home for the eleven following springs and summers—right up to 1921—while I was in England, and for two whole autumns and winters as well. So that in spite of all its insignificance it has come to take a most prominent place in the memories of my life. As I look back at the long time I have spent at Box Hill I think I may say that with the exception of my parents' home there is no place to which I have been more tenderly attached. Although interrupted by long intervals of many months' duration, my time there stands out in my memory as a connected whole, as a special section of my life, where a variety of thoughts and feelings intermingled with each other—thoughts born in the silence of the forest and feelings awakened by the sight of nature, by the society of numerous friends, and last of all by an event that put an end to one of the happiest periods of my life.

My dwelling was of the most humble description. The building is divided into two cottages, each with two stories and a separate entrance-door. One is called the Keeper's Cottage and the other the Woodman's Cottage. (Plate 19.) Both are almost exactly alike inside, with a kitchen and another room on the ground-floor and three or four rooms upstairs. The kitchens are small, and the other rooms almost infinitesimal, those in the upper story being so low that I could touch the ceiling with my hand. The outside of the house is partly covered with ivy. Each cottage has its own garden with some currant- or gooseberry-bushes, one or two fruit trees, vegetables, a few flowers, and multitudes of weeds. Beyond the garden fence are the great woods, a shooting-ground

belonging to the owner of Deepdene, that lies in the valley below.

The woods can boast of many kinds of trees. The most magnificent are the mighty beeches, which in some places are gathered together into groves, with the ground, as is usual in beech woods, covered with brown leaves and without a single trace of even a blade of grass. They became my dearest forest friends. They are such distinguished trees, not imitating one another, but each keeping his own individuality, his own way of growing; they send out their branches differently, and the roots, too, that protrude from the ground. Notice also their various times of bursting into leaf; fully two weeks might elapse between the day when the first leaves appeared on the earliest and the latest trees, and every year each tree came out in exactly the same order. And how beautiful they are as they stand in their spring dress—at first transparent and the palest of pale green—and later, too, when one catches glimpses of the grey boughs amidst the dark-green leaves, in contrast to the impenetrable foliage of the lime-trees' dense heads! Even the dry leaves add to the beauty of the beech wood, especially when the sunbeams, filtering through the trees, fall in brilliant splashes of colour on the brown carpet below. The oaks, too, occupy a place of honour beside the beeches in the Box Hill wood. Many of these grow high,straight, and tender instead of spreading out in breadth as they generally do in England. On the spots where the oaks hold the field the undergrowth consists of blackberry-bushes, which with their sharp thorns form a tangled thicket that only fanatic berry-pickers dare to penetrate and whence they return with torn hands and boots. The oldest of the trees are certainly to be found amongst the yews; on the Box Hill slopes there stand a couple of such trees with trunks hollow from age, that are said to have been landmarks in ancient days along the Pilgrim Way. One February morning, when I was walking in the woods with my friend Lennart Hohenthal, we saw a

strange thing happen, a great yew disappear all at once from sight in a cloud of smoke. For the first moment we thought a fire had burst out, but soon we discovered that the cloud was formed by the pollen of the tree, which had been shaken by a sudden gust of wind. When I told Hugo Pipping of the sight, he thought it confirmed his supposition that the yew's disappearance in a cloud of dust may have helped to start the myth of the Fates who showered down dust upon Yggdrasil, the World-tree. In winter-time the hollies with their berries are very beautiful and decorative. Amongst the small trees and bushes the place of honour is taken by the box, that gives the hill its name.

My heart still warms at the memory of the long-desired moment in the end of April when for so many years I reached my summer home on Box Hill. It was exquisite joy to see the wood awake from its winter sleep. The larch-trees that filled considerable stretches of the wood with their serried ranks had already got their new, bright-green tips, the dainty birches were tinted with delicate green, the wild cherries—two of them veritable giants—were a mass of snowy blossom, whilst primroses and violets flowered amongst the grass at one's feet. Soon the hazel leaves burst their coverings, then the beeches, and last of all the oak- and ash-trees. When a great beech broke into leaf, I used to lie down full length on the ground and gaze at its foliage, which in the sunshine looked like myriads of bright snowflakes, reminding me of a heavy snow-shower. By degrees the hawthorns put on their white robes, competing with the daisies that carpeted the hill-sides, and the pride of the woods—the bluebells—covered the ground with a sea of blue and filled the air with their fragrance. Later on the dog-roses, elder-trees, honeysuckle, and foxgloves came out into blossom; but by then real summer had arrived, and the most beautiful time of the forest was over and gone.

Up in the trees the chaffinch, robin, and other songsters pour forth their melody, the blackbird's flute-like notes rise

from the bushes or the ground, and the call of the cuckoo is heard in the distance; not one of all the birds can stir my heart as does the cuckoo, the real herald of spring and early summer. Rabbits—often in great numbers—jump about in the woods and on the hills; now and again I catch a glimpse of a startled hare, and a pheasant rises with its shrill cry from the undergrowth. Some fox or badger has been seen by others, but not by me.

This is my forest. It scarcely ever occurred to me that it did not belong to me, for I was in undisturbed possession of it all. I used to stroll in it early and late, and could walk for hours along its narrow and often overgrown paths without meeting a single wayfarer or catching sight of a building of any description. I did my reading in the shade of its trees, and had a writing-table on the brown, leaf-strewn floor of a strange grove of beeches and yews in the immediate neighbourhood of my cottage home. It was my favourite study with its mystic light and cool air, and I gave it the name of "the sacred grove." (Plate 20.) Bertrand Russell, whom I once introduced into this sanctum of mine, said the only thing missing was a human sacrifice. One day when Frazer and his wife were my guests we took our lunch in this grove; he was enraptured with it and christened me "the king of the wood", the name of the priest who ruled in Aricia's grove after he had broken off "the golden bough" and killed his predecessor in single combat.

The forest was not the only noteworthy spot of which my summer home could boast. At a minute's distance from the cottage I had one of the most extensive and pleasing views in all the south of England. Exactly in front and to the right there stretches from the foot of the hill a fertile valley, with a watercourse that turns a mill. On the other side of the valley we see Dorking, surrounded by wooded heights, and in the background the outlines of somewhat loftier hills appear, now faintly, now distinctly, in the soft English air with that slight

veil of mist that it almost always holds. To the left lies a wide, green plain, dotted with groups of houses, wooded clumps, and single trees. Box Hill rises to about 600 feet above the sea, and it is quite an undertaking to clamber up its steep sides, unless the traveller prefers to avail himself of the bad cart-road that zigzags up to the top. Two or three times a week I had to tramp up and down the hill to accomplish my London visits, and the walk from the nearest railway station to my home took three-quarters of an hour. But I remember with pleasure the refreshing tramp in the early morning on the white, chalky road along the hill-top, down the dewy grass on its slopes, and then over a stretch of highroad bordered with tall shady trees which led by Burford Bridge across a splashing stream. The return journey was harder work, especially when I had to carry a bag of provisions and wines destined for a coming feast. And this happened fairly often, too.

One of my chief reasons for settling in the country was to get more undisturbed quiet for my work. I know no people more hospitable than the English, and my social circle had in the course of years assumed somewhat alarming proportions. When I was working at the second part of my *Moral Ideas*, I had felt obliged to send my acquaintances a printed card to express my regrets that, owing to want of time, I was compelled to give up the pleasure of their society; but this was only a temporary expedient, and some years later I found that during a whole month I had only once had an opportunity to dine by myself without being either guest or host. This could not continue, and the only remedy was to move out of London. That, however, in no way implied that I was excluded from my friends' society. On the contrary, it was one of my pleasures at Box Hill often to have visitors from London, usually on Sundays, and for a time on practically every one. The visit always meant a surprise for those who came for the first time. It is true the hill itself was a well-known point of attraction, but the forest on its summit, so close to London and

yet so unspoilt, was almost a revelation to them. Our meals were served out of doors when the weather permitted, either under the trees or in a tent which I had put up in the garden. Both when I lived in Keeper's Cottage, and particularly after 1915, when I moved next door, I was fortunate enough to have a landlady with a knowledge of cookery far superior to that of most country women; indeed, my latter landlady was quite an adept in the culinary art: her roasts, tarts, puddings, and mayonnaise always caused great and justifiable astonishment. Otherwise the arrangements were very primitive. More than once I did not notice, until the meal was over, that the table-napkins had been forgotten; but I could plead in excuse that it was an old English custom in very aristocratic families not to use them before the late dinner—I had had experience of this myself when lunching with Lady Dorothy Nevill, Queen Victoria's contemporary and friend. Our lunch was generally followed by a long walk in the forest, and often my visitors did not leave before one of the last trains.

How many of my English friends, as well as of my fellow-countrymen, either on a trip to England or living in London, have found their way up here! Sully and Shand would sometimes stay for several days, and Martin White also belonged to the number of my more constant visitors. For Sully the visit was associated with valued memories of Meredith's former home at the foot of Box Hill. Representatives of many other nations also honoured me with visits: I remember Karl Wåhlin—the editor of the well-known Swedish monthly, *Ord och Bild*; Professor Christian Collin, from Christiania; Mme Darmesteter, from Paris; Bronislaw Malinowski, now a celebrated anthropologist and my highly respected colleague at the School of Economics; four Serbian professors; E. Torday, the Hungarian ethnologist, an authority on the Congo; and the American lady, Mrs. Chapman Catt, President of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance, who came to visit my humble home in company with two other ladies. This

time the lunch nearly proved a disappointment. I had wanted to welcome my illustrious guest with a glass of sparkling wine, but both she and her friends declared they were strict teetotalers. My English secretary cast a sorrowful glance at the table, and I, too, felt distinctly sad. "Do you never have wine on the table in your New York home?" I asked Mrs. Catt. "Oh yes," she answered, "when I have visitors." "That's my principle, too," I said, "so I hope you will excuse me if I stick to it now." And out popped one of the corks. Once my seminar gathered up here. After lunch had been dispatched we all threw ourselves down on a green grassy bank in the wood and a new book of Freud's was passed in review and discussed. But as for me, nature would have her rights and my eyes were very heavy as the meeting went on—when at the critical moment Shand was kind enough to poke me in the ribs. One day in the marvellous month of May, when the bluebells had coloured the wood, I had the pleasure of celebrating at Box Hill the fiftieth birthday of my old friend Axel Wallensköld, with several other friends, and above all his wife. Yes, how many happy memories I still keep of all these little banquets on Box Hill!

As soon as the summer term of 1911 ended at the University of London, I moved from Box Hill to Morocco. Here general conditions had undergone considerable change since the preceding summer. The country was again in a state of unrest. France was anxious to subjugate the southern and central parts of the Sultan's dominions and Spain the northern. It would therefore have been difficult to make long journeys into the interior, even if time had permitted. So instead I pitched my tent in the shereef's village in the Gharbîa, which lies a short day's journey south of Tangier on a treeless plain, with a view on one side to the mountains and on the other to the sea. Fortunately a large cave there gave me a shady place in which to work. But my labours were not to continue without

interruption, for I fell a victim to a violent attack of malarial fever which kept me in bed for a couple of weeks. Sometimes my temperature rose to 105°, but I was never delirious and had no pain, not even the slightest headache. Under such circumstances high fever can have points in its favour—although it may cause a little uneasiness when the victim sees it approaching bursting-point. One's brain works as if under the influence of a drink of champagne, and I sometimes seized the occasion to meditate on such subjects as required a spark of brilliancy. The subsequent attacks which recurred now and again in after years, but only for a few hours at a time, offered great variety, which, as the proverb says, is the spice of life. First you shiver with cold like an aspen leaf, but know that the pleasant warmth will not be long in coming; then when the heat begins to be unpleasant, you have the comforting hope of relief in a spell of sweating; and when that, too, is over, you are in a state of perfect bliss and think that, all things considered, it was perhaps worth while to have that little trouble.

The next summer I again went through the metamorphosis from Box Hill to Morocco; but now I chose as my camp the vicinity of Sîdi Qâsem's sacred grove between Cape Spartel and the little town of Azila. The deceased saint's special hobby is known to be the destruction of unbelievers' vessels if they come within reach. A mile or so from the saint's tomb there lies embedded in the sand the wreck of the P. & O. steamer *Delhi*, which the winter before had gone ashore in a thick fog, when the captain thought he was steering his vessel into the Straits of Gibraltar but was really heading straight for the coast of Morocco. The old saint apparently regarded me, too, with no kindly eye, although on my arrival I had sacrificed a goat at his shrine. One morning, as I was sitting at breakfast outside my tent, I suddenly heard a strange whizzing in the air and sputtering in the ground; the sounds were caused by rifle-shots coming from the grove, although

we could not discover a single human being. I beat a hasty retreat to one side, but the bullets still continued to rain down around me. My men ran off to see what was happening. Something like a hundred hill-folk had come with sacrificial gifts to Sîdi Qâsem and were just then saluting the saint in the usual method by firing their rifles. But as soon as they heard that my camp was in the direct line of fire on the other side of the grove they instantly stopped. They belonged, as a matter of fact, to the same tribe as a couple of my own men, and I, too, had personal friends amongst them. In other respects my stay near the sacred grove was exceedingly pleasant. The foliage of the trees shaded the tent, the sea breezes cooled the air, and the bathing from the shore was delightful.

Unfortunately I could not return to Sîdi Qâsem when in the following summer (1913) I again came to Morocco from Box Hill. The neighbourhood of Tangier had now reached such a pitch of insecurity that some of the European Governments had even forbidden their subjects to stir outside the town. Consequently there was a certain feeling of surprise when one morning my little caravan was seen moving along the road that leads to Cape Spartel. We pitched our camp amongst the cliffs on the shore south of the lighthouse, and there I passed three peaceful weeks. But we often heard distant shots all day long; the Moors were at war with the Spanish intruders. And once the conflict nearly broke out close to our camp; the people in the adjacent village wanted to kill some Spanish fishermen who, encouraged by the sight of the tents, had landed to get water, and it was only by much parleying that we managed to save their lives. That summer trip was my last visit to Morocco for ten years—although I always harboured the idea of once more seeing the lighthouse on Cape Spartel beckoning to me in the early dawn.

In spite of the fact that I thus continued my roving life during the period I am now describing, I made myself a home

of my own—possibly none too soon, as I was on the threshold of my sixth decade. Up to now I had been of the opinion that I could not feel happy without seeing a travelling-trunk in my room, but none the less I turned my energies with great interest to my new task. My home was on the site where I had first seen the light of day, and in the flat where my mother had lived with my sister Helena during her last years. I brought over there mats, tables, crockery, weapons, and a number of other things from Morocco, and hung the walls with pictures of the same land, most of them painted in Tetuan by my good friend Henry Bishop, who has an exceptional gift in reproducing the colours of the Moorish landscape. I also hung up a collection of paintings of Box Hill, made by another of my English friends, Edward Holland. Thus I was surrounded in my new home by memories from the two other spots that lay nearest my heart. And as, moreover, I often saw friends there, both new and old, I soon found it was possible to lead a happy life even when not a bird of passage.

My university work, of course, took up a great deal of my time. From the very beginning of my professorship I had systematically carried out a reorganization of several branches of study which have of old been considered as falling within the range of philosophy. The metaphysical point of view was superseded by the empirical, which, indeed, I had already asserted in my earlier days as deputy-professor. Normative ethics was replaced by a study founded on experience of the nature of the moral consciousness and the development of the moral ideas, the so-called *Naturrecht*, or doctrine of "natural law", by social science, and the "philosophy of religion" by the comparative science of religion, in relation to which I encouraged my students in their Honours theses to deal also with beliefs still prevalent amongst our Finland peasantry. I attached special importance to the seminars which I had introduced many years before.

In the autumn term of 1911 I also gave some lectures in

Abo, at the invitation of "the Abo Academy Committee". This Committee, which may be considered to have begun its activity in that year, although it had been formed before, had determined to keep the idea of establishing a Swedish university in Abo before the public mind by arranging a considerable number of lectures, and I was invited to begin them. I delivered a course of six on "Early Custom", which was afterwards published in book form both in Swedish and Finnish. At the end of the first lecture the Academy Committee and citizens from Abo had a festive gathering with me as their guest. Many speeches were made and a vague feeling prevailed that the great event would not be long in coming.

My leisure hours I occupied in working up my material from Morocco. The result of this was three treatises in our Scientific Society's publications and a book of more than four hundred pages entitled *Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco*, which was published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in 1914. I was specially anxious to work out this part of the results of my research. In my former work on the history of human marriage I had devoted only a short chapter to the wedding rites and scarcely touched on their magical significance, which I found in Morocco to be of quite primary importance. These ceremonies are not empty formalities, but intended to serve useful purposes. The aim of many of them is to protect bride and bridegroom from supernatural dangers that threaten them. Others are to ward off evil which the bride may automatically cause both as a new-comer and as a woman. Others, again, are supposed to procure advantages of a more positive nature—for instance, to bring happiness and prosperity to the new home, to make the union a lasting one or blessed with children, to predispose the husband's relatives to kindly treatment of the wife or vice versa, to give one party supremacy over the other—the long fight for power begins at the wedding ceremony—etc. The book was published a few years later

in a French translation at the instance of the École supérieure de langue arabe et de dialectes berbères de Rabat.

In the spring term of 1913 I was honoured with a request to become President ("Inspector") of the Nyland Students' Union. I thus returned once more to the corporation to which I had previously belonged both as a student and as its chairman, and had the privilege of enjoying in later life an Indian summer in its vernal atmosphere. I had three nephews in the Union, and they with their many friends, as also a number of pupils who studied philosophy, from the very first smoothed the way for me to come into personal touch with a generation that from the point of age might have been my children. Generally speaking, the president of one of the statutory students' unions ("nations"), who must be a professor at the University, has not a particularly onerous task, and his official authority is practically nil; he is expected to make a speech now and again and preside at the union's meetings if present. I also used to join the social gatherings after the meetings, which I greatly enjoyed, and not infrequently I had the pleasure of entertaining at my table the officers and other zealous members of the Union. But soon I got something else to do as well. The Nyland Students' Union became one of the chief centres of the *Jägar* ("chasseur") movement, and that naturally could not fail to have some effect on its president.

# CHAPTER XIII

## 1914–1918

### The war years in England and in Finland.

At the outbreak of the war I was in my wood at Box Hill. My friend, Tiedeman, whom I have mentioned before in connection with the Great Address on Finland's behalf, chanced to come out that day and brought me news of it. My first words were an impassioned hope that Russia would be utterly defeated. "But how would that affect England?" Tiedeman inquired. "I think first of my own country", was my answer; and this was my simple standpoint throughout the war.

It astonished me later to find that several of my countrymen, who probably hated the Russian rule as much as I did, nevertheless allowed their opinions to be determined by quite other feelings or points of view. Amongst the contending Powers, England was, of course, the one with which I was most closely connected. I was certainly not a whole-hearted admirer of everything English, but England was my intellectual fatherland, my second home, a land which I regarded with greater esteem and sympathy than I could offer to any of the other great countries, and to which I was bound by strong personal ties of friendship and gratitude. With Germany, on the other hand, I had never had any intimate contact, and her culture had influenced me incomparably less than England's had done; her mentality in general, as I conceived it, had much that did not appeal to me, and my personal knowledge of the country was limited to that gained by a few flying visits, whose sum-total barely extended to a month. I was enough of a Teuton to be filled with horror at a war between England and Germany, but at the same time I was sufficiently a child of my own country to find the thought of a conquering Russia unbearable.

In England, as elsewhere, the war came as a complete

surprise to the general public. Its outbreak caused dismay and the closing of the banks panic. But people soon calmed down again as life reverted more or less to its former conditions. They consoled themselves with the thought that the war would not affect England so very much, that it would soon be over, and that very likely it would not be long before the Russians were marching into Berlin and Germany was crushed as a just punishment for her unspeakable crime.

To begin with, I stayed at Box Hill, working at my book in my peaceful forest nook, "my sacred grove", whilst the horrors of war were raging in the distance. I felt like a medieval monk shut up in his cell, deep in his folios and untouched by the clash of arms beyond the cloister walls. Of course I devoured everything the papers had to say of the great happenings in the world outside. But then I forcibly suppressed all disturbing thoughts. What else could I do now but devote myself to my work? To speculate upon what might be hidden in the womb of time could profit no one, and nothing could be done in my own country until we saw how things might go.

In September I went to Finland in time to be there when the autumn term began. There the war had in many quarters already aroused vague hopes of an improvement in our political conditions, and during the autumn these hopes began to assume more definite forms among the students; it was thought that the time was ripe for active measures to achieve Finland's independence. The chief thing needed was military training. The students first hoped that such training might be obtained in Sweden, but their negotiations to that end failed. An application to the same purpose was then made to Germany, and with a satisfactory result. In February a training course was started at the Lockstedt Lager in northern Germany, which later on led to the formation of the *Jägar* ("chasseur") battalion.

As regards myself, I belonged to a small circle of older men who had combined to work for the liberation of our country

in connection with the World War. One of the students' delegates had, during his journey to Sweden, been advised by Jonas Castrén[1] to try to get a memorial on the Finland question drawn up to lay before the King of Sweden, and by the instrumentality of our committee such a memorial was written. At this period it was still quite commonly expected that Sweden would eventually take part in the war, and there was even a thought of the possibility of seeing a member of the Swedish Royal house upon the throne of a free Finland. When in April I went to Stockholm with the intention of continuing my journey to England, I had been commissioned to try to find a suitable person who would be willing to put our memorial before the King, and I succeeded in enlisting Professor Montelius, the famous archaeologist, for this task. Both on this occasion and on my return journey from England in the early autumn I visited leading persons among the various political parties in Sweden to sound their views and to give any information they required. But however deep the sympathy felt for us in many quarters in Sweden, it was evident that, for the present at any rate, it was to find no effective expression, not even along diplomatic lines.

After my return to Helsingfors in mid-September I reported to our circle my conversations with the Swedish politicians, but added that they were only of historic interest. The effort for the freedom of Finland had entered upon a new phase. In Stockholm I had met both Gummerus and Wetterhoff, who had just come there to report to our fellow-countrymen the result of their work in Germany. The military training courses had originally been intended for two hundred students and were meant to last no more than four or five weeks; but the Finland Committee in Berlin, and more especially Wetterhoff, had managed to make it possible for the young men to remain at Lockstedt and continue their training beyond that period.

[1] An ardent Finnish patriot, who had taken a leading part in the defence of Finland's autonomy.

Subsequently it was arranged that two thousand Finlanders should be accepted and the courses last for a considerable time. The enlisting of recruits was entirely the young people's business, but "the old gentlemen" saw to the finances, which was no easy task in the beginning, when the *Jägar* movement was anything but popular in our commercial circles and among the majority of the older generation. The first donation worth mentioning was a sum of about £400, which a Finlander resident in Stockholm asked me to take with me as I passed through Sweden.

During the autumn an executive committee was formed of representatives of the various organizations, and this committee had the control of the movement right on to the beginning of the war for independence. Our committee, although somewhat changed as to membership, meantime continued its activity under the official name of the "Central Committee". Some of its members resigned because they disapproved of the *Jägar* policy as being unconstitutional and rebellious, or in any case doomed to failure. In a discussion with one of them I explained my own point of view: "Even if it does not lead to the liberation of Finland, it may be of inestimable value for us to have a number of trained men when the civil war breaks out"—as, indeed, it proved to be some years afterwards.

The enlistment of recruits was carried on by the students with great energy and without any official interference to speak of during the autumn. But about Christmas a change took place: the Russian gendarmes began to bestir themselves, and during the last winter months and the spring of 1916 their activity steadily increased. Indeed, they did their work so thoroughly that at the beginning of the summer scarcely a single leader of the students' organization had entirely escaped their attentions, and throughout the country the loss of men was equally great. Yet in spite of this the plan of campaign remained unaltered.

I, too, was one of those whom the Russians had under observation. I was not only president of the keenly suspected Nyland Students' Union but also the member of our committee whose special business it was to keep in touch with the students. The *Jägar* movement and persons supposed to be connected with it were the object of a great deal of gossip and scandal at coffee-parties and even in public places in Helsingfors; and I heard, amongst other things, that one of the ladies of the town had, in a tramcar, pointed me out in no measured tones as the leader of the movement—an incredible exaggeration, not at all kindly meant. I began to notice one or two exceedingly suspicious individuals patrolling outside the house where I lived, and late in the evenings I regularly received a mysterious ring at the telephone, but no answer to my inquiry as to what was wanted.

When the appointed time came for my departure for England, I neverthelesss succeeded in getting out of Finland, to continue the journey through Sweden and Norway to Newcastle. Some time afterwards my flat in Helsingfors was searched by the Russian gendarmes, whose only booty consisted of a bunch of birthday telegrams and some numbers of English scientific periodicals chosen at random. After this it was, of course, impossible for me to return to Finland as long as the Russians remained there.

In the autumn I moved from Box Hill to London. From the early winter of 1903 I had had apartments at a Mrs. Holland's in Shepherd's Bush, but in the summer of 1914 I had furnished a little flat for myself in Chiswick. It was there I now spent the autumn and winter of 1916–17. During the autumn term I carried on my annual instruction at the School of Economics, where the students had been reduced in numbers owing to the war. I had intended in the course of the winter to complete the Swedish edition of my book *Moral Ideas*, at which I had worked persistently all the summer and even longer, but this plan was frustrated by a communication from the publishers that,

owing to changed conditions, they were unable for the time being to go on with the publication of the book. I then thought of another plan, which interested me much more, viz. to remodel entirely my first work dealing with the history of human marriage. A second edition with a few small additions had been published in 1894, and there had been two reprints of this with no other alterations than the introduction of new misprints—the book had seemed to me so antiquated that I could not bring myself to read the proofs. Now it was to be quite a different thing; I intended to rewrite it from the first page to the last. My publishers, Macmillan & Co., approved of the scheme, and shortly before Christmas I began the work.

The first thing to be done was to read an enormous number of writings—ethnological, historical, sociological, and others —that had come out during the last twenty-seven years, and in addition to these a good deal of older literature that had hitherto been neglected. I got up regularly at a quarter past seven, prepared my breakfast on a gas-stove, and arrived at the British Museum as it opened at 9 a.m. From there I went in the afternoon when it closed, at five or six p.m.—an hour or two before the usual time—to continue my work in the library of the School of Economics. Afterwards I betook myself to a neighbouring restaurant, where I usually dined with my old friend the artist, Henry Bishop; but very often I also spent my evenings with my friend Lennart Hohenthal[1] at his cosy home close to Manchester Square.

Thus my time passed as regularly as clockwork, days, weeks, and months, one after another. I felt as though I had moved back almost thirty years, to the time when I used to sit in the same hall, often at the same table, busy with the same problems—and I may say that the work still interested me as much as before. Even if it lacked the same joy of discovery I found ample compensation in the fascination of seeing new facts and theories against the background of the results of my

[1] One of the earliest "activists" in Finland's defence of her liberties.

earlier investigations, which were supplemented, confirmed, or corrected by the fresh knowledge as occasion required.

The tidings from Finland were exceedingly rare. Political partisans and former colleagues had, however, during the autumn sent me messages that gave me food for thought. They proposed that I should leave England and settle somewhere else abroad to take part in the effort for Finland's independence. On my departure for England our committee had commissioned me to try to clear up regrettable differences of opinion that had arisen in the foreign organizations, and even although these had been somewhat reconciled for a time —as I was informed—conditions were again far from satisfactory. It was with no light heart that I received the proposal. To obey orders is, of course, an old rule in war, and although neither those who made the suggestion nor I myself looked upon it as an order, it was only after mature consideration that I decided not to follow it. I considered that I could not act otherwise. My new task would have compelled me to come into personal touch with the Germans, which I had already declined to do. Such a step, of course, would have completely changed my relations to England. My previous activities had not, in my opinion, been in any way incompatible with my position as a professor of the University of London. The young Finlanders had gone to Germany for military training with no other intention than to use it, if the opportunity should arise, in their own country to secure its independence; and I, in common with others, had the distinct idea that under no circumstances could they be detailed for active service on any German front. Nor had I ever been guilty of deceitful speech. In contradistinction to statements made in certain quarters I never denied that I had taken part in the *Jägar* movement; in fact, during the whole of the war I never once mentioned the subject to any Englishman. On the other hand, I did contradict a stupid report that accused me of being the head of an "anti-English" league in Helsingfors (which, of

course, did not exist)—quite another matter. But if I had now acceded to my friends' suggestion I should, of course, have been compelled to leave my post in London, and it was not improbable that I should be suspected of having stayed in England as a spy—a suspicion I could not have endured. Moreover, my linguistic powers would have been insufficient for any close connections with the Germans—as would also have been the case with my acquaintance and appreciation of their mental outlook. Moreover, I considered that whilst many others at home were far better fitted than I was to deal with them, my intimate relations with England for so many years might possibly make me of some service later on in another way. But ultimately this proved to be an unfounded supposition, since after Finland's independence was declared I had nothing whatever to do with any of the actions to which it led—a fact which I have always considered very fortunate for me.

When the March revolution in Russia had overthrown the rule of the Tsar and the Interim Government issued its manifesto "as to the confirmation of the Constitution of the Grand Duchy of Finland and the carrying it into full effect", my fellow-countrymen in London, almost without exception, were seized with the same delirious joy as appeared to exist in many quarters in Finland, and determined to celebrate the restoration of our autonomy with a great banquet. I, too, received notice of the festivity, but answered that I could not take part in it. This aroused very sharp censure on the part of certain persons, who had never stirred a finger on behalf of either the autonomy or the independence of our country, and I received a letter which was almost in the nature of a threat. For my own part, I heard the news of the Russian Revolution and the attendant occurrences with great hopes, but at the same time with great anxiety and disappointment. Would my fellow-countrymen really rise to the bait thrown to them? Would the whole effort for independence, which seemed more likely to be crowned

with success now than ever before, be brought to grief by specious promises on the one hand and naïve credulity or fear on the other? The uncritical jubilation troubled me and the old party leaders' talk of autonomy under Russia's suzerainty—which was still going on in the autumn—distressed me. But at the same time I had great confidence in the determination and strength of the liberation movement, in the inflexibility of our organizations abroad, in the warlike spirit of our *Jägare*, and in the disinclination of the young to listen to the party cries of the old.

By the end of April my library studies had made such progress that I could move out to my dear Box Hill. What refreshment once more to be able to wander through the woods and fields after my indoor life in London, to throw myself on the ground and gaze up into the beeches with the sun gleaming on their pale-green leaves, to carry on my work at my writing-table in "the sacred grove" or in the garden tent!

To prepare a new edition of an old book is generally a very wearisome performance; the author feels bound by what he has written before, finds the alterations and additions made by him insufficient, and if a really long time has elapsed since the book was first written he may even fail to recognize his own work. But it is quite a different matter when the writer begins, as I had determined, to write practically a new book on an old subject. When mistakes and defects are discovered, the author, far from being disturbed, is rather pleased than otherwise—it proves, of course, that he has grown cleverer with the passing years. On the whole, it is true, my book was to keep its former character and structure; but several aspects of marriage, which before had received very imperfect treatment or hardly been touched upon, were now the object of much more thorough investigation. Comments made by opponents were subjected to careful consideration. My old theories were in some cases strengthened by fresh evidence,

but in others they were more or less modified or even entirely abandoned. The old material was scrutinized, sifted, and supplemented by a large number of new facts. There were very few sentences that remained unchanged. When I started the work I had not been prepared for such radical alterations. I could scarcely imagine that the one original volume would swell out into three of almost the same size, and still less could I foresee that five whole years were to pass before the book was published. But it has been the same with almost everything that I have written; it has always taken considerably longer than I have anticipated.

Now and again I had to go up to Town to add to my material, and in late summer and early autumn my visits there became more lengthy. I was still in England, as the Vice-Chancellor of our University had written that I might stay away until further notice; in consequence of the scarcity of provisions the lectures had been suspended for the autumn term, and, he added, conditions might naturally be expected to become even more difficult before spring. On different occasions in London I witnessed a German air-raid. One evening when I was dining with friends at Hampstead the familiar shots were heard and continued almost till midnight. When they ceased I hurried to the nearest underground station and found the trains still running. The stations were crowded with people who had taken refuge there with the intention of staying the night in the passages. When I reached the station where I had to get out, the shooting had begun again, but instead of stopping where I was, I took my way home at full speed. The danger of being struck by a falling bomb was indeed infinitesimal, but, on the other hand, the risk of being injured by a splinter of the English counter-shells was by no means insignificant. One morning after an air-raid, London streets were completely strewn with such splinters, and some broken window-panes were also in evidence. On two special occasions I saw the red glow of a German zeppelin on fire. The ghastliness of

the sight was increased by the muffled roar of delight that re-echoed from the apparently deserted streets.

General feeling in England had undergone a radical change during the two years that had elapsed since the outbreak of the war. At first one might read in the papers of Lord X's patriotism in allowing his footman or chauffeur to enlist for active service, but now the turn had come to his own sons and to married men. The war had grown into something very different from what had been generally expected, a long-drawn-out struggle for life or death in which England, too, had to put forth every possible effort. The sensibility and suspiciousness with regard to foreigners and their consequent control had naturally increased with the growth of general misgivings. His sense of tact was in itself sufficient to compel a foreigner to exercise great caution in what he said, although there was much in the public Press to arouse his opposition, and in private conversation he might also hear statements which it needed all his self-control not to contradict. Under such circumstances I almost always sat in silence. I am not aware that I ever said anything which I did not think, but I did not say everything I thought; I acted on the same principle as the American senator who, when asked if he always told the truth, replied: "Yes, that I do, but not to excess; I am not a gossip." Yet it would occasionally happen that I said something which my friends did not care to hear. Sometimes I was asked in all friendliness about my standpoint as regarded the war. I answered truthfully that I was anti-Russian, and this my friends had no difficulty in understanding. They themselves felt a little embarrassed at having Russia by the side of England in the great struggle for democracy and the rights of the small nations; and the delicate question of the relations between the interests of the two countries was allowed to drop without further discussion.

During the winter I seldom saw any of my English friends, for I had decided to pass the whole year out at Box Hill. This

seemed to them a very strange proceeding, and not without reason. It was a questionable matter how far the old forest cottage was really fit for habitation during the cold and rainy season of the year. The little "dining-room" on the ground-floor had no means of heating, nor had the bedroom, which, moreover, was so tiny that the window had to be left open at night. The study, which was not much larger, had a small fireplace, but most of the heat went up the chimney, so that a fire had to be kept burning all day long; yet in spite of this the temperature very often could not be raised above fifty degrees. Communications with Dorking, where we had to get our food, were at times made difficult by rain and snow, and in the late winter, especially, the supply of food was so scanty that many a time I had to go hungry to bed. There were four mouths beside my own to be fed. My landlady, Mrs. Binfield, had three children: a seventeen-year-old daughter, Dorothy by name, but always called Dot; a fifteen-year-old boy, Walter, Jack for short; and little three-year-old Ida. Her soldier husband was in France, and we were thus compelled to look after ourselves. And there was no lack of occupation for any one of us. Dot waited on me, Jack went to school in Dorking, Ida kept my fireplace supplied with kindling, bowed down under her burden of dry branches of beech and box-wood. For my own part I usually began my day with a walk in the woods, then wrote steadily at my book and sometimes in the evening helped Jack with his home-lessons.

The more uncomfortable and cramped my indoor quarters, the more I enjoyed my country strolls outside. I saw the trees adorned with their gaudy autumn tints, saw all nature drop asleep for a time and then gradually awake once more. And in the interval I could see her dreaming. Even at the end of the autumn the gorse put out solitary flowers on its prickly stems, and these were later on joined by many more, until in March and April the edge of the wood was studded with mighty masses of gold. In February the raspberry-canes and goose-

berry-bushes showed small signs of life and new leaves pushed out of the earth. In March the wood-sorrel and violets began to bloom, and I gathered the first primroses. At the end of the same month I saw a touch of pale green at the tops of the larches, and on April 1st on the birches, too. On April 26th I gathered beech twigs with their leaves fully out, and on the next day bluebells in flower. On February 22nd I heard the chaffinch for the first time, and on April 24th the cuckoo. Thus day after day, all through the year, I could follow Nature's ever-changing life. And this, in conjunction with the work on my book, gave me greater happiness than anything that London had to offer.

At Christmas we had visitors. Dot had a fine young lover, Monty, who was living on a farm in the valley to learn agriculture, and he and his mother came to spend Christmas at Mrs. Binfield's. As we were sitting at our Christmas dinner, a spider came hurrying up to my plate. "How lucky, how lucky, a spider actually on the Christmas dinner-table!" exclaimed my companions; "an unexpected piece of luck will come to you in the New Year!" I, who have had so much to do with omens and other superstitions, pay heed to a thing like this. A couple of weeks later I received a letter from my friend, Arthur Rindell, in which he asked if I was willing to become Professor of Philosophy at Abo Academy. That was a question that required consideration. On the one hand it meant giving up Helsingfors, which was my native town and had been my place of abode from my birth, however much I had roamed about the world; where, too, I had made a home for myself, of which I had become very fond; where my nearest relatives and many good old friends lived; where I belonged to a university to which I was bound by many ties of affection and which had shown me much good will; where I was head of a students' union to which I was of old exceedingly attached and which refreshed my ageing spirits with the nectar of youth. On the other hand, there was the fascinating

task of organizing a new university for Swedish-speaking Finland, whose foundation I had greeted with enthusiasm and which was now begging for my services. I carefully weighed the pros and cons; and in the end I answered yes, with the stipulation that I might go as usual to England every year in the latter part of April.

In January I travelled to London to be present at the arrival of the three delegates who were to notify the independence of Finland and to ask for its recognition by the English Government. A banquet was arranged with the delegates as the guests of honour, and there was general enthusiasm, even though the official recognition was refused. After I had returned to Box Hill I did not set foot in London again for the next three months. My joy at our new-won freedom was damped by the terrifying news of the Red Revolution, which soon spoke of most ghastly happenings. A telegram which I received from Sweden informed me that my brother and my nephew had been murdered. For a month I lived in the conviction that the tidings were true; but by and by a ray of hope reached me and at last the happy certainty that they were still alive.

At Easter I had the pleasure of seeing Lennart Hohenthal and his family as my guests at Box Hill. My mind goes back to the happy evenings when we sat round the fire and I read fairy-tales to the two children, Brita and Carl-Eric, who so enjoyed them that I had to repeat them over and over again. They were the same as I in my childhood had heard from my mother's lips when she sat knitting stockings by the lamplight, and, at the same time, telling tales to us children from an old German book, which my aunt, Anna Blomqvist, afterwards translated into Swedish. The Hohenthals used often to come, during the summer months, quite regularly to spend the week-ends at Box Hill. One Saturday morning a telegram arrived to say they could not come, although the children were crying and imploring. I wired in reply: "Obey your children."

The telegram chanced to get to London at the time of the Germans' first great air-raid in broad daylight. Two weeks later the Hohenthals were visited by a detective, who showed them a copy of the telegram and requested an explanation: they must, of course, have had a warning from someone who had known beforehand of the German plans. And so persistent was the detective that it was only after two more visits that he could be convinced of the groundlessness of the suspicion. Personally I suffered no inconvenience from the telegram; but one day whilst I was in London two individuals came to find out if the tent in my garden had a wireless installation.

In September I returned to Finland via Aberdeen, Bergen, and Stockholm after an uninterrupted stay in England of nearly two and a half years. This was the fifth time I crossed the North Sea during the war. When the Stockholm steamer arrived in the early hours of the morning at the Aaland Islands I hurried up on deck impatiently and deeply moved. I was anxious to behold the great marvel that I had dreamt of but never seen—a free Finland.

# CHAPTER XIV

## 1918–1920

Rector of Abo Academy—Its opening and inauguration.

After my return to Finland I left Helsingfors and moved to Ispois, about three and a half miles distant from Abo, where the owner of the property, Fru Marianne Ahlström, was so very good as to give me hospitality in her beautiful home for the remainder of the university year, a kindness for which I could never be sufficiently grateful.

It was a joy in my capacity of Rector of Abo Academy,[1] supported by colleagues as keenly interested as myself, to take part in the work of its construction. No lectures were given during the autumn, but we worked without intermission at the organization of the new university.

Before it was an accomplished fact, many divergent views had been expressed as to its future character and programme. Some had suggested an institute for research or an academy of science, others favoured a vocational school, either for technical or economic and commercial training. The majority, however, who had expressed their opinions on the subject, considered that the new institution ought to have a more general character. For my own part I had probably taken more interest than most in the Academy as a centre of scientific research, and as this side of its activity certainly took a comparatively subordinate place in the opinion of the general public, I felt called upon to dwell on it more particularly in

[1] Abo Academy is a purely Swedish university that owes its origin to the zeal and magnificent generosity of some citizens of Abo, above all the brothers Ernst and Magnus Dahlström. It has not received, nor asked for, any subsidies either from the Government or the community. It derives its name from the old "Academy" or University of Finland, which was founded in Abo in 1640 and afterwards, when Abo, shortly after the Russian conquest of Finland in 1809, ceased to be the capital of the country, was moved to the new capital, Helsingfors.

the introductory address with which I prefaced the work of the University when it first opened its doors in January 1919.

"All men", Aristotle says, "naturally seek for knowledge." To live safely and happily a human being must learn to know the world where he has to dwell; he must become acquainted with Nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate alike, and not least with his fellow-men and himself. The struggle for knowledge is an essential condition of human life. Therefore it is to be found among every people, even the lowest. It has been the chief lever of culture, and the strength with which it has asserted itself has been the determining factor of the varying heights to which different nations have climbed on civilization's ladder. Hence we ought to cultivate the tendency to seek for truth as mankind's most invaluable treasure. It must be disciplined and guided; sheer curiosity is a nuisance and research must be conducted towards a definite goal. But its borders must be wide. The inquirer must not be hampered at every step he takes with the question, What is the good of the search for truth in such or such a question, or what profit is there in this or that detail? Who can foretell where the golden grains of truth may be found, who decide what at last may prove of importance for human development? In the science of society it has often been my experience that a fact which at first may have seemed a pure trifle, not worthy of further attention, has later shed the most unexpected light over the origin or development of some important social institution. And the same may be true of entire fields of research. Not so long ago there was a generally current idea that the manners and customs of savage tribes could at most only be of interest as curiosities, and their study was scarcely looked upon as a science. And yet what an extraordinarily useful influence this study has exercised in the last few decades on the history of law, the science of religion, moral psychology, and sociology in general! It has, amongst other things, taught us to what a large extent civilized man still preserves the customs and ideas

of savages in his institutions, in entire ignorance that he is so doing; for a nation's customs are like balls that seem to roll by their own impetus on through the centuries, and often it is only the study of primitive races that can give us a notion of the push that first set the ball in motion. No, indeed, we must beware of apprizing the various sciences from the point of view of their relative furtherance of man's welfare; such an apprizal is not to be trusted. We may even say that there is actual antagonism between the immediate goal of a science and its usefulness; in this respect science resembles art. It endeavours to find the truth without regard to consequences; if it ceases for one moment to do this, it becomes biased and ceases to be science.

But although science itself seeks nothing but truth, we ought to utilize as much as possible those truths which the various sciences have discovered. Some of these contribute to our material welfare, others give us intellectual gains. The former are well worth striving for, but the intellectual gains are no less important. It is therefore to be hoped that those upon whose zeal the future development of Abo Academy rests will, no less than those to whom it owes its origin, pay regard to those sciences which are concerned with the study of the human mind and human society.

It was decided that the solemn inauguration of the Academy should take place the following autumn on October 11th and 12th. The preparations were many and lengthy; the discussion of the ceremony began in the Senate exactly a year before it actually occurred. The chief responsibility fell in a way upon the Rector, who issued the invitations. As I have already said, I have never taken much interest in academic ceremonies; but the inauguration of a new centre of learning for Swedish Finland was an unparalleled occasion which might well arouse my enthusiasm, even if I felt a certain natural anxiety as to its success. Public expectations ran high; visitors were to come from far and near—about fifty from Scandinavia, and among

them many of the foremost leaders of its intellectual culture and representatives of its universities, scientific societies, and other institutions.

When the University staff marched in a solemn procession—preceded by two beadles in uniform, and each carrying a silver mace—to the Assembly Hall, I fancy there was not one of us but felt he was going through an historic moment. The procession entered the decorated hall to the strains of orchestral music, while the public, all in festive attire, rose from their seats. After the last notes of the overture had died away the Chancellor of the Academy, Baron R. A. Wrede, mounted the platform and made a speech, in which he paid a tribute of gratitude to the creators of the Academy and wished it happiness and success in its work. This was followed by an inauguration cantata, with words written by Jarl Hemmer and music composed by Jean Sibelius,[1] who himself conducted the choir and orchestra. Then my turn came to give an oration lasting for about three-quarters of an hour.

When I finished speaking I stayed as president on the platform, whilst one after another of those invited—most of them as representatives of the Government, foreign Powers, or public institutions—came up to convey their congratulations or greetings. About forty rolled addresses were handed to me, and I placed them most carefully on the president's chair behind me, trembling at the idea that they might begin to move and cause scandal by rolling in a long row down into the body of the hall. Representatives of the Swedish ladies of Abo presented the Academy with a banner worked by loving hands. Many new donations were announced, one of them nominally of four million marks.

It was with a light heart that I took my way, when the festivity was over, to my own home. First and foremost I was pleased that all had gone off without the slightest hitch, but soon I felt convinced that there was also a more positive ground

[1] Jean Sibelius, the composer of world-wide fame.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

of rejoicing. From many quarters there came abundant proof that the ceremony had made a deep impression on those present, and this was afterwards confirmed by utterances in our own and the Scandinavian newspapers,[1] as well as by personal letters of thanks, which did not sound like empty phrases.

The festivities went on for four days, beginning with a great banquet for all our guests and continuing in the same style, partly in the magnificent houses of wealthy citizens, until the Scandinavian visitors were escorted to the steamer and sent off amid songs, cheers, and music.

It is, perhaps, not often that a sentence in a festive address is so sincerely meant as the homage I offered to Abo in my speech to our hosts and hostesses at the banquet given by the city: "Where else in this land could the University, its teachers and students, have found a home so rich in affection, so delightful, filled with old culture, refinement, and mental inspiration?" The new teachers were welcomed by the patrons of the Academy with the very warmest hospitality, and many ties of friendship were formed. And not only did I find several new friends in Abo, but some old ones from my student-days, whose company has given me much pleasure. It is perhaps rare to find that a person of my age, who leaves his old home and birthplace for another neighbourhood, gets on so excellently in his new environment. One reason for my doing so is certainly that a lady, who has the welfare of the Academy much at heart, most kindly gave me the opportunity of building my home in rural surroundings in the beautiful Observatory Park. And another contributory cause is probably that my life for over twenty years in foreign lands has prevented my getting too firmly rooted to any one spot.

[1] It was also reported at length in the *English Educational Times*, where it was said that the audience "formed perhaps the most representative and brilliant gathering that has for long assembled anywhere in northern Europe".

# CHAPTER XV

## 1920–1927

Representative of the *Folkting* of Swedish Finland in the Aaland question—Last stay at Box Hill—*The History of Human Marriage*, 5th edition rewritten—Different methods of research—*Ritual and Belief in Morocco*—My Moroccan *Tusculum*.

When I went to England in April 1920 I could not guess that my stay there would last more than a year. Whilst I was at Box Hill I received in the middle of July a telegram, signed by Eric von Rettig and Johannes Hedengren, in which I was invited, in collaboration with the representatives of our Government together with the professors J. J. Sederholm and Uno Lindelöf, to represent Swedish Finland's *Folkting*[1] at the consideration of the Aaland question by the Council of the League of Nations.

The issue may be briefly summed up as follows:—The inhabitants of the Aaland Islands, which belong to Finland, had expressed the wish that those islands should be reunited with the Kingdom of Sweden, of which they, like the rest of Finland, formed a part before the country was ceded to Russia as a result of conquest. The Swedish Government upheld and defended most energetically the cause of the Aalanders, adopting it as its own. It appealed to the Peace Conference, inviting its decision on the matter; but the Conference declined to intervene on the ground that Sweden and Finland had not been at war with each other. The dispute was then relegated to the League of Nations at the initiative of Lord Curzon, who desired to bring to the attention of the Council the case of the Aaland Islands, "as a matter affecting international relations, which unfortunately threatens to disturb the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends".

[1] *Folkting* = National Assembly.—Translator's Note.

On behalf of the Government of Finland its representative, M. Enckell, objected that in the present case no war nor threat of war could arise, that the difference of opinion which had arisen between the population of the Aaland Islands and the Government of Finland was a crisis, not of an international, but of a domestic nature, and that consequently, according to the Covenant of the League of Nations, the League had no right to deal with the dispute. The Council decided to appoint a Commission of three international jurists to give advisory opinion on the question whether the Swedish case, as presented to the Council, arises out of a matter "which, by international law, is solely under the jurisdiction of Finland, within the meaning of paragraph 8 of Article 15 of the Covenant". The Commission answered the question in the negative, and was therefore of opinion that the Council of the League of Nations was competent to make any recommendation which it deemed just and proper in the case.

When I received the invitation from Swedish Finland's *Folkting*, I at once telegraphed my acceptance and informed the head of our Government's delegation, M. Enckell, who was Finland's Minister in Paris, of the mission that had been confided to me and the two other professors mentioned above. In his reply he gave me a short summary of the plan followed by the Government's representatives to refute Sweden's claim. Supreme importance had been laid upon the assertion of Finland's sovereignty over Aaland, and it had also been shown that international treaties regarding Aaland had not been infringed by Finland. This method of defence had only dealt in passing with the question *why* Finland did not wish to lose Aaland, and at the present stage of affairs it would be inappropriate and even detrimental for Finland to assume the possibility of the severance of Aaland and to depict in detail the consequences that might follow. But should the Council come to the conclusion that the Aaland question did not exclusively concern Finland, then and not till then would it

be imperative to show exactly in what respects the severance of Aaland from Finland would injure our country, and how, amongst other things, it would weaken the position of its Swedish nationality in general. The delegates of Swedish Finland's *Folkting* might therefore be prepared to testify to the *Folkting's* views, if occasion required, at the place where the Council of the League held its next meeting, and to this end prepare a document for the Council.

In conjunction with Lindelöf I made a draft of such a document and submitted it to M. Enckell for criticism. We dwelt emphatically on the solidarity of the Aalanders with the other Swedish inhabitants of Finland, and showed the heavy loss that would be inflicted upon the latter by the severance of Aaland. This was a point to which the Government attached very great significance; indeed, it might possibly be used by the League itself as an argument why it could not accept Sweden's standpoint, and the opponents of the League could not, in the face of such an argument, object that in its decision it had ignored the rights of nationalities. We further expressed the hope that *if* the Council should not be able to decide the Aaland question in Finland's favour, it would defer its decision until our *Riksdag* had definitely regulated the position of all Finlanders of Swedish nationality. Nor was any adverse comment made by M. Enckell on this point; in fact, what objection could reasonably be made? If the Council considered the Aalanders' case as one deserving of sympathy, it yet ought to be able to wait until the *Riksdag* offered them the guarantees given in a law calculated to secure the rights of all Swedish Finlanders; and our Government, again, should feel satisfied with the aforesaid proposition, as it doubtless did but increase the prospects of retaining Aaland. But at the same time the Council's attention was drawn to the fact that there are in Finland Swedish-speaking natives of the country, many times more numerous than the Aalanders, who are quite as anxious as these latter to preserve their Swedish

nationality, although they will try to achieve this aim by their own efforts.

On September 13th Lindelöf and I started for Paris, and some days later Sederholm arrived. On the 18th Mr. Fisher, the English representative in the Council of the League, moved that the Council, in accordance with the report of the Commission of jurists, should declare itself competent to deal with the matter of the Aaland question, and two days later this resolution was passed. After the meeting on the 18th, M. Mantoux, director of the political section of the League, asked to have a talk with the representatives of the *Folkting*, and this gave us an opportunity to put forward verbally the views expressed in our document. M. Mantoux, who in his capacity as Professor of French History had been for a number of years my colleague at the University of London, repeatedly helped me with information and advice, and on the occasion just mentioned he advised me not to go back to Finland, but to wait the course of events in England.

On October 11th I returned to Paris, and on the following day left our memorial in its original English and also in a French translation at the office of the General Secretary of the League. Messrs. Beyens and Calonder—the former a Belgian and the latter a Swiss—who had been chosen as members of a commission of three that were to make a report to the Council of the League on the Aaland question, had just before this arrived in Paris, and M. Mantoux now advised them to have a talk with me. I met them on the 13th, after they had been made acquainted with our memorial, and conversed with them for nearly an hour. I was the first Finlander to come into touch with them, and when I went afterwards to our legation I was able to tell M. Enckell that the visit had impressed me most favourably. He considered that I ought to continue my stay abroad—in spite of the decision that the Rapporteurs should go to Finland—and advised me to be in Geneva in the middle of November, when the Aaland

question in some form might possibly come up for discussion at the General Assembly of the League.

After my return to England I wrote an article entitled "The Aaland Question", which was published in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*. I criticized the premises from which the three jurists had drawn their conclusions, but did not deny that the League of Nations on other grounds might be justified in dealing with the Aaland question; indeed, to many persons in Finland, as elsewhere, it seemed both appropriate and desirable that the League should be a protector, not only of small States, but also of minority nationalities inside the States. Even before this, when the report of the jurists was not yet known, I had, in another article in *The Nation*, given an account of the Aaland question, as the state of things was at that time, and reproduced the main points of our memorial. I had especially emphasized the fact that the principle of the self-determination of nationalities could not be considered to have been violated in any way by the *Folkting's* opposition to the Aalanders' demand, as these people only formed a fractional part of those of Swedish nationality in Finland; this principle could not imply that a fragment of a nationality had the right to go its own way to the injury of that nationality as a whole. I had considered the above-mentioned Liberal periodicals best suited to our purpose, as it was in the Liberal camp, with its whole-hearted recognition of the principle of the right of self-determination of nationalities, that the *Folkting's* standpoint chiefly needed justification.

I arrived at Geneva on November 15th, the opening day of the Assembly of the League, and met the Finland delegates whose business it was to watch over their country's interests in the question of its admission into the League. The Aaland question was not considered, but I did my best to make members acquainted with the *Folkting's* point of view. The preceding summer a periodical with a largely political programme

had been started in Geneva, "La Revue de Genève", in which several articles had already appeared, written by persons of influence in the League. I asked for space in the January number for an essay entitled: "Les Suédois de la Finlande et la Question des Iles Aaland", and when the editor, M. Robert de Traz, had read through the manuscript he expressed his satisfaction with it.

On December 11th I left Geneva to go back to England, and now it was soon essential to come to a decision as to whether I should return to Finland or stay where I was. There were reasons to decide in favour of either alternative. On the one hand a new term was beginning at Abo Academy. On the other I had not accomplished the task given me by the *Folkting's* delegates; indeed, very possibly the most important part of this task still lay before me. In case the verdict of the Commission of Rapporteurs—the character of which no one could positively foresee—should prove unfavourable to us, it would of course be necessary to subject it to criticism; and the earlier treatment of the report of the jurists, which had only been made known to our Government delegates a couple of days before the Council's September meeting, seemed to point to the possibility that the contents of the report which we were now expecting would likewise be kept secret till the last moment. Another circumstance that weighed heavily with me was that the *Folkting's* Council at home most earnestly begged me to stay. As I found difficulty in deciding the question in point I went to Paris to get the latest information and to hear M. Enckell's opinion as to the desirability of my remaining. He had no doubt that I ought to stay, and thought it especially important that I should meet the third member of the Commission of Rapporteurs, Mr. Elkus, who had unexpectedly gone to America, but was supposed to return to Paris before the end of January. After full consideration, therefore, I resolved to apply to Abo Academy for an extension of my leave of absence.

Time passed and there was no word of the report, which had been expected in the course of January. The secretary of the Commission, M. Nielsen, told me that Mr. Elkus's return to Europe had been delayed by illness, and I therefore begged him to forward a note from me to the latter, together with a letter of introduction from Mr. Lucien Wolf, whom I had known in the past and with whom I was brought into touch every day during my stay in Geneva, as we were living in the same hotel. Wolf was staying there as the delegate charged with the task of looking after Jewish interests in the Assembly. He had therefore to see that the so-called "minority paragraphs" were to be applied to newly admitted States, Finland being one of them; and although these paragraphs referred mainly to the position of the Jews, he also was in much sympathy with the aspirations of the Swedish nationality in Finland.

The report of the Commission of Rapporteurs was not published till some months afterwards—it was dated April 16th —and then I had only to perform the last duty of my mission.

I set out on June 15th for Geneva. There I handed to the General Secretary and to each individual member of the Council of the League a document—written in both English and French—to which the Government delegates had raised no objection. In my capacity as delegate of Swedish Finland's *Folkting* I begged to express its deep appreciation of the sympathetic attention with which the Rapporteurs had considered its views on the Aaland question, and announced that the *Folkting's* Council had asked the Government of Finland to express its satisfaction with the Rapporteurs' proposal, such satisfaction not implying, of course, that it might not be subjected to certain modification.

The Rapporteurs had indeed carried out their task with a conscientiousness that was beyond praise. The report is too valuable and contains too much that is applicable even to present conditions in Finland to allow of its being buried

in obscurity, and I shall therefore reproduce a part of its contents. In contradistinction to the statements of the three jurists, the Rapporteurs were decidedly of the opinion that Finland had been an autonomous State since 1809, that its separation from Russia had made it a sovereign State, and that the sovereignty over Aaland undeniably appertained to Finland. After this they turned their attention to the question how far, this notwithstanding, there were sufficiently valid reasons for permitting the Aalanders by the plebiscite for which they had asked to decide whether they were to remain in union with Finland or to be united to Sweden. It was possible that such reasons existed. "The idea of justice and of liberty embodied in the formula of self-determination," so they wrote in their report, "must be applied in a reasonable manner to the relations between States and the minorities they include. It is just that the ethnical character and the ancient traditions of these minorities should be respected as much as possible, and that they should be specially authorized to practise freely their religion and to cultivate their language. This postulate marks one of the most noble advances of modern civilization and, as it is clear that there can be no lasting peace apart from justice, constitutes one of the most powerful means of strengthening peace and combating hatred and dissensions both within the State and in international relations. . . . In the case of the Aalanders, the important question is the protection of their language—the Swedish language. Its language is the very soul of a people. We appreciate the ardent desire, the resolute wish, of the Aaland population, proud in its democratic simplicity and eager for independence, to preserve intact the Swedish language and culture—their heritage from their ancestors. . . . We admit, also, that the fear fostered by the Aalanders of being little by little submerged by the Finnish invasion has good grounds, and that effective measures should be taken with a view to eliminating this danger. If it were true that incorporation

with Sweden was the only means of preserving its Swedish language for Aaland, we should not have hesitated to consider this solution. But such is not the case. There is no need for a separation. The Finnish State is ready to grant the inhabitants satisfactory guarantees and faithfully to observe the engagement which it will enter into with them: of this we have no doubt. To take the Aaland Islands away from Finland, in these circumstances, would be the more unjust, inasmuch as from the point of view of history, geography, and politics, all the arguments are in favour of the *status quo*." The Rapporteurs then propose international guarantees for the Aalanders, which, as they say, aim, above all, at the preservation of the Swedish language by teaching in the schools. This teaching in Swedish ought to take the form of the obligatory exclusion of Finnish, confirmed by law, from all the primary schools; a similar guarantee has been inserted in several peace treaties as a measure necessary for the protection of minorities. And in the event that Finland, contrary to all expectations, refused to grant the Aalanders the proposed guarantees, the only possible solution would be the separation of Aaland from Finland, based on the wishes of its inhabitants, which would be freely expressed by means of a plebiscite.

The Rapporteurs give detailed reasons for their opinion that Finland ought to be allowed to keep Aaland, provided that the proposal for guarantees is accepted, and amongst these reasons the objections of the other Swedish Finlanders to Aaland's separation play a very prominent part. The Rapporteurs adopt the arguments expressed by the *Folkting's* delegates, and point out that if public opinion in Europe attaches importance to the fate of 25,000 Aaland Islanders it can still less ignore that of 350,000 other Swedes in Finland—"their brothers who cannot possibly exist separated from the rest of Finland, where the groups in which they live often blend with the Finnish population". The Swedish minority is striving to maintain the character of its original nationality by the side of

the preponderant Finnish majority. Finland's new Constitution seems to establish clearly enough equality between the two languages; but the essential point is the application of this principle, and it is incontestable that there exists a certain tension—even a certain mistrust—between the two linguistic groups. The Rapporteurs express an earnest hope that the Finnish majority, whose predominance is assured for ever, will see its way, without abdicating its own rights, to be liberal and generous towards the minority. "Only in this way", they say, "will all mistrust disappear—only in this way can there reign a peace and friendship proof against every attack between the Swedish-speaking and the Finnish-speaking Finns in the supreme interest of their country, to which they are all deeply devoted."

The aforesaid report is without doubt the most remarkable document concerning our language question which has ever appeared abroad. In an official document compiled by experts at the instance of the Council of the League of Nations the attention of the civilized world is drawn to the fact that there is living in Finland a Swedish population fifteen times more numerous than the Aalanders, who during the earlier stage of the Aaland question appeared to be almost the only Swedes in Finland deserving of any consideration. It is shown that this Swedish population is fighting a hard battle to safeguard its existence as a distinctive nationality by the side of the Finnish majority. The legitimacy of this struggle is acknowledged by the Rapporteurs, both by their direct pronouncements and indirectly by their reasoned proposals in the question with which they had to deal. From beginning to end their report gives evidence of the most unreserved recognition of the right of minorities in general to maintain and improve their national heritage, of the right of the Swedish Finlanders to secure the equality of their language with that of the Finns, and of the right of the Aalanders to receive full guarantees for the preservation of their language and their own distinctive

culture. The Secretary of the Rapporteurs told me that they had attached much importance to the views expressed by the *Folkting* and its delegates—which indeed is proved by their report—and M. Mantoux said the same of the Council of the League.

The Council accepted in the main the proposals of the Rapporteurs. The sovereignty over Aaland was recognized as belonging to Finland. As regards the guarantees, which were expressly characterized as a very important side of the question, the representatives of Sweden and Finland were to try to come to an agreement, and, if they did not succeed, the Council of the League would make its own independent recommendations on this point. I think I may say without any hesitation that the Council's decision was generally received with approval by the European Press; this was certainly the case with the English papers, although their approval was not entirely unanimous. In some quarters the opinion was expressed that as the Aalanders, in order to safeguard their nationality, wished for union with Sweden their desire ought to have been granted. But I do not know a single case where it was thought that too much had been given them in the guarantees recommended by the Council of the League.

My mission in the Aaland question had by no means taken up all my time. It had necessitated repeated journeys to Paris and Geneva, the composition of memorials and magazine articles, as well as visits to several persons and also to the English Foreign Office to give information or receive advice; but during the spring term particularly I had the greater part of my time at my own disposal. I can honestly say that I used practically every spare moment for scientific work, and thus even during my absence carried out one of the two chief aims of Abo Academy, the promotion of science. The new edition of the book on marriage, which I had begun at

Christmas 1916, had since that time—with the exception of unavoidable interruptions, some of them short, but one of nearly six months' duration—occupied my thoughts and my pen, and the proofs of the greater part of it had already been corrected; but at the beginning of the spring term two chapters and the list of authorities were still unwritten. Before summer came they were ready as well, and only the index remained to be done.

During the whole of my stay in England on this occasion I lived at Box Hill, where I thus spent my second winter. With the endless journeys that I had to make to London, this would scarcely have been possible if I had not possessed a motor-cycle with a side-car, that I had bought shortly after my arrival. The son of the house, Jack, who was now eighteen and had a great liking for mechanical occupations, was my chauffeur, and conveyed me early and late to or from one or other of the railway stations on the line to London. Sometimes, too, we amused ourselves with longer or shorter excursions in beautiful Surrey or to the South coast. It was an invigorating and pleasant recreation during my strenuous work, and I do not know which of us enjoyed our trips the most. Jack, too, needed some diversion, for there was sorrow in the home. His sister Dot had consumption; the fresh roses on her plump cheeks had changed to hectic spots on a pale, emaciated face, and all day long there came from the room where she lay the sound of a cough that went to my heart as I sat in my study working. One morning in the beginning of March, when I had to go to London, I went out, before starting, into the woods and gathered the first primroses, which she took with a grateful smile. When I returned a couple of days later she was dead.

In the middle of July, when I had already finished my work in London, I had to go up to Town unexpectedly for a few hours, and it was arranged for Jack to fetch me from Sutton. On my arrival he was not there. I waited a good while, but

he did not appear; and I returned home by another way. When I got to the house the mother met me with disturbed, inquiring looks: I was alone—where was Jack? Perhaps he had had some little mishap with the motor-cycle. A couple of hours passed in anxious waiting. Then I heard his mother come groaning up the stairs to my study. Jack had met with an accident: Jack had been run over! The information had come by telephone to a gentleman's house close by, and almost at that identical moment a policeman arrived with the same news. The boy had been taken to the Reigate Hospital. A motor was sent for from Dorking, and I drove with his parents to the hospital along the road that he and I had traversed with such light hearts that very morning. We were told that his condition was extremely serious. He had met a motor-lorry at a cross-road, and as he stopped his cycle he was flung under the lorry, with the result that the wheel broke one of his legs and caused such wounds that he nearly bled to death on his way to hospital. One by one we were allowed to see him, as he lay on his bed with his life swiftly ebbing. I tried to comfort him by telling him that a broken leg may be mended in a couple of months; but the few words he said to me and his dim eyes gave no hopeful message. His mother stayed for the night. When she returned early next morning to Box Hill she brought the tidings that her boy had died at three o'clock that morning.

Her sorrow was too deep for tears or lamentation. She spoke of how good he had always been to her. His first word after the accident had been to beg that she should be told about it as carefully as possible. He had shown nothing but gratitude to all who had helped him. When the nurse at the hospital asked him if he would like her to say a prayer for him he said "no"; he had done nothing that disturbed him, he had nothing to regret. "Perhaps it was best for him to die young", his mother added. "Who knows what troubles in life it has spared him? Perhaps he was too good to live."

A police inquiry was held as to the cause of the accident, and as usual the driver of the motor-lorry was exonerated from all blame. Then followed his funeral, attended by relatives and friends. I drove with his parents to the burial-ground in the same carriage in which, a few months before, we had followed Dot to the grave; but then her brother was with us. Now his body rests by the side of his sister in the peaceful churchyard of beautiful Mickleham; and on the grave there stands a monument of black granite from Finland.

The weeks that followed the accident were the most bitter I have experienced in all my life. I had seen the two children grow up under my eyes, year after year. At the time when Mr. Binfield had been obliged to stay in France I had almost filled a father's place for them. They had been as attached to me as I was to them. One gradually grew accustomed to Dot's sad fate, and for her, death meant release; but when without warning it snatched away the active, vigorous youth, it struck his parents and me a blow that almost broke our hearts. As for myself, my sorrow and loss were mingled with a feeling of another kind. It is true that I was in no way responsible for the misfortune—the poor boy himself had almost enticed me to get the motor-cycle that was the cause of his death; but yet it was for my sake that he had died. When I saw him on his bed, stricken to death, my sore heart felt that I ought to be lying there in his stead.

A couple of days before the accident I had, curiously enough, chanced to say to Jack, who often helped me with writing out extracts from books or proof-reading, that as long as I was able to work I did not think anything could make me perfectly miserable. And it was indeed fortunate that I had at this moment an occupation requiring so little effort of thought but such concentrated attention as the work at the index to my book. I sat under a tree near the house and wrote from early morning to late evening without intermission. I no longer strolled about as before; it was strange that the

PLATE 21.—SÎDI ABDLLAH IN THE GARDEN OF MY MOROCCO VILLA
(*From a photograph taken by Magnus Dahl*)

PLATE 22.—MY VILLA IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF TANGIER
(*From a photograph taken by Magnus Dahl*)

absence of only one being could make the great forest so terribly silent and empty. And it was empty and gloomy in the cottage, too, where the gay laugh and joke had been silenced. After dark I used to sit every evening with the parents, and we always talked of the dead children—of what they had said and done—whilst our minds saw them as if they were still alive and their voices still rang in our ears. Night always brought me unbroken rest with happy dreams that never once reminded me of the day's sorrow. But when I woke in the morning I had instantly to jump out of bed and hurry to my work.

In the latter part of August the index was ready and sent to the printers. I bade a last farewell to Box Hill, where I had spent so many happy hours in the course of the past twelve years. Its aspect on this occasion reflected my own mood. The summer had been dreadfully hot and dry, and the fierce sunshine had burnt both grass and leaves. For me Box Hill was now but a memory.

In December *The History of Human Marriage, Fifth Edition Rewritten*, appeared, three times more comprehensive than the earlier editions. Its reception gave me scarcely less satisfaction than that of my maiden work of thirty years before, although the notices were now written in a different strain; I was no longer an unknown foreigner from an "obscure university", as a reviewer of the first edition had so impertinently expressed himself. A pirated edition came out in America, to the great annoyance of my publishers, who had to bear the heavy cost of printing such a bulky book; to compensate them and myself in some measure for our loss it was agreed between us that I should write a shorter popular account of the same subject, *A Short History of Marriage*. Both the larger and smaller works are to be translated into French by Professor A. van Gennep; the smaller book was also put into a Swedish dress by my nephew, Rolf Pipping, and is to be published in Finnish as well.

After human marriage had been finally disposed of I could then turn to my work dealing with Morocco; and for various reasons I was glad at last to be able to devote all my spare time to it. A part of the material I had already definitely dealt with in the book *Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco*, and of another part I had made a preliminary use in several essays and articles. But a very large amount still remained in its original shape—that is, in the form of notes that scarcely anyone could decipher except the writer himself. The work fascinated me, both by the nature of the subject and the method of its treatment. Little as I can believe in the truth of people's ideas of the supernatural, yet these ideas themselves, viewed as mental products, have always interested me; indeed, when choosing the subject for my second book I had hesitated between the science of religion and ethics. And whilst my investigations into human marriage and the moral consciousness had followed the comparative method, as was inevitable in the case of subjects that have reference to mankind at large, I had in my Moroccan studies confined myself to a much narrower field—namely, the religious and magical ideas and rites of a single people.

The comparative method has its defects. It brings together into one and the same group phenomena of a similar kind that are found among different peoples, just as the zoologist and botanist bring together similar animals or plants into one and the same species. But when a cultural phenomenon is thus detached from the organic whole of which it forms a part, it may easily appear in an incomplete or false light; social phenomena are not isolated facts, but are largely influenced by local conditions, by the physical environment, by the circumstances in which the people are living, by their habits and mental characteristics. And all these factors can of course be taken into account much more easily when the investigation is restricted to a particular group of men than when it comprises things that are common to widely separated

peoples or to mankind in general. It has further been argued that the comparative study of a certain cultural phenomenon does not take into account the influence which one people has exercised on another, as does the so-called ethnological method, whose advocates even go so far as to consider that the chief task of ethnology and of all history of civilization is to investigate the results of social contact. One-sided as this conception is, over-hasty and arbitrary as many of the conclusions of the "ethnological" school have been, I admit that the above-mentioned criticism justly points out the limitations of the comparative method. Yet the real cause of the difference between the methods is that the objects of investigation differ from each other. While the comparative study is intent upon finding out the psychological and sociological origin of cultural phenomena, the "ethnological" one busies itself with their migrations; the two kinds of investigation supplement each other, and their results should exercise a mutually wholesome influence; but they cannot replace one another. Finally, it is evident that a more comprehensive application of the comparative method can scarcely guarantee the complete reliability of the material. It is often impossible, even for the most critical investigator, to decide whether a certain statement is accurate or not, and it may even be difficult to form a just idea of the general trustworthiness of an ethnographical writer. Yet the comparative method itself offers a valuable criterion by which to estimate the confidence we can feel in our informant: when we find notification of the occurrence of the same customs or ideas in different parts of the world, this naturally makes it more probable that the reports are to be believed.

But in spite of the indisputable deficiencies of the comparative method I think it has been of the greatest benefit to ethnology and cultural history. It has saved them from falling into a great number of fragments without any inherent connection, or from becoming a soulless study of the migration

of phenomena without an attempt to find their real origin. What, for example, would the study of human marriage and its varying details, or of men's moral consciousness, be if it were confined to an inquiry into their occurrence in one group of people after another, without any kind of connecting syntheses; or if the investigator were content to speculate as to what different peoples within the range under consideration have borrowed from one another? And the comparative method has also been of great importance in this respect, that the knowledge of the original cause of a given custom amongst a certain people has very often helped us to understand the meaning of the same, or more or less similar, customs amongst other peoples. Of course, caution must be exercised in dealing with such similarities, and care be taken not to try to open too many doors with the same key; but it is undeniable that the comparisons have spread an unexpected light over much that would otherwise have remained obscure.

I have made these reflections—which I have also expressed in one of my books—partly to show that I see the weak points of the comparative method without the need of reminders from others, and partly to justify my use of this method in my earlier books. It was, however, refreshing now to be occupied with an investigation that was free from such defects. My material was not obtained from books, but was founded upon what I had seen with my eyes and heard with my ears, and I had taken great pains that it should be as correct as possible. All information had been received from the natives themselves. To avoid any chance of misunderstanding I had made it a rule without any exception to repeat to my informants what they had told me, and, to test their accuracy, I sometimes smuggled in little inaccuracies—which they never failed to correct. The importance that my teachers attached to small details has been of incalculable use, as it is often in what appears to be a trifle that the explanation of the inner meaning

of a custom is to be found. And their patience was beyond all praise.

In working up my material I have tried to discover not only the psychological origin of the rites, but also, when any possibility was offered of so doing, their previous history; and this brought me to the use of the ethnological method. The Berbers of Morocco—the earliest known inhabitants of the country—have in the course of time been subject to influences from various quarters: from Carthaginians, Romans, Negroes, and—especially—Arabs. In many cases the influence is easy to prove, in others it is necessary to rest content with more or less probable hypotheses; but frequently any speculation as to the historical origin of a cultural phenomenon is a hopeless undertaking. The use of the ethnological method requires the greatest caution. It is beyond all doubt that identical customs and ideas often have appeared in different parts of the world quite independently of one another, and it is of course equally certain that they may appear independently of each other among different peoples who belong to the same stock or can be shown to have had mutual contact. Indeed, the more two peoples resemble each other the more probable it is that new details in their culture may also be alike; from seed of the same kind very similar plants spring up. When rites or beliefs which exist in Morocco are found among the Arabs in Asia as well, we must not, therefore, at once draw the conclusion that they are of Oriental origin; in a number of cases it can, on the contrary, be proved that they have not been brought in by Arabian immigrants.

In writing my book I again found that the working up of the material was a far more laborious task than I had imagined at the outset. I had also to carry on studies in the library of the British Museum. The whole summer of 1922 I spent in England, where I now, and later on, made my home in the neighbourhood of Guildford, in Surrey, with my former

landlord and his wife, who shortly after their son's death had moved from Box Hill—where else could I have lived? But when I had written the draft of the book there were still many gaps to be filled, many statements to be verified, many linguistic questions to be answered, and this could only be done on the spot itself. So one day in the beginning of July 1923 I embarked at Southampton on a Dutch steamer that took me to Tangier.

It was with strange feelings that I once more came back to Morocco, where I had not set foot for the past ten years. My old friend the shereef met me in Tangier roads, radiant with delight. I also found again my former attendant, el-Haddj, and the old scribe, Sîdi Abdllah, who thirteen years earlier had been my teacher, and who now, at the last revision of the book, would prove of invaluable service (Plate 21). The work was soon in full swing, and the ten intervening years seemed almost as though they had never been. But two summer months proved much too short a time for my stay in Morocco. I returned in December and also spent the two following summers there, and the winter and spring of 1926 as well, until in April I could pass the last proof-sheets. It was then twenty-eight years since I had first begun my research work in Morocco; I had gone there twenty-one times and stayed in the country altogether seven years. Thus the seed that had been planted by the first Antell scholarship had required more than a quarter of a century to yield the ripe fruit. I cannot help smiling when I remember how disturbed some of the University Fathers in the Senate felt, when the report of my second journey, twenty-seven years earlier, had no more important results of my travels to record.

My book, which is entitled *Ritual and Belief in Morocco*, and comprises two fat volumes, was published by Macmillan in September 1926. It gave me pleasure that, in spite of my criticism of the possibilities of the ethnological method, its two foremost and most wholehearted supporters in England

hastened to offer the book a very generous welcome in the *Sunday Times* and in *The Nation*; and that the Royal Anthropological Institute shortly after its publication rewarded my researches in Morocco with the Rivers Memorial Medal—a medal that had been struck in memory of the Institute's deceased president, whose theories had not always received very gentle treatment at my hands. But it also gave me much satisfaction that Marett, and other reviewers for whose opinions I have great regard, thought that my researches possessed a value that extended beyond the limits of my own particular subject. What had more than anything else preserved my interest unimpaired throughout all those many years was the hope that my detailed study of the popular religion and magic of the Moors might cast a light on questions of a more general character and not only form a monographic contribution to the science of religion. A French edition of this book, translated by Professor van Gennep, is to be brought out by a Paris publisher.

Ever since the winter of 1923–24 I have lived, during all my visits to Morocco, in a little country cottage with a large, shady, and flowery garden which my friend, Carl Dahl, Swedish Consul-General in Tangier, was so kind as to put at my disposal and which afterwards became my own (Plates 22 and 23). The property lies on the slopes of a hill where a part of Tangier is situated. In this secluded nook I am quite unaware of the proximity of the town and of the European annexation policy. All my neighbours are immigrant mountaineers or Rif Berbers, and weeks may pass without my seeing a single Christian. From the spacious verandah, wreathed with flowers, I have a splendid view over Jebel el-kbir, behind whose crown the sun disappears in the afternoon some time before sunset; on the right there appears a little bay and the open sea with its ever-changing play of colours; in addition there is a dreamy mimosa, whose high stem is crowned in spring with a cloud of glimmering gold against the blue; and

last of all a hillock with stately eucalyptus-trees (Plate 20). A few paces distant outside the garden there is a precipitous promontory with a view over the Atlantic, the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean Sea. The verandah is the centre of my Tusculum, my most beautiful study. There I am writing these lines, surrounded by flowering mimosas and almond-trees, with roses, irises, and heliotrope blossoms on my table and the notes of spring's first songsters as an accompaniment to my thoughts (Plate 24).

PLATE 23.—A VINE-SHADED WALK IN MY GARDEN
(*From a photograph taken by Carl Dahl*)

PLATE 24.—VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH OF MY VILLA
(*From a photograph taken by Magnus Dahl*)

# CHAPTER XVI

## Epilogue

(Written on the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of Portugal)

My life seems to me like a journey that I have had to accomplish. It has been directed towards definite goals, and the most important of these were in the main fixed before my fortieth year. I have been fortunate enough to be able to arrange my life, on the whole, according to my own wishes.

The choice of a career decided itself. I chose science as my profession because it interested me, and I chose that particular branch of it which interested me most. It has given my life its chief import, given me those happy hours when my thought has worked in peaceful solitude and I have experienced in the depths of my soul the truth of the philosopher's words: *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*. Had circumstances permitted, I might perhaps have followed this motto more closely than I did, and have devoted all my time to the occupation in which I took most delight. But perhaps things have been best as they were. The calling of a university teacher may be of profit even for the scientific investigator: by teaching others we learn ourselves. And, moreover, the loss his research work suffers through his duties as a teacher may in many cases be made up by his pupils.

Circumstances have also forced me into other activity of a more temporary nature. Thus I have not altogether escaped taking an active part in politics, with which I never meddled unnecessarily. It is really but three incidents of this kind that have made more serious demands upon my time: the international address on behalf of my country, the movement for its independence, and the Aaland campaign; and possibly the time I devoted to them may not have been entirely wasted. As regards my literary work I may say that it has been strictly

concentrated on the history of marriage, the origin and development of the moral ideas, and the results of my researches in Morocco. The magazine articles I have written and the lectures I have delivered, apart from those required by my university appointments, have been, in by far the greatest number of cases, merely portions of my books, and I have most carefully refrained from reviewing. Thanks to this limitation of my activities I have been fortunate enough to succeed in finishing the rather comprehensive works that I had set my mind upon writing when between twenty and forty years of age. But new questions have arisen since then, and some of them still await an answer.

Now that I look back upon my life, the question occurs to me how far I should live it differently if I could begin it again, with the experience I have gathered during all these years. It is a childish thought, of course, but in the answer to this question there lies hidden the measure of satisfaction or dissatisfaction that I feel with my past life. I do not hesitate to say that in my new life I should journey in the same direction as I did in the old one, even though I would like to avoid some side-paths and by-ways on to which I have strayed from time to time, and, above all, many omissions of which I have been guilty.

Another question that arises is as to which part of my life I would by preference live over again. A similar question occupied Hume, the philosopher, on his death-bed. His answer was that he was tempted to say he would choose the last years; he was then sixty-five. Such an answer is encouraging: it shows that even a person who has not the least hope of a life after this can feel happy when he knows that death is not far off. Most young people think, no doubt with regret, that some day they will grow old, if they do not chance to die before youth has passed. I so clearly remember a sleepless night when I was twenty-seven years old, and was struck with sudden horror at the thought that I, too, might one day be

forty; it seemed to me almost unendurable to survive such a catastrophe. Afterwards, when I reached that age—more quickly than I could have thought—I felt, like many another, a certain sadness at the idea that my youth had definitely come to an end. But the feeling of growing old passes with the years. So much I can certainly say: if I had the choice of living a considerable part of my life over again, I should without any doubt exclude my childhood and the earlier years of my mature youth.

I can well imagine that those whose main interests in life are fixed on objects which find their satisfaction more particularly in younger days, will reckon up the passing years with a feeling of grief; but my chief and most enduring joys have had other sources. The scientific interest withstands the ravages of time. The love of nature grows no less with increasing years; it seems rather to gain in strength the nearer we come to that moment when we ourselves shall be merged in all-absorbing nature. Nor has the third great source of happiness, that for which I am indebted to my friends, run dry in the course of time. The oft-repeated statement, that new friends are seldom made in later years, has not been confirmed by my own experience. I think with regret of the many who have passed away; but my heart is still warmed by their memory, and I almost find consolation in the thought that, although we shall never meet again, I shall follow them on the way they have gone before.

Thus I end my outline of that infinitesimal ripple on the ocean of eternity which is called my life.

# INDEX OF NAMES


Abd-el-Azîz Mûlai, 181, 183, 214, 215, 216, 231
Abdlkrim, attendant, 159, 160, 168, 169, 171, 178, 186, 193
Abdllah, Sîdi, 302, Plate xvii
Abdrrahman, Sîdi, 185–188, 189
Abdsslam, the cook Sîdi, 159, 160, 168, 171
Abdsslam el-Baqqâli, Sîdi, 139, 146–148, 156, 161, 162, 166, 168, 179, 182, 188, 190, 191, 193, 236, 237, 302
Acton, Lord, 152
Ahlström, Marianne (Mrs. Fogelberg), 278
Albert, Eugen d', 23
Alexander, S., 219
Alexander I, 154
Ali, the camel-driver, 187
Ali, el-Haddj, 179
Ali Bughâleb, Sîdi, 242
Anacreon, 28
Anstey, Percy, 200
Antell, H. F., 35, 114, 195, 302
Antell, Kasten, 87
Aristotle, 279
Artôt, Desirée, 23
Augustine, Saint, 68
Avebury, Lord (Sir John Lubbock), 68, 209, 210

Bach, Sebastian, 37
Bacheracht, B. de, 147, 148, 164
Bacheracht, Madame de, 147, 148
Backmansson, Hugo, 236, 239
Balfour, A. J., 81
Barrâda, 239
Bba Hmed, 214
Beethoven, L. van, 23, 37
Bellini, V., 114
Bergen, Carl von, 35
Besant, Annie, 80
Beyens, Baron, 286
Bilgrami, Major, 200
Binfield, A. G., 274, 295, 297, 302
Binfield, Dorothy, 274, 275, 294–297
Binfield, Ida, 274, 275
Binfield, Mrs., 274, 275, 295–297, 302
Binfield, Walter (Jack), 274, 275, 294–297
Bishop, Henry, 260, 268
Blomqvist, Alexander, 22
Blomqvist, Alexandra, 13
Blomqvist, Alfhild (*née* Ilmoni), 24
Blomqvist, Anna, 13, 276
Blomqvist, Anton, 24
Blomqvist, Elisabeth, 13, 25
Blomqvist, T. J., 24
Bobrikoff, N., 82, 198
Bôno, Sîdi, 179
Born, V. M., 87
Bradlaugh, Charles, 80
Branford, Victor, 196
Brentano, Lujo, 97
Briand, Aristide, 227
Browning, Oscar, 152
Brusa, Emilio, 152, 155, 156
Bryce, James (Lord Bryce), 82, 152, 197, 208, 209
Buassab, 160–162, 165
Buckle, H. T., 28
Buhamâra, 216, 235

Calonder, Felix, 286
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, 82
Canonico, T., 153
Castrén, Jonas, 265
Catt, Mrs. Chapman, 256, 257
Chamberlain, Joseph, 81
Chiewitz, G. T., 16
Chopin, Fr., 23, 49
Christierson, Axel von, 86
Clodd, Edward, 90, 205
Coit, Stanton, 80
Collin, Carl, 18
Collin, Christian, 256
Corsi, Alessandro, 153
Coupland, Gertrud (*née* Passow), 74, 75, 80, 117, 150
Coupland, W. Chatterton, 74, 75, 80, 117
Curzon, Lord, 283

Dahl, Carl, 303
Dahlström, Ernst, 278

Dahlström, Magnus, 278
Danielson (-Kalmari), J. R., 28, 30, 35, 90
Dante, 118
Darmesteter, Madame, 256
Darwin, Charles, 67, 68, 75, 77, 78, 88, 89, 91, 92, 207, 209
Davidoff, Karl, 23
Duas, 191, 192
Dubois-Reymond, E. H., 75

Edelfelt, Albert, 226
Edgeworth, F. Y., 75
Edward VII, 206, 226, 227
Ehrström, Alexander, 23
Ehrström, Alfhild (*see* Westermarck).
Ehrström, Hilma, 23
Elkus, A. J., 288, 289
Ellis, Havelock, 219
Enckell, Carl, 284–286, 288
Epicurus, 180
Estlander, C. G., 27, 34
Eucken, Rudolf, 150
Eugen, Prince, 228
Evans, Sir Arthur, 91

Fallières, C. A., 227
Fallières, Madame, 227
Ferrero, Guglielmo, 117, 118
Ferri, Enrico, 97, 115
Fisher, H. A. L., 286
Forel, F. A., 152
Frazer, Lady, 254
Frazer, Sir James, 205, 206, 254
Freeman, Edward, 90, 91
Freire-Marreco, Barbara W., 200
Freud, S., 257
Freudenthal, A. O., 85
Frosterus, J. G., 29

Galton, Francis, 207, 208
Gennep, A. van, 297, 303
George Eliot, 75
Gilmour, T. L., 152
Gladstone, W. E., 81, 208
Godet, Robert, 233
Goethe, W. von, 74
Goldziher, Ignaz, 156
Goodison, Mr. and Mrs., 129
Gosse, Sir Edmund, 210
Graham, A. B. Cunninghame, 172
Gummerus, Herman, 265
Gustaf, V., 265
Gustafsson, F. V., 35

Haddj, attendant l-, 240, 241, 302
Haddon, Dr. A. C., 198
Haeckel, Ernst, 67
Hâfid, Mûlai l-, 231, 237
Haiwatha Ojijatekha Brant-Sero, 197
Hall, Carl, 54
Harcourt, Sir W. G. G. V. Vernon-, 81
Harris, Walter, 195
Hartmann, Ed. von, 74
Hasan, Mûlai l-, 142
Hausen, Anna, 82
Hausen, Reinh., 21, 82
Hedengren, Johannes, 59, 283
Heftye, Johannes, 54, 59, 61
Hegel, G. W. F., 33, 103, 126
Heikel, A. O., 17
Helmholtz, Hermann, 75
Hemmer, Jarl, 281
Herodotus, 28
Hettner, H., 27
Hippocrates, 188
Hirn Yrjö, 149–151
Hobbes, Thomas, 127
Hobhouse, L. T., 219, 229
Hodgson, Shadworth, 126
Höffding, H., 48, 207
Hohenthal, Alexandra (*née* Zetterberg), 276, 277
Hohenthal, Brita, 276, 277
Hohenthal, Carl-Eric, 276, 277
Hohenthal, Lennart, 252, 268, 276, 277
Holland, Edward, 260
Holland, Erskine, 152
Holland, Mrs., 267
Homén, Theodor, 83
Homer, 28
Hosni, Sîdi l-, 147
Hult, Ragnar, 82
Hume, David, 306
Huxley, Thomas, 75

Idris, Mûlai, 215
Ilmoni, Immanuel, 24
Ismail, Mûlai, 140

James, William, 75, 108
Johnson, Samuel, 119

Kant, Immanuel, 30, 36, 109
Katscher, Leopold, 233
Kidd, Benjamin, 40
Kielland, Alexander, 49
King, Mrs., 75
Kingsley, Mary, 181
Kohler, Joseph, 211
Kopparström, Mr. and Mrs., 15
Kropotkin, P., 150

Landberg, Carlo, 124
Lankester, Sir E. Ray, 75, 78
Law, Bonar, 82
Leo XIII, 153–155
Lessing, G. E., 90
Levasseur, P. E., 227
Levertin, Oscar, 250
Lévy-Bruhl, L., 227
Lewes, G. H., 75
Lie, Jonas, 118
Lille, Axel., 85
Lindberg, S. O., 19
Lindelöf, Uno, 283, 286
Liszt, Franz, 73
Locke, John, 127
Lombroso, Cesàre, 116, 117, 152
Lotze, Hermann, 33, 75
Louis IV, Grand-duke of Hesse, 147
Louis XIV, 28
Lubbock, Sir John (*see* Avebury)
Luzzatti, Luigi, 153

Macaulay, T. B. (Lord Macaulay), 28
Maclean, Kaid (Sir Harry), 142–144
McLennan, J. F., 68, 97
Macmillan, George A., 88, 97, 181
Macmillan & Co., Messrs., 88–97, 261, 268
Malinowski, Bronislaw, 256
Mannhardt, Wilhelm, 205
Mantoux, P. J., 286, 293
Marett, R. R., 103, 219, 303
Mayr, Georg von, 124
Menter-Popper, Sophie, 23
Meredith, George, 75, 256
Meyer, Ernst, 51–53
Mill, J. Stuart, 29, 35, 37, 46
Mohammed, the Prophet, 144
Montelius, Oscar, 265
Morgan, L. H., 68
Morison, Cotter, 75
Morley, John (Lord Morley), 75, 81, 82
Morrison, W. D., 131
Mtesa, King of Uganda, 206
Muhammed, the soldier Si, 172, 181–183, 185
Muhammed ben Abdrrahman, Si, 238
Müller, Max, 74

Neiglick, Hjalmar, 35, 84, 85
Neovius, Frith., 83
Nevill, Lady Dorothy, 256
Nicholas II, 148–150, 152, 153, 155, 156, 203, 270
Nicholson, Sir Arthur (Lord Carnock), 142
Nicklin, Hugo, 43
Nielsen, E. M., 289
Nordmann, Petrus, 87

Öhberg, Victor, 122
Ole, guide in the Jotunheim, 54–57
Oppenheimer, Franz, 219
Oppenheimer, H., 200

Pachmann, V. von, 23
Palmén, Eskil, 17, 18, 41, 49
Palmén, J. Ph., 17
Pancrazio, interpreter, 112–115
Passow, Gertrud (*see* Coupland)
Peterson, the family (in Foula), 93, 95
Pettersen, Hjalmar, 108
Pindar, 28
Pipping, Aline, 49
Pipping, Anna (*née* Westermarck), 22, 49, 50
Pipping, Hugo, 38, 39, 41, 43, 50, 152, 253
Pipping, Lilli, 23
Pipping, Rolf, 297
Powell, F. York, 90, 155

Qâsem, Sîdi, 258, 259

Rahhal, Sîdi, 190, 193

Rahhu, Si, 239, 243
Rampolla, Cardinal, 153, 154
Reay, Lord, 152, 197
Rein, Thiodolf, 32–34, 122, 222
Rettig, Eric von, 283
Reuter, J. N., 149, 151, 152, 155, 156
Reuter, O. M., 83
Rindell, Arthur, 275
Rivers, W. H. R., 303
Robertson, G. Croom, 76
Romanes, G. J., 76
Rubens, 241
Runeberg, J. L., 45
Runeberg, Walter, 118
Ruskin, John, 92
Russell, Bertrand, 254
Rydberg, Viktor, 35, 39, 40

Saint-Saëns, Charles Camille, 227
Sandell, Mr. and Mrs. (at Västankvarn), 122
Sarasate, P., 23
Schubert, Franz, 23
Sederholm, J. J., 41, 283, 286
Seneca, 132
Shand, Alexander, 127–129, 256, 257
Shand, Mrs., 127, 128
Shergi, cook, 240, 241
Sibelius, Jean, 281
Sidgwick, Alfred, 75
Sidgwick, Henry, 75, 124, 152
Sime, James, 89–91, 97, 98, 107
Simmel, Georg, 124
Skattebo, Gudbrand, 53, 54
Slingsby, mountain climber, 54, 61
Smith, W. Robertson, 97
Snellman, J. V., 33
Sorley, W. R., 219
Spencer, Herbert, 29, 35, 46, 67, 75, 77, 230
Spinoza, B. de, 38
Stead, W. T., 149
Stephen, Sir Leslie, 75
Stevenson, R. L., 75
Sulheim, Lars, 57, 59–67
Sulheim, Liva, 57, 58, 61, 67
Sulheim, Marit, 57, 61
Sully, James, 48, 74–76, 127, 128, 148, 198, 256
Sully, Mrs., 76, 198
Symonds, J. Addington, 75

Taine, H., 28
Tamelin, Hedvig, 72
Tavaststjerna, K. A., 41
Tegnér, Esaias, 19, 27, 30
Tegnér, Johannes, 19
Thâmi, Mûlai, 162–164
Thâmi, attendant, 169, 186, 187
Thucydides, 28
Tiedeman, H., 151, 263
Timanoff, Vera, 23
Tolstoy, Leo, 117
Toniolo, G., 153, 155
Topelius, Z., 210
Torday, E., 256
Tousi, attendant, 170, 178, 185, 90, 193
Traz, Robert de, 288
Tremearne, A. J. N., 200
Troels-Lund, T. F., 228
Tronhus, Petter, 67
Tuderus, Victor, 46
Tylor, Sir E. B., 88, 97, 103

Ueberweg, T., 29

Vasenius, Valfrid, 27
Vest, Eliel, 43
Victoria, Queen, 147, 256
Vigfusson, G., 90
Vischer, F. Th., 27
Vogt, Nils Collett, 108
Vole, Knut, 52, 56–59, 64–67
Vole, Ole (Big and Little), 56, 57

Wåhlin, Karl, 256
Wales, present Prince of, 206
Wallace, Alfred Russel, 88, 91, 92, 97
Wallaschek, Richard, 120
Wallensköld, Axel, 26, 41, 45, 48, 49, 74, 152, 257
Wallensköld, Dagmar, 257
Wasastjerna, S. O., 13, 22, 25
Wazzan, the shereef of, 160, 162
Webb, Sidney, 40, 208
Weisgerber, F., 243
Weismann, Aug., 78
Weiss, Ernest, 75, 78

Westermarck, Alfhild (*née* Ehrström), 23
Westermarck, Anna (*see* Pipping)
Westermarck, Bjarne, 276
Westermarck, Constance (*née* Blomqvist), 13, 16, 17, 21, 22, 25, 36, 46, 76, 146, 157, 195, 198, 235, 236 260, 276
Westermarck, Helena, 17, 76, 118, 198, 236, 260
Westermarck, Nils Christian, 13, 15, 16, 21, 22, 46, 146, 157, 195, 198
Westermarck, Rudolf, 42, 43
Westermarck, Walter, 23, 276
Westlake, John, 156
Wetterhoff, Fritz, 265
Wheeler, G. C., 200
White, J. Martin, 196, 199–201, 211, 212, 223, 225, 226, 256
White, Mrs. Martin, 223, 225, 226
Wilhelm II, 213, 214
Wilhelmj, August, 23
Willebrand, Reinhold von, 41
Winternitz, M., 97
Wolf, Lucien, 289
Wrede, R. A., 281

Ysaye, Eugène, 23

Zilliacus, Konni, 151

ASIDE from his activities as an anthropologist, Edward Westermarck had a great interest in music. The fame he won as a scientist forced him to become a sort of advocate among the nations for his country, Finland, which, until after the war, was under the domination of Czarist Russia. He had contacts therefore, more or less intimate, with the leading figures of our time in the cultural, scientific and political world. Among them were:

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